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AT THE COURT OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

BY R. D. MACKENZIE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE great plain of Hindustan is divided into numerous patches of territory known as "native states." These states are either Hindu or Mohammedan. Some are ruled by their native princes exclusively; in others the princes are assisted by English officials, called "residents"; but all are more or less subject to the British government. It is of one of the most independent of the ruling chiefs that I purpose writing. His state occupies a narrow strip of territory in the extreme northwest of Rajputana, on the edge of the Bikanir Desert. It is, broadly speaking, three hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide, and has a population of about six hundred thousand. The name of the state is Bahawalpur, and its ruler is Sir Zadek Mahammed Khan Abassie, G. C. S. I.—more generally known as "his Highness the Nawāb of Bahawalpur."

I first saw the Nawāb in his Ahmedpur palace, a building recently finished, and most startling to the stranger who for the first time sees the pile rising through the heat and dust of the desert sands. It is shut in from the little smoky, dusty, mud-walled bazaar, with its sleepy camels and asses squatting near the entrance, by a turreted wall thirty feet high and about two miles in circumference. This palace is one of the magnificent

incongruities that now and then startle the European visitor to the native states. The plan and general contour of the building are French. It might be the Palais du Luxembourg. The dust and glare of the desert are so great that you are apt to fear that your head and eyes are playing you false. But as you approach nearer, you have surprises in the form of architectural detail, in the mixture of Greek, Roman, and Saracenic in column, entablature, and arch. The color-scheme is rather a pleasing combination of white marble and terra-cotta. Outside, there are cast-iron fountains that never play, and when you look at the dry, cracked desert sand on which you are standing, you wonder that anybody ever thought they would.

Within the palace are combinations never dreamed of before. There is the "green room," the "yellow room," and so on; but the walls of the former are pink and yellow, with vivid green curtains, from which, no doubt, the room takes its name. Some of the furniture is cut crystal, and some gilt Louis XIV. But the most prominent object is an enormous Gothic mirror,—a sort of miniature Westminster Abbey,—with no fewer than fifteen reproductions of one particular colored-glass vase, and two Japanese figures in

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porcelain, with movable heads, tongues, and hands.

To light this room there are various colored chandeliers at intervals of about six feet, and candelabra on the floor. In the room there is a musical bed, with four life-sized, flesh-colored dancing figures attached to the corners.

The Nawāb does not live in this palace; he prefers a smaller one which is hidden away in a corner of the garden, behind a grove of orange-trees and date-palms, and adjoining the harem. Here he is at home, and has the privacy of high walls so dear to the heart of the Mohammedan. This little palace is a square, low, flat-topped building, with veranda closed in with arches, according to the custom of the country. The exterior is white plaster, with stucco decorations picked out with the most brilliant colors, the result being that under the ever-brilliant sun the effect is not that of solid masonry, but of flowers, butterflies, and humming-birds. It is here that flocks of screeching green parrots love to fly.

There was a sound sweeping through the long passage that ran the length of the palace. It was the rustle of loose garments and the soft thud of running bare feet. They were the Nawāb's servants. One of them announced, "Yes; his Highness is here, and wishes to see you." The meeting was quite informal. My room opened into the passage, and the Nawāb entered, accompanied by his private secretary. Outside, the veranda was crowded with the body-guard and servants, in attitudes of respectful attention. Not a whisper was heard, as no one

speaks until spoken to by the Nawāb, unless he be a European and a guest.

The Nawāb is a man about thirty-six years old, six feet tall, and well proportioned; he has dark and prominent features, long black curly hair, beard cut close, and very long drooping mustaches curling into a ring at the ends. He is extremely sensitive, has a strong will and a constitution of iron, and is intensely suspicious and jealous, the natural result of his position.

Except on special occasions, the Nawāb dresses in white-muslin trousers, very wide and baggy, silk or cloth coat and waistcoat, and silk-and-gold turban. His pockets are numerous, and their contents surprising. It is a common thing for him to wear two or three watches, and very beautiful ones they are. This does not astonish one so much as the fact that he possesses no less than seventeen hundred watches of all descriptions, and is constantly purchasing others. He has also some remarkably fine jewels. The crown shown in his portrait weighs nine pounds, and is a mass of diamonds set in silver, with a row of very large pear-shaped pearls as pendants around the base. He has a sword the jeweled scabbard and hilt of which are valued at five hundred thousand dollars. He wears some extraordinary rubies and uncut emeralds attached to chains of rubies and pearls that he wears as a necklace. He has also a set of fifteen uncut rubies as large as the largest of the emeralds. They are historic gems, with the names of the Mogul emperors engraved upon them. They are very irregular in shape, and measure fully one and a half inches in diameter. The robe, sash, and pen-



THE BODY-GUARD.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHNSTON & HOFFMANN.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

SIR ZADIEK HAMMED KHAN ABASSIE, G. C. S. I., NAWAB OF BAHAWALPUR.

dants seen in the portrait are the insignia of the "Star of India."

He is never without a pocketful of gold mohurs and rupees. A gold mohur is a coin that is not in circulation as money; but it is a custom among native princes to present these coins to friends, and to receive them as presents, on certain ceremonial occasions. It is of pure gold, and varies in

size and value from twenty to fifty rupees. A rupee is a silver coin about the size of a fifty-cent piece, but according to the present rate of exchange is worth only about twenty-five cents.

The Nawab leads a very active but whimsical life. His greatest passion is hunting, consisting of shooting, pig-sticking, and hawking. He is an excellent shot, espe-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER.

AHMEDPUR PALACE FROM THE DESERT.

cially if the game is moving rapidly, and I should be afraid to say how many wild boars he has killed, pig-sticking being a sport not generally indulged in by Mohammedans. He, like most Indian princes, has killed his tiger. He is equally skilled in telling a story, and his English, though slow and measured, is very good. From the time he was five years old he was under an English tutor, appointed by the British government.

At the death of his father, the former Nawāb, the whole state passed into the hands of the British government until the young Nawāb, coming of age, was placed on the throne and given full powers to govern his six hundred thousand subjects, together with several crores¹ of rupees, which had accumulated in the treasury under the administration of the English.

It is only natural that the young prince, once in possession of his great wealth, should desire to spend it, and the result was that four new palaces were built at the capital of the state, Bahawalpur, and at an old town, about thirty miles distant, called Ahmedpur, the former residence of the Nawābs of Bahawalpur since 1727. Two of these palaces were built in the style that I have already described.

The Nawāb has a body-guard of four hundred mounted men, nearly all from Baluchistan, a wild, dirty, and most picturesque set, and the best and the most reckless riders I

¹ A crore is 10,000,000 rupees, or 100 lacs, a lac being 100,000 rupees.

have ever seen. He maintains only one squadron of cavalry and half a regiment of infantry, but has two thousand domestic servants, and three hundred shikarees, or hunters, distributed over the whole state, whose duty it is to send news to the Nawāb when game is found in their locality, and to keep poachers from trespassing. He has also a stable of one hundred and fifty Arab, English, and Australian horses, and two large river-steamers are held in readiness for six months at a time on the Sutlej, which forms the northern boundary of his state for a distance of about two hundred miles.

The Nawāb's present income is about fifteen lacs of rupees a year. He is an absolute monarch, holding the power of signing life or death sentences on criminals. The administration of state affairs is in the hands of his prime minister and other officials, but no measures can be enacted without the Nawāb's written signature.

If it suits his pleasure, he holds a weekly durbar, or court of audience. On those occasions audience is given to as many of the people, rich and poor, as can get a chance to present their petitions. They are allowed to come before the Nawāb and the council, making their complaint verbally as well as presenting it in manuscript.

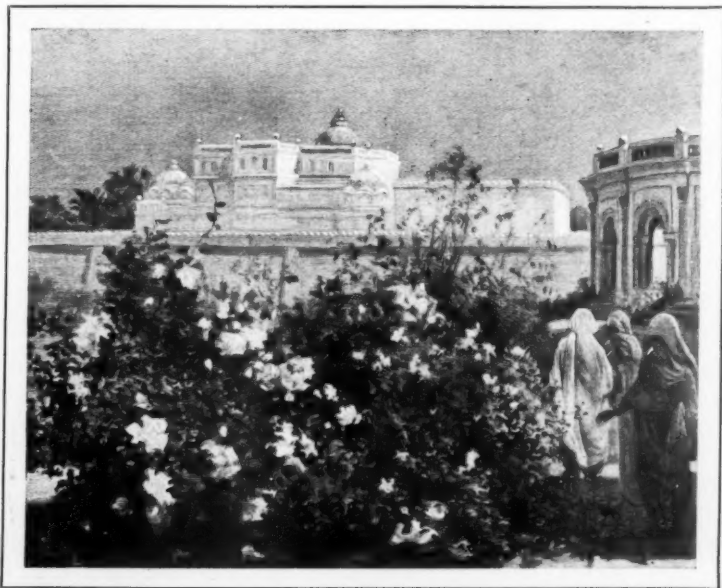
On the afternoon of my first arrival I witnessed one of these durbars, at which an amusing incident occurred. A poor old villager was rushed in between two guards, so excited that he began to offer his petition

some time before he arrived in the presence of the Nawāb. In spite of his impatience, he was made to begin it all over again. His story was that some one had cheated him out of three annas, or three sixteenths of a rupee. The Nawāb was so amused at the absurdity of the poor old fellow's anxiety that he threw him a rupee, saying, "There; that will settle it." But, to the astonishment of every one, the old man was not satisfied, and still wanted his three annas. He was hustled out by the guards, as discontented and noisy as when he came in.

This was an instance of the insignificance of many of the petitions, although some were serious enough. The Nawāb judged every case with great firmness and decision, occasionally appealing to his ministers for an opinion.

After the durbar we were to go for a

front of the palace. The wagon was small, entirely covered with a leather top, with low wheels, and tires about six inches wide, for traveling over sand. There was a seat for the driver; every one else had to squat, native-fashion, on a mattress covering the bottom of the vehicle. Eight of us were pressed like pickles in a bottle, sandwiched with swords, guns, and the never-absent box of cigars and cigarettes. We were off like a shot, there being no time to lose, as in two hours it would be dark, and it was a matter of a gallop of six miles over roads that no European driver would have hazarded. One moment through loose sand half-way to the hubs, the next over hard lumps of dry clay, and finally through the desert over the hardest and roughest of ground, simply following a line, freshly cut with a hoe, twisting in and out among the scrub bushes that seemed to



THE WOMEN'S PALACE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

drive; but as we were stepping into the carriage news was brought that two or three wild boars had been surrounded.

The carriage was sent back to the stable, and an order given for the shikar wagon. I had never seen any pig-sticking, and so was rather interested in what was to come, knowing that the wild boar is the pluckiest and most ferocious of animals. It was not more than ten minutes before the wagon, drawn by eight fine mules, came galloping to the

stretch like a sea of porcupines to the horizon. Every wave of the desert sand, from five to ten feet high, was topped with one of these leaden-green bushes—a sort of juniper, I think. The Nawāb passed cigars and cigarettes, with which he is very generous, to all.

Those six miles seemed to be without end, especially as we could see very little, for the dust behind us stood like a wall, twenty feet in the sultry air; but through it, at intervals, we got glimpses of an open wagon



PIG-STICKING.

that was tearing along after us, packed with men, each holding a long, wicked-looking spear. We were surrounded on all sides by wild horsemen, the body-guard, mounted on wiry little Baluchis with just a touch of the Arab. Most of the riders had only a string for a bridle. They rode without order, darting from one side of the road to the other, turning round, galloping back, and rearing and plunging. Over bushes and sand-hills they went, their long black hair and shaggy beards gray with the dust rising about them. Their clothes consisted of a turban coiled carelessly, allowing one long end of cloth to fly over the shoulder, loose coat and trousers, all of white cotton, but yellow with dust and grease. Round the waist was wound a broad colored scarf, over which was worn a thin belt, to which was attached a sharply curved simitar.

We at last reached our destination, brown and white with dust. We found everything to remind us that when a chief has commanded, slaves live only to obey. Four "tuskers" had already been inclosed by a wall of canvas ten feet high called a "kanát." It covered an area of half a mile in circumference on the open desert, surrounding a small patch of corn, the fond hope of some poor desert farmer. Fresh horses had been saddled for those who were to take part in the fight. There were elephants ready to kneel and take on their backs those who were simply to be spectators. The prime minister, the doctor, and I belonged to that group. A portion of the kanát was pulled open, and in rushed about fifteen men, each with a string of four or five dogs, a mongrel breed of jungle pariahs, very savage. When they cannot get a pig to chew, they eat one another. I have seen a few of them torn in pieces by their fellows before they could be rescued. Each horseman had selected his spear, and, headed by the Nawáb, followed the dogs into the inclosure. Next came the body-guard, some with drawn swords, and some with spears.¹ They, with the dogs, strove to drive the boars toward the Nawáb and his party, who kept a keen lookout for tusks.

Our elephants entered, and the kanát was closed. The dogs were on the scent, and in a few minutes there was a rush through the bushes and across a ditch. Three big boars dashed out, and charged full on the Nawáb and his party, all from different directions,

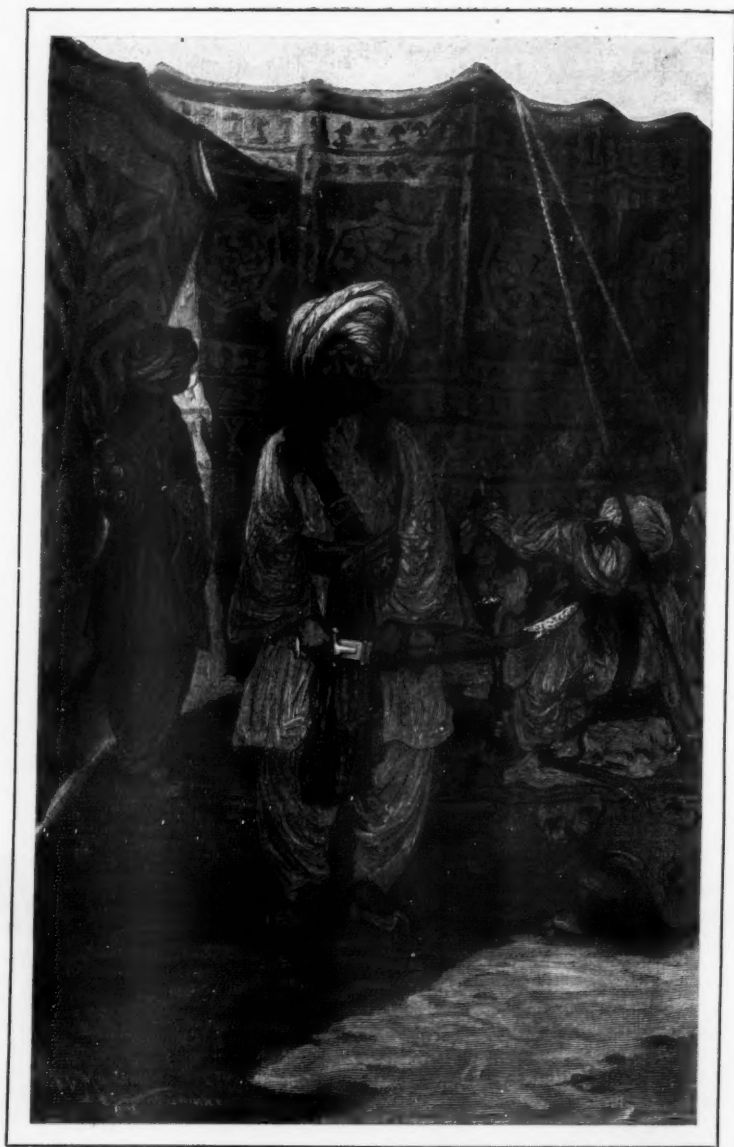
into the corn-patch. There was a lively scrimmage, and one rider was unhorsed. The Nawáb got "first spear" just as a boar was charging under his horse, but it was only a slight wound, and his horse had to be changed for another, having received a bad cut from the razor-like tusk of the boar. The doctor's services were now in demand, as one of the body-guard was brought out with the whole length of his foot ripped open by another boar.

On they came again. The Nawáb's horse would not face the "pigs," so he pluckily jumped off, and succeeded in running his spear completely through a big boar that charged him. He was quickly assisted by two of the body-guard, who despatched the brute with their heavy spears. In the meantime the dogs got hold of one of the other boars, and were having a lively tussle, until one of the spearmen on foot gave the finishing stroke. There remained still two others, and one of them was making straight for our elephant. The great beast trembled like a leaf, trumpeting, and rolling up his trunk into a tight coil. He tried to get away, but any one who has ever seen a wild boar charge knows that he might just as well have tried to dodge lightning. Under us the boar rushed, and back again, each time giving a vicious cut to the poor, helpless mountain of muscle. Luckily for us, he made no further attack, and in another half-hour the battle was ended. It was fast growing dark. Three of the boars lay dead, the fourth being captured alive. The heads were cut off and brought away as trophies. Some of these animals measure more than three feet in height. They are long and narrow, very much like the "razorback" of the South.

We returned to the palace at about eight o'clock at night. The Nawáb went to his little palace in the garden, and after dinner I was resting on a cot by a door that opened upon a veranda in the front of the palace, thinking over the events of the day, and listening to a most pitiful moaning sound that came from the strange stillness, where only the shadow of a sentry moved in the moonlight. Surely, I thought, it must be some poor animal in distress. I afterward found that the "moaning" came from what is called a "Persian wheel"—an endless chain of buckets to bring up water from a well, and turned by oxen. In that part of the country these wheels are kept going day and night, and the noise sounds most dismal until one becomes accustomed to it.

The heat was almost stifling, but little by

¹ This particular style of pig-sticking is original with the Nawáb, as the regular way is to chase the pigs across the open country.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE CHIEF SLEEPS.

little a breeze came stealing in over the high walls, and round the still, iron fountain, and across the marble veranda. It gently vibrated the glass pendants of the chandeliers that lined the room, and tinkling crystal echoes gradually reverberated through the long passage from the great durbar hall, filled

with its sea of crystal. I arose and walked into the passage. There was just one lamp left burning in the middle of the hall. Its light was refracted a thousand times through that great cavern of crystal, and with each tinkle a prismatic glitter, now blue, orange, purple, green, then a gem of pure white

light, sparkled and went out in the darkest depths. As the breeze grew stronger the tinkling increased, and somehow the emptiness also, until the loneliness grew fascinating. The sentry and I were all that lived in the shadows of the great palace, shut in by the high wall and the silent desert.

The awful emptiness of the word "palace" began to weigh upon me. Was this the environment for a prince who had received an English education, and spent the best part of his life in European society? The cell of a prisoner in solitary confinement could not be worse than that palace with those whispering attendants.

I went back to my cot, and enjoyed the breeze as it increased in strength, and became quite cool. I was just beginning to forget the tinkling glass and the moaning wheel when my attention was attracted by the light of a lantern coming toward the palace from the depths of the garden, the moon having disappeared below the high walls. As the light passed near the corner of the palace, I discerned two or three white-draped figures, and, a few paces behind, half a dozen more. I thought I heard the clank of steel. They must be the body-guard and the Nawāb. What a funereal procession it seemed!

Soon there was a rustling sound in the passage; it stopped at my door, and some one spoke. "Sahib, the chief calls." I immediately put on my hat, and followed the servant into the garden. There was the Nawāb with his golden lantern, the prime minister and the private secretary, and the body-guard. The Nawāb said, "I thought you would like to see a nautch." So I joined the procession, and we wended our way through another part of the garden, past dusky sentinels, and into a walled inclosure, with still another, inclosed with kanāts; but these were unlike those used for pig-sticking, as they were covered with most elaborate designs on both sides, in red, green and lilac, orange and black. The ground was covered with carpets and rugs, and under a *shādīāna* at one end were spread gold-embroidered rugs and pillows on which to sit. Lamps were ranged in two rows nearly half the length of the inclosure. The servant with the box of cigars being at hand, we all had a smoke.

The Nawāb took his seat in the middle, and motioned the prime minister to his left, the private secretary and me to his right. Spaces were reserved for others to come later, and the body-guard were divided, some behind and the rest in two rows to the right

and left of the middle. Just outside there was a rustling of silks, and the chink-chink, chink-chink of bell anklets. In came ten or twelve nautch-girls, all glittering with gold and silver. The rich colors of their costumes were not apparent until they emerged into the stronger light. All salaamed to the Nawāb. At a sign they sat down, always in a row, each one spreading her twenty-five yards of skirt carefully about her feet, and arranging and rearranging her *sari*, which is a shawl—in this case of gauze covered with gold and silver tinsel—used for covering the head and shoulders and, very often, the face. Then half a dozen musicians entered, with strange fiddles, drums, and cymbals. They were tuning, and running over passages of strange music, full of trills and grace-notes, producing plaintive and weird harmonies.

At a sign from a confidential servant who sat behind the Nawāb, and who had charge of all amusements, two of the nautch-girls rose and came forward with a swaying step peculiar to them, and accented greatly by the fullness and shortness of the skirt, under which they wore baggy trousers. The musicians stood only a few feet behind the dancers, and after the saris were properly arranged, and the instruments, including the drums, were in perfect accord, the dancers turned, and reverently touched each instrument, and then the breast and head, in homage to the art.

Then the music began to vibrate in strange, subdued, undulating minor trills, suggestive of an *Æolian* harp singing to the fitful pulses of a summer evening breeze. The dancer began a short forward-and-backward step, accented by the jingling of the anklets, the swaying of the skirts, and a remarkably flexible movement of the hands and fingers, which were held as high as the head or slightly above it. The head swayed gently from side to side, and every movement was in time with the music. This continued for perhaps ten minutes, during which time each of the musicians in turn sang in a most distressful manner certain passages of the song that always accompanies a dance. Then each girl in turn sang a verse, interrupted now and then by a solo from one of the musicians. So they went on, from half an hour to two hours, according to the wish of the Nawāb. Then one or two other girls were called, and went through the same sort of performance, each dancer having her own musicians. To the uncultivated ear such sounds grow monotonous, and the

monotony induces gentle sleep, indulged in by nearly all the company, including the body-guard, in spite of, or on account of, the fact that the songs are classic lyric poems, sung by the best singers in Sanskrit, Urdu, and Hindi, and by the ordinary singers in the colloquial tongue of the district. As at European entertainments the best is always kept till the last, so the performance stretches into the small hours of the morning, when the guests become sufficiently refreshed, perhaps, by their naps fully to appreciate it. But the Nawāb, I must say, seldom slept, and he kept me so constantly supplied with cigars that I managed to remain awake, although I exhausted all the small talk at my command before morning. To have taken leave would have been an unpardonable breach of etiquette.

It appeared that the monotony so depressing to a European is a most delightful recreation to the Oriental. As all things must end or change in some way, so, just as the dawn began to soften the shadows and silver the lights on the distant group of nautch-girls, as they sat half dozing in the background, the Nawāb arose and made a slight motion with his head. The music and singing instantly ceased; the girls arose, salaamed, and slowly disappeared in single file. As the last jingle of silver and brass faded away, in perfect silence we wended our way back to the palace, where all but the body-guard took their leave.

The Nawāb, turning to me, said: "You must find it very warm sleeping indoors. I sleep outside on top of the palace, and you'd better come up with me."

So up I went, and there, under a large swinging fan, were two cots placed side by side. He pointed to one, saying, "That is for you."

The novelty of the situation made me almost speechless; but I was tired enough to follow his suggestion, and prepared to retire. The breeze had died away, and the large fan was pulled back and forth just over us. As I lay looking up at the stars that were fast fading away, wondering what would happen next, a large silver

water-pipe, called a hookah, was brought and placed near the Nawāb's couch. The long coil was handed to him, and he began to smoke, the water gurgling with every puff. Two old men came and sat near the foot of his cot. One began a long recitation. The Nawāb interrupted him, and asked if the talking would disturb me. I, of course, said no; and, in fact, the monotony of sound that I did not understand had a rather soothing effect. These men were story-tellers, and it was their duty to sit and tell yarns, in turn, all night, or until the Nawāb was fast asleep. Another servant was squeezing, rubbing, and patting all the muscles of his body, while the Nawāb puffed away at his hookah. In the midst of all this I fell asleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining almost full on me. I had enjoyed a most delicious sleep. I turned quietly to see if the Nawāb was awake, when, to my astonishment, his cot was empty. The story-tellers, the body-guard, the pipe, all had vanished. There I was alone on the top of the house. Had not the Nawāb's cot still been there I should have thought that I had simply been dreaming. I arose, and went down to my room. Calling my servant, I made some inquiries about the Nawāb, and found that before he fell asleep he had heard of more pigs, and rushed away on an excursion similar to the one of the previous evening. I could not help feeling grateful to him for not routing me out to go with him. He returned at about twelve o'clock, had an exhibition of wrestling all the afternoon, a drive in the evening, and a nautch all night.

That is a fair example of the restless life led by an Indian prince. Of course no human frame can long endure such a strain. But somehow it does, when buoyed by stimulants. A week of this sort of life will pass, then the outraged system demands rest, and for two or three days the Nawāb is not to be seen. They say, "He sleeps," but it is as a child in fever sleeps. His room is surrounded by the body-guard and all the head servants of the palace. There is a continual flitting in and out, and the never-ending drone of the story-teller may be heard day and night.





THE BOND OF BLOOD.

BY WILL H. THOMPSON,

Author of "The High Tide at Gettysburg."

THE words of a rebel old and battered,
Who will care to remember them?
Under the Lost Flag, battle-tattered,
I was a comrade of Allan Memm.

Who was Allan, that I should name him
Bravest of all the brave who bled?
Why should a soldier's song proclaim him
First of a hundred thousand dead?

An angel of battle, with fair hair curling
By brown cheeks shrunken and wan with want;
A living missile that Lee was hurling
Straight on the iron front of Grant;

A war-child born of the Old South's passion,
Trained in the camp of the cavaliers;
A spirit wrought in the antique fashion
Of Glory's martial morning years.

His young wife's laugh and his baby's prattle
He bore through the roar of the hungry guns—
Through the yell of shell in the rage of battle,
And the moan that under the thunder runs.

His was the voice that cried the warning
At the shattered gate of the slaughter-pen,
When Hancock rushed in the gray of morning
Over our doomed and desperate men.

His was the hand that held the standard—
A flaring torch on a crumbling shore—
'Mid the billows of blue by the storm blown landward,
And his call we heard through the ocean roar:

Ere the flag should shrink to a lost hope's token,
Ere the glow of its glory be low and dim,

Ere its stars should fade and its bars be broken,
Calling his comrades to come to him.

And these, at the order of Hill or Gordon,—
God keep their ashes! I knew them well,—
Would have smashed the ranks of the devil's cordon,
Or charged through the flames that roar in hell.

But none could stand where the storm was beating,
Never a comrade could reach his side;
In the spume of flame where the tides were meeting,
He, of a thousand, stood and died.

And the foe, in the old heroic manner,
Tenderly laid his form to rest,
The splintered staff and the riddled banner
Hiding the horror upon his breast.

Gone is the cot in the Georgia wildwood,
Gone is the blossom-strangled porch;
The roof that sheltered a soldier's childhood
Vainly pleaded with Sherman's torch.

Gone are the years, and far and feeble
Ever the old wild echoes die;
Hark to the voice of a great, glad people
Hailing the one flag under the sky!

And the monstrous heart of the storm receding
Fainter and farther throbs and jars;
And the new storm bursts, and the brave are bleeding
Under the cruel alien stars.

And Allan's wife in the grave is lying
Under the old scorched vine and pine,
While Allan's child in the isles is dying
Far on the foremost fighting line.

Cheer for the flag with the old stars spangled!
Shake out its folds to the wind's caress,
Over the hearts by the war-hounds mangled
Down in the tangled Wilderness!

To wave o'er the grave of the brave forever;
For the Gray has sealed, in the bond of blood,
His faith to the Blue, and the brave shall never
Question the brave in the sight of God.

July 4, 1898.



HEROES OF THE RAILWAY SERVICE.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

I. NOTES FROM EXPERIENCE.

BY CHARLES DE LANO HINE.

[THE writer of this article, who was a graduate of West Point, after serving four years as an officer, voluntarily resigned his commission in the army to become a freight-brakeman. He worked six months as a brakeman and two years as a yard-master, all of the time in constant contact with the men and the dangers he describes. In the late war he was a major in the First District of Columbia Volunteer Infantry.—EDITOR.]



NOTIONS of heroism are so inseparably connected with the military that, in estimating the brave qualities of people of whatever calling, one instinctively turns for a standard of comparison to those bodies of men who, trained to valor, have learned to scorn danger that governments may live and right endure. Railroad organization is semi-military in character, and the heroic acts of railroad men can best be understood and appreciated by showing their analogy to the heroism of soldiers and sailors.

American railroad life in the train and yard service teems with deeds of daring, of self-sacrifice, and of devotion to duty. All these are matters of such every-day occurrence that they are difficult to chronicle. Dangers follow one another in such rapid succession that the impressions of one moment are effaced by the self-possession necessary to the next. A soldier fights his battle and may not be again under fire for a week, a month, or a year. While actually engaged, his is a maximum of danger. The railroad man is usually in much less danger than the fighting soldier. What the railroader lacks in intensity of risk he makes up in quantity. He is under fire, so to speak, every working day or night of his life. The washouts of spring, the blinding dust of summer, the treacherous fogs of autumn, and the icy car-tops of winter, all teach him to be careful of his hold in this world, lest he slip suddenly into the next.

As the battle is the true test of the officer and the soldier, so is the wreck the measure of the coolness or pluck of the official and the employee. There is this important difference: a battle is usually planned for, while a wreck is always unexpected. A battle is, therefore, portrayed by alert correspondents, and land-

scape and features are distorted by special artists on the spot. The wreck is described by fanciful writers from the incoherent and exaggerated accounts of terrified survivors. Railroads naturally dislike to perpetuate a public record of their disasters, so photographs of wrecks are seldom made. A few stock imaginary pictures enliven the account in the sensational press, and the modest hero who, bruised and bleeding, saves his comrades, or crawls back to "flag" ¹ a following train, is overlooked. The conventional accounts usually speak of a "head-on" collision, but the American railroad man says a "head-end" collision, or a "head-ender," when he means that two trains going in opposite directions failed to solve the old problem of passing on the same track. When a train of hare-like propensities collides with a preceding tortoise the practical railroad man says it is a "rear-end" collision, or a "tail-ender."

The great railroad development following the close of the Civil War opened an avenue of employment to thousands of discharged soldiers. These brave men, trained to alertness, obedience, and hardship, helped to raise their new occupation to its present high standard. The compliment was returned in the late war, when, as General Sherman predicted, many volunteer soldiers were recruited from the ranks of the railroad men. Wars are becoming so infrequent and railroads so numerous that statistics are likely to show more men of this generation killed and injured on the railroads than in battle.

The dangers of the train and yard service lessen with the introduction of safety appliances and with improved track, equipment, and organization; it will be many years, however, before the insurance companies cease

¹ To "flag" is to give at proper distance the "stop" signal to an approaching train.

to class as extra-hazardous risks enginemen, firemen, yard-masters, switchmen, conductors, and brakemen. The classes just enumerated constitute what may be termed the fighting force of the railroad service. Of a total of two hundred thousand or more in this country some twenty thousand are killed and injured annually. There is no period of "enervating peace." Ever-present danger fills the life with the fascination of excitement, and secures it the pay of skilled labor. There is no positive stimulus arising from a hope of glory. There is a negative encouragement for each man not to be considered lacking in "sand," for nowhere is a coward more despised than among railroad men. The enthusiasm is that of determined Americans, each one bent on filling so well the part assigned him that he will be regarded as a man among men. The devotion to duty springs from a desire to hold a position the good pay of which will lift him and his a little higher in the social scale than his neighbors.

Railroad men are home-lovers, devoted to law and order. When they reach their comfortable domiciles after a hard time on the road or in the yard, they forget the "swear-words" that the hot boxes, the heavy grades, or the annoying delays have caused some of them to utter. When a man's clothes are clean the harmony of things makes it much easier for him to keep his language clean than when he becomes begrimed with dirt and grease—destroyers of the beautiful more than skin-deep.

The present is a transition period in railroading. Freight-cars in daily use vary in size from the ten-ton carrying capacity car of fifteen or twenty years ago to the standard thirty-ton car and the special forty- and fifty-ton cars of to-day. The demands of local and interstate commerce bring all these kinds of cars into service in the same train. Some are equipped with automatic couplers, and some with the old-fashioned link and pin. The result is more or less unavoidable "slack" through the train. This slack, distributed unequally among cars of such different resistances, is an ever-present factor of danger. The jerk due to sags and curves in the track aggravates the unequal tension on draft-rigging, and a frequent result is the breaking of the train into two or more parts. Sometimes this is due to a coupling-pin bouncing out, sometimes to a link breaking, or, worst of all, to "pulling out a lung," that is, having the whole draw-bar come out. In this last case the danger is increased, for a large automatic coupler dropping on the

track is apt to derail the cars in the rear. It is not the most comfortable sensation in the world, when waltzing over the deck of a freight-train moving forty or fifty miles an hour, to have the cars begin to dance up and down as if coyly choosing partners for a grand whirl to destruction. When a train has parted, it matters not how, every nerve is strained to keep the front end in motion until the detached portion or portions are stopped. Sometimes this is impossible, and the resulting collision or collisions between the parts result in a most appalling wreck, with consequent loss of life or property, or both. Occasionally the crew will not know that the train has "cut" until the engine stops for water and the rear cars come crashing into their helpless fellows. Often on a crooked road the head end will run for miles without daring to stop until a heavy up grade is past. This precaution has its limitations on a single-track road, for another train may have to be met at the next station. The head end has to stop and capture the rear, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must. It is then that good judgment and nerve need to be specially in play. By slowing up gradually the rear end may be caught on the fly, as it were, not doing any more damage than breaking a few cars, without piling them up and blocking the line. So inaccurate are human ideas of momentum that this is about as dangerous a proceeding as trying to stop an apparently slow-moving cannon-ball. Trains have parted, been recoupled by the crew, and kept right along, without stopping. So slight, however, is the chance of this being done successfully that the rules prohibit any such foolhardy attempts.

A former braking "pardner" of the writer once disobeyed the rules to save a wreck. This man was riding on top of a freight-train the rear of which was composed mainly of "cripples," that is, "bad-order" cars for the shop, some of which had lost their brake-rigging in a previous wreck. Flying around a curve where passengers in comfortable sleepers call the scenery picturesque, he suddenly realized that the head end of the train was running faster than his part, and experienced faculties soon told him that a pin had bounced out. He flew to the brakes, but there were too many missing for him to stop the cars. "No. 7," a passenger-train to be met at the first siding on the grade, flashed into his mind. He knew the head end would stop there and "put out a flag" (i. e., send a man forward with danger-signals), as the

passengers must be safeguarded whatever happened. Should he jump off and let his part run? Not he; he waited a few seconds until the next curve permitted him to give the engineman an "easy sign"; then he crawled down to get an extra pin that was taking up slack between two cars, and ran to the head of his cut. The conductor, old-timer that he was, could hardly believe his eyes when the brakeman went down the end ladder, and, wrapping one arm about the brake-staff, stood on the "dead-wood" to make the coupling. The conductor sprang to the middle of a car, braced himself for the shock, and turned away. When he dared to look, the brave brakeman had climbed the ladder and was unconcernedly giving the "all right" signal. Then all hands set brakes, the train stopped safely in the siding, and the crew ate lunch.

Passenger-trains never break in two, and if they did the automatic brakes would stop both parts at once. Freight-train accidents of this kind are fewer every year, but the best roads are subject to them on account of handling the poorer equipment of weaker lines.

On the trunk-line that leads from Washington to the heart of Dixie there is, near quaint old Alexandria, and in sight of the dome of the Capitol, a little junction. Here, one summer evening just at dusk, a passenger-train from a branch road had stopped for orders. The conductor and the engineman had gone to the telegraph office, and the fireman was also away from the engine. The train had the right of track (*i. e.*, the rules entitled it to the road), and had stopped "foul of the main" (*i. e.*, so another train could not get by on the main line). It was to meet another train which must come in under control. When the latter whistled in the distance, no special attention was paid. On came the train, the ambitious young runner bent on reaching Richmond in as many hours as it once took an army years. Suddenly the men on the ground realized that the coming train could not stop. There was time for them to run away, but duty was dearer than life. The engineman ran to his engine. His quick eye saw that if he pulled ahead for his own safety into the siding his rear coaches would not be clear of the track on which the swift train was approaching. Like lightning he threw the reverse lever into the "back motion," and then gradually opened the throttle, knowing that to "jerk her wide open" would "slip her drivers" and not move the train. A quick-witted trainman sprang to the switch and, as his train shot back,

threw the rails almost under the pilot of the coming monster, which thundered harmlessly by. Not a life was lost, and the modest heroes, who are still running on the road, very likely have almost forgotten the incident. It takes a brave man to stick to his post when danger threatens, but it takes a braver one to seek his post when he is once in a place of safety.

On a side-hill in the Buckeye State stands the station of a pretentious town. Here one evening a train stood discharging passengers and changing engines. Suddenly a freight-train was heard tearing down the grade past the yard where it should have stopped. The almost human whistles for brakes indicated only too clearly to practised ears that the crew had lost control of the train. In vain the station-men thought of turning the runaway into another track. The only available siding which the helpless and partly filled train did not block led into the station itself. To throw that switch meant death to the people in the dining-room. While this was happening, an engineman was leisurely oiling his engine on the station spur. When he saw the danger, he yelled to throw the switch, and shot his engine out on the main track to meet the coming train. His comrades supposed that he would jump off and trust his engine to do the work of repelling the assault. He knew the grade was so steep that the recoil from the collision might still work mischief to the unsuspecting passengers; so he "stayed with her," and with a skill equaled only by his courage he caught that freight-train and brought it under control, with no more damage than smashing the fronts of the engines. There was only one chance in a hundred of doing this, but heroes take the hundredth chance. For such deeds Napoleon made officers of privates. Under a system of promotions by length of service this unassuming hero is still "pulling" a freight-train, with only one great earthly anticipation—vacancies enough to give him a passenger run.

Another freight-runner when "firing passenger" saved his train from going through a burning bridge after his engineman had given it up for lost. When asked about this while we were looking the train over for hot boxes one day, he required some prompting before recalling the occurrence.

An ever-fearful menace to safety is the presence of tramps. In railroad parlance they are known as "bums" or "hoboes." When permitted to ride and have their own way they are, of course, very friendly and entertaining. When put off they become ugly

and revengeful. They tamper with coupling apparatus and cause wrecks, or interfere with the track and switches. Municipalities are selfish in dealing with the tramp question. Many a one is released from custody on condition that he leave town. It is no uncommon thing for a peace-officer to escort a hobo to a freight-yard and "hit" a trainman to "carry" the shiftless wayfarer to any point whatever. If the bum is put off at the first stop, the same thing, very likely, is done over again the next day. The trainmen dare not use measures sufficiently harsh to be fully effectual. If the bum is clubbed or kicked, as he might happen to be by a city officer, the average jury may forget that he is a trespasser, and may feel that the representative of an "oppressive corporation" has ground down a free citizen. The towns apparently feel that they cannot afford to yield to the railroads in this vital issue of making the floating population float. The result is as unfortunate for the railroad man as it is deplorable from a sociological standpoint.

Not long ago a freight-conductor started on a night run after drawing his month's wages from the pay-car. He had with him his young son, a lad of twelve, and when well under way they began to cook supper on the caboose stove. The rear brakeman, on watch in the cupola, observed that the engine seemed to have unusual difficulty in pulling the train. He did not connect this fact with the presence of several hoboes on top of the cars, who, unknown to him, were setting brakes and stalling the train. The front door of the caboose flew open, and four masked and armed men ordered the occupants to throw up their hands. The conductor jumped to shield his child, seized a coupling-pin and smashed a head, but not until four shots had rung out and three bul-

lets were in his body. Fighting to the last, he fell dead in the doorway. The brakeman was shot in the arm, and made his escape from the car to the ground. Fearing he would give the alarm and cause their capture, the bandits fled. Then the boy showed that the blood of heroes is transmitted to succeeding generations. He pulled the body of his father inside, and coolly secured his money and watch. He noticed that the train was barely moving, and it occurred to him that there was a second section close behind. He knew the brakeman had no lantern even if alive. The plucky boy took the red light and torpedoes, dropped off, ran back, expecting at every step to be shot, and flagged the other train. Travelers westward over the Big Four sometimes wonder why a slender volunteer seems so prominent in helping the switchmen attach the dining-car at one of the terminals. If they happen to inquire, the men reply: "Why, that 's John's boy, the conductor those bums 'put in the clear' that pay-day last year."

Time was when a greenhorn was given a "baptism of fire" to try his nerve, but that is fast becoming a thing of the past. With the progress of civilization, hazing in the colleges is on the wane, and so is "rawhiding" on the railroads.

There are performed in the yards and on the roads every day quiet, unconscious acts of heroism that are never known outside. The yard-master or the conductor who orders the inexperienced man away from the extra-dangerous coupling and himself takes the place is no less a hero because he is unaware of his claim to that title. Men who are "ignorant of fear" are very rare. The bravest are those who, knowing fully the danger, do not flinch when duty calls. Of this last class are the railroad men of America.

II. GENERAL VIEW.

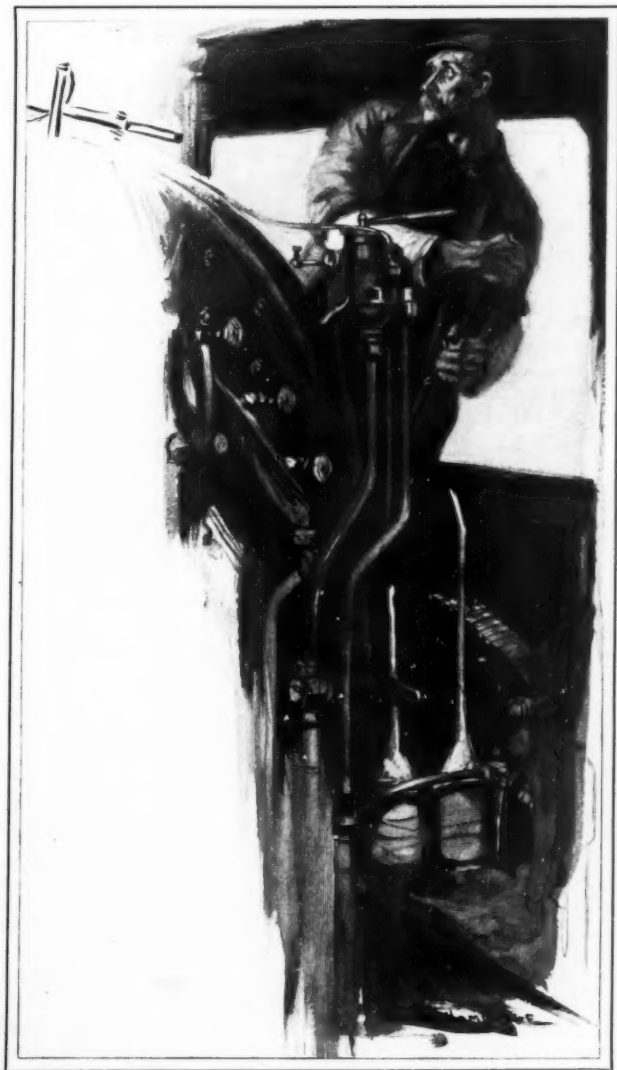
BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

WHAT the ship is to the captain, the locomotive is to the engine-driver. A touch of the master's hand, and its muscles of steel strain forward.

A clear track, and all is well. The locomotive hums along to the song of the road, the cadence of a thousand rails. A sudden shriek, an answering blast. It is neither starboard nor port, but down brakes and straight on, with crash and wreckage ahead. For the engine-driver at this maddening moment there is only one alternative—be a coward and jump, be a hero and stick.

How many engine-drivers do "stick" and meet their death, in the desperate hope of being able to slow down the train and lessen the fatality of the impending collision to the passengers, is shown by a railway official's remark to me that such instances of devotion to duty were regarded as matters of course in the service and not considered subjects for special record. In fact, collision is only one of many perils to which railway employees are exposed, so that it requires a certain amount of initial courage to enter the service at all. Life-insurance experts

regard the railway service as an extra-hazardous occupation. As a brakeman said to me, in language which, while not highly poetic, conveys a pretty clear idea of his service usually begin with "Hank" Milligan, an engine-driver on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. During the Draft Riot in New York, the rioters, fearing



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

TROUBLE AHEAD—REVERSING THE ENGINE.

meaning: "A job on a railroad is like a barber-shop. It's just, 'Whose turn next?' You go out, and you don't know if you'll ever come back."

Veteran railroad men who have stories to tell of instances of heroism in the railway

that troops would be brought into the city, tore up the south-bound track leading into the West Thirtieth street station, and, gathering about the station, armed with muskets, pistols, and stones torn up from the pavements, threatened death to any engine-driver

who dared take out a train. This threat was conveyed to Milligan shortly before the time at which his train was scheduled to start.

Milligan quietly waited for the train-starter's signal. When he received it he pulled open the throttle of his locomotive and steamed through the lines of rioters, who were so daunted by his courage that they allowed him to pass without a shot or a stone. But then those who remember Milligan describe him as a typical New-Englander, tall and angular, who would fight anything, adding that he "would n't have feared the devil himself."

Veteran railroaders have another anecdote—one pleasantly relieved by a humorous flavor—to tell of Milligan's bravery. Coming down the road, at the time the old Creamer brakes, which worked on springs and were controlled by a cord from the locomotive, were in use, he collided with a freight-train that was backing across the track. The fireman and several other train-hands jumped before the trains collided. Milligan wound the brake-cord around his hand and wrist, applied the brakes, and stuck to his post. The conductor, an "old-timer," was among those who gathered about the wreck. "Anyhow," said Milligan, as he extricated himself from it, the brake-cord still in his grasp, "I did n't jump." "Of course you did n't," snarled the conductor. "You could n't. You were all tangled up in that cord."

It was said of "Jimmy" Donohue, an engineer on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, that he had "nine lives"; for he had been through no less than three accidents, two of them collisions involving loss of life, had stuck to his post, yet had come out without serious injury. He was, in railroad parlance, "in the racket at Hastings," a "tail-end" collision, when he went half through the rear car; and he had a similar experience at Tarrytown. His next "whack" (railroad parlance again) was between Tarrytown and Scarborough. His engine was coupled to another which broke away, his going into the river. He went with it, but was fished out alive. None of these accidents occurred through any fault of his, but he did not construe this fact into an excuse for jumping. He stood by his engine as a captain stands by his ship, and that he came out of any of these accidents with his life was little short of miraculous.

When people said of Jimmy Donohue that he had nine lives, they added, "And he 'll never be killed on a railroad." It did indeed seem as if Providence had singled him out

for hairbreadth escapes. But one day a freight-car jumped its track so that part of it projected over the track by which Jimmy Donohue's train was approaching. Before he could be warned, his train was bearing down upon the car. A collision was inevitable. But, as before, he stuck to his post. When the crash came, his engine was thrown into the river. As before, he went with it, but for the last time. From the position in which they found him, penned in and crushed, he must have been killed almost at the moment of collision.

"Garry" Iserman, an engineer on the Erie Railroad, had his engine turned over in a collision at Chechunk, between Hampton and Goshen, New York. He was thrown under it. At such a moment, when it was impossible to foresee what might happen next,—a slight jar, for instance, might have brought the engine down on top of him and killed him,—it would have been natural for him to have crawled out from under it as quickly as possible. But instead of thinking of his own safety, he groped about for the whistle-rope and "blew brakes," the long blast, to warn any train that might be approaching.

Patrick McTamany was a switchman at one of the Pennsylvania Railroad crossings in Jersey City, where there is an intricate network of tracks over which trains and drilling-engines are almost constantly passing. Early one morning McTamany saw a boy playing on one of the tracks, unaware of the fact that a train was bearing down upon him. The switchman shouted, but the boy failed to hear. McTamany jumped in front of the locomotive. With one hand he thrust the boy off the track; with the other he tried to swing himself on to the pilot. He missed his hold, fell, and was crushed to death under the locomotive-wheels as the boy scampered off.

Some years ago a lad of eleven, who was learning telegraphy in a station of the Fall Brook Railway, by his indifference to danger gave timely warning of some runaway cars on a heavy down grade.

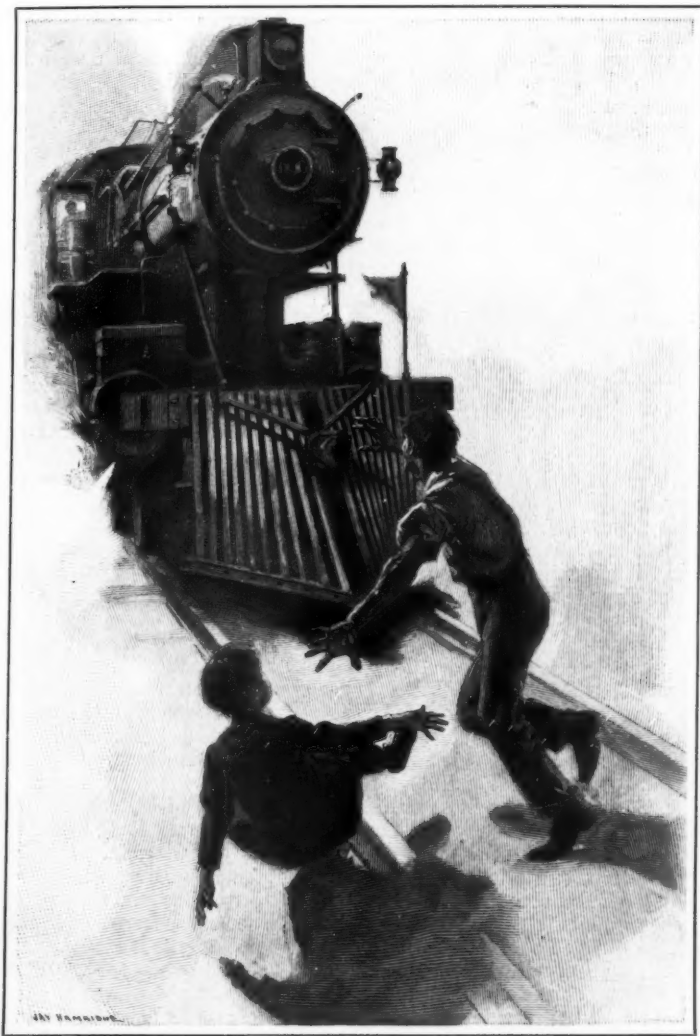
A trainman was letting twelve or fifteen cars out of a siding on to the main track by gravity on a 120-foot grade. As he closed the switch for the main track after the cars had cleared it, he stumbled and fell. Before he could recover, the cars had got away from him and were rapidly gathering headway.

The boy happened to be on them. His office was a couple of miles below. Running along the roofs of the cars and jumping from car to car, he set every brake; but, as he

weighed only sixty pounds, the pressure on the brake-wheels was not sufficient to slow down the cars. Waiting until they were dashing past his office, and wholly disregard-

tracked, into which otherwise they would have smashed.

Among the most extraordinary calamities that ever befell any section of this country



"MCTAMANY JUMPED IN FRONT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

ing the risk to his life, he jumped. He rolled over and over on the ground, was picked up half unconscious, and was carried into the office. As soon as he came to he reached for the wire, called up the telegraph-station next below, and gave warning of the runaway cars in time for a train to be side-

were the forest fires in the counties of Pine, Mille Lacs, and Chisago, Minnesota. None, perhaps, has had greater attendant horrors. It might be supposed that when fire devastates a tract twenty-six miles long and from one to fifteen miles broad there would be ample warning of the flames' approach to

enable every human being in their path to escape. But in this catastrophe, in which whole towns and settlements were destroyed, the conflagration advanced with the rapidity of a tidal wave. It was as if a dam of stored-up flames had burst and let loose a flood of fire upon the country. A haze, a cloud of smoke, a tongue of flame, and, before people could flee, a fiery sea would be raging around and over the doomed settlements. In the whole great fire-swept tract not a human habitation was left standing except a section-house at a place called Miller; but the loss of five hundred lives and the positions in which the dead were found tell more graphically than any other facts of the frightful rapidity with which the flames advanced.

At Hinckley, the largest town that was destroyed, one hundred and thirty people sought refuge in a morass. From that morass one hundred and thirty charred and, in many instances, unrecognizable bodies were taken. They must have been blasted by one fiery breath, for whole families lay in groups as if there had been no time to move. When, a few days later, a trench for the dead was being dug, the ground was found so thoroughly baked that it became necessary to loosen it with picks.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the fatal day a train reached Hinckley on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. Early in the afternoon the engineer had ordered the headlight lighted, as a heavy haze obscured the air. At Hinckley a terror-stricken mob was surging about the station, and a rush was made for the train. As it started forward, crowded to its utmost capacity, a flame burst out of the cloud of smoke ahead and ignited the engine-cab and baggage-car.

In the cab was Engineer James Root. On the train were fully two hundred people, their lives dependent upon this one man. Root remembered that six miles back was a mud-hole called Skunk Lake. It was right beside the railroad-bed, and with this made a clearing where perhaps a place of safety might be found. He reversed the engine, and the race with the flames began.

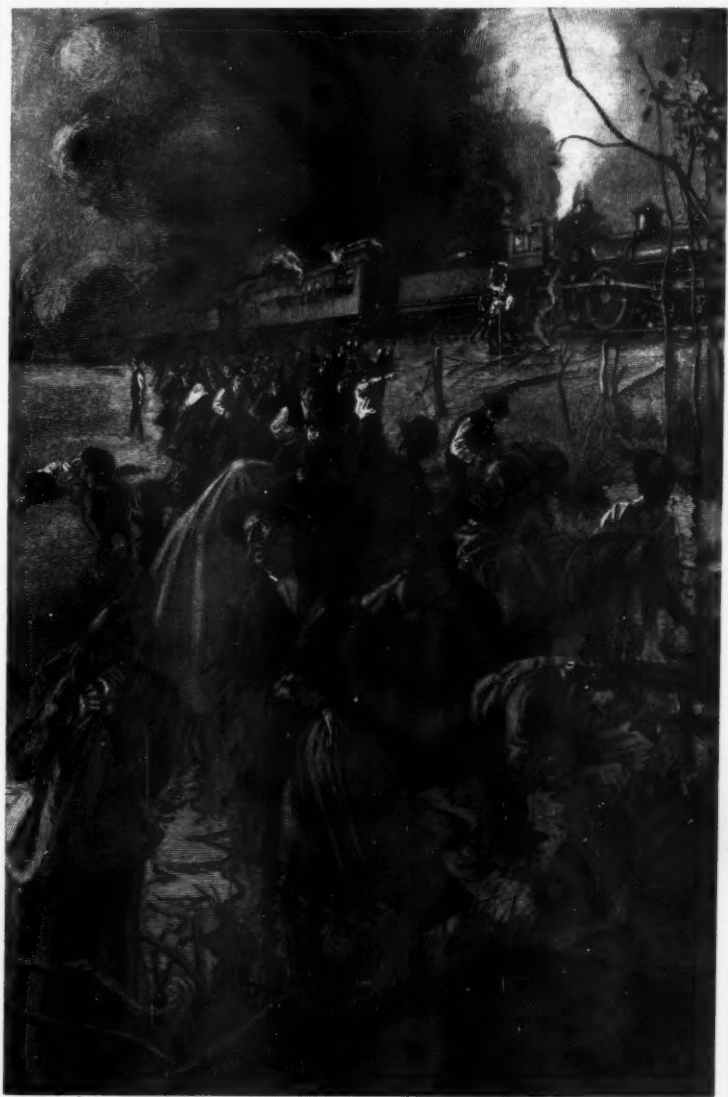
At times the forest on each side of the track, ignited by sparks blown by the fierce wind in advance of the conflagration, was a mass of roaring fire, and the train rushed through an aisle of flame; at times a fiery tongue shot out from the cloud of smoke rolling on behind as if to lick up the train from the road-bed; stragglers past whom the train rushed were seen a moment later to

drop overcome with heat; car-windows were cracking; the woodwork of the train was burning; passengers, frantic with terror, were leaping from the platform, only to lie maimed in the very track of the pursuing demon of death.

At his post stood James Root. His fireman was in the water-tank, ducking his head whenever the heat became too intense, and between times throwing water over the brave engineer. So at last the race with death was won, but only by two minutes; for within two minutes after the train stopped, the fire was upon it. But the passengers who had intrusted their lives to Root were safe. Some had rushed into the lake; others, who had become unconscious from the heat, had been borne into the mud and water; and Root—who, as he pulled the lever, had sunk to the floor of the engine-cab exhausted, his clothing on fire, his face and hands scorched and bleeding from broken glass—had been carried to the mud, laid in it and covered with it. Those in the water were obliged to keep constantly submerging themselves, and those in the mud had to lie flat in it to save themselves as the flames leaped over the lake. The ground was not cool enough to stand on until four hours after the fire had swept past.

Those who carried Root from the cab had supposed that he was dying; but when people began leaving the lake, he rose and, as if guided by instinct, staggered back to what remained of the locomotive, clambered on to it, and sank down upon the cab-seat. The train itself had been burned to the trucks. It was a long time before Root fully recovered from his wounds and burns.

August Sieg, an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, met death by fire to save the passengers on his train. This train, composed of ten crowded passenger-coaches, had just left Jersey City, and was passing through the "Bergen cut" when smoke suddenly blew in through the open door of the smoking-car, and a moment afterward the engineer and the fireman scrambled in over the tender. The smoke, clearing for an instant, showed a roaring fire in the open furnace and flames streaming back from the cab. There had evidently been a sudden burst of flame from the furnace, which had set the cab on fire and forced the engineer and the fireman to beat a hasty retreat. But in deserting the cab without first doing something to check the speed of the train they had imperiled the lives of all the passengers; for the flames were spreading back so fiercely and rapidly that it



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

CARRYING JAMES ROOT FROM THE CAB.

was only a question of time before the whole train would be on fire. To leap from it would mean death or maiming, for it was rushing along at full speed; and there was the further danger to other trains.

People had crowded into the smoker. Doubtless Sieg heard their mutterings. It required only a few minutes for him to real-

ize the situation. He sprang through the smoking-car door, and a moment later had disappeared amid the flames beyond.

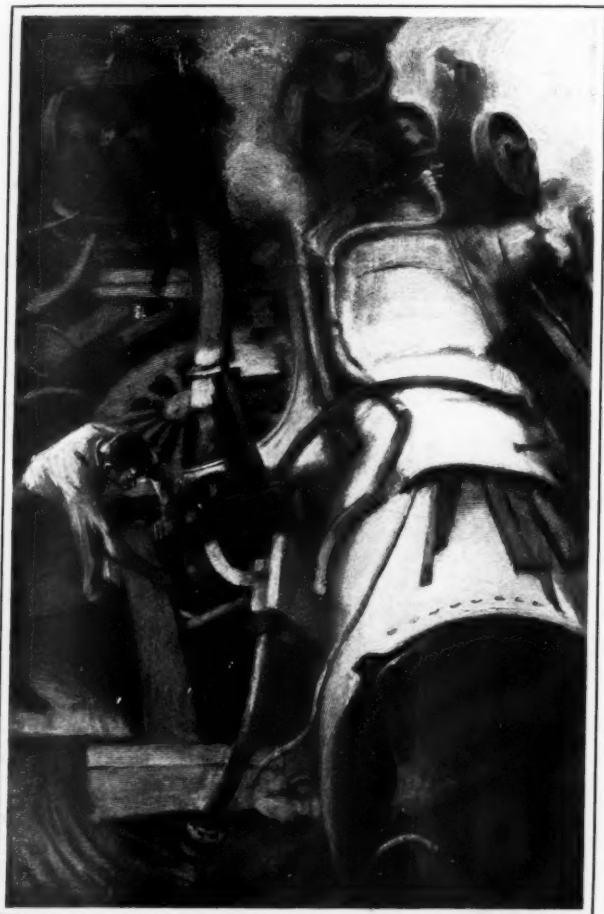
Presently it was felt that the train's speed was slacking, and soon, with a lurch and a bump, it came to a full stop near the bridge over the Hackensack.

The passengers rushed out. With the

sudden stoppage of the draft caused by the onrush of the train the flames from the cab rose straight into the air. The head and shoulders of a man were seen protruding from the water-tank on the tender. It was Sieg, his face disfigured, his hands burned,

and appropriate memento of as brave an engine-driver as ever put hand to throttle.

This engineman, Edward Kennar, ran Engine 238 on the Western Division of the New York Central Railroad. One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding along



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

"PINNED DOWN BY TONS OF STEEL."

his body blistered. He was taken with all speed to a hospital, but his burns proved fatal.

In retreating before that first fierce burst of flame Sieg had been guilty of a grave error; but who will say that he failed to retrieve it like a hero?

In the meeting-room of Division 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Albany, New York, is a simple yet touching

toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a land-slide, of which there had not been the slightest warning. There was the shriek of the whistle, "Down brakes!" But it was too late. No. 238 plunged into the heaping debris, and a moment later lay wrecked at the foot of the embankment.

Pinned down by tons of steel, and writh-

ing in the agony of death, was Kennar. Suddenly he seemed to pull together what of life there was left in him. Slightly raising his head, he shrieked—it seemed almost in anger—at those who had gathered about to help him if they could, “Flag No. 5!” With those words on his lips he died.

“No. 5” was a west-bound train which usually met Kennar’s near this point. The warning which he, forgetting his own agony, had given with his dying breath, recalled No. 5’s peril to the train-hands, and, hurrying back to the track, they were in time to flag it.

It seems to me that “Flag No. 5” of “Ed” Kennar’s is worthy to be placed alongside of

Lawrence’s “Don’t give up the ship,” or of any dying words of heroes on the battle-field which history has recorded. It saved No. 5.

The throttle of Engine 238 was taken from the wreck. Silver-plated, framed, and with an appropriate inscription, it hangs, a memorial to this railroad hero,—who, though he might have jumped, “just slapped on the brakes and stood by his engine,”—in the room of the Brotherhood division to which he belonged. Is it to be wondered at that the members of the division regard the throttle of No. 238 with feelings akin to those with which soldiers look upon a battle-flag that has been found under the dead bodies of its defenders?

SONNETS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE DUOMO.

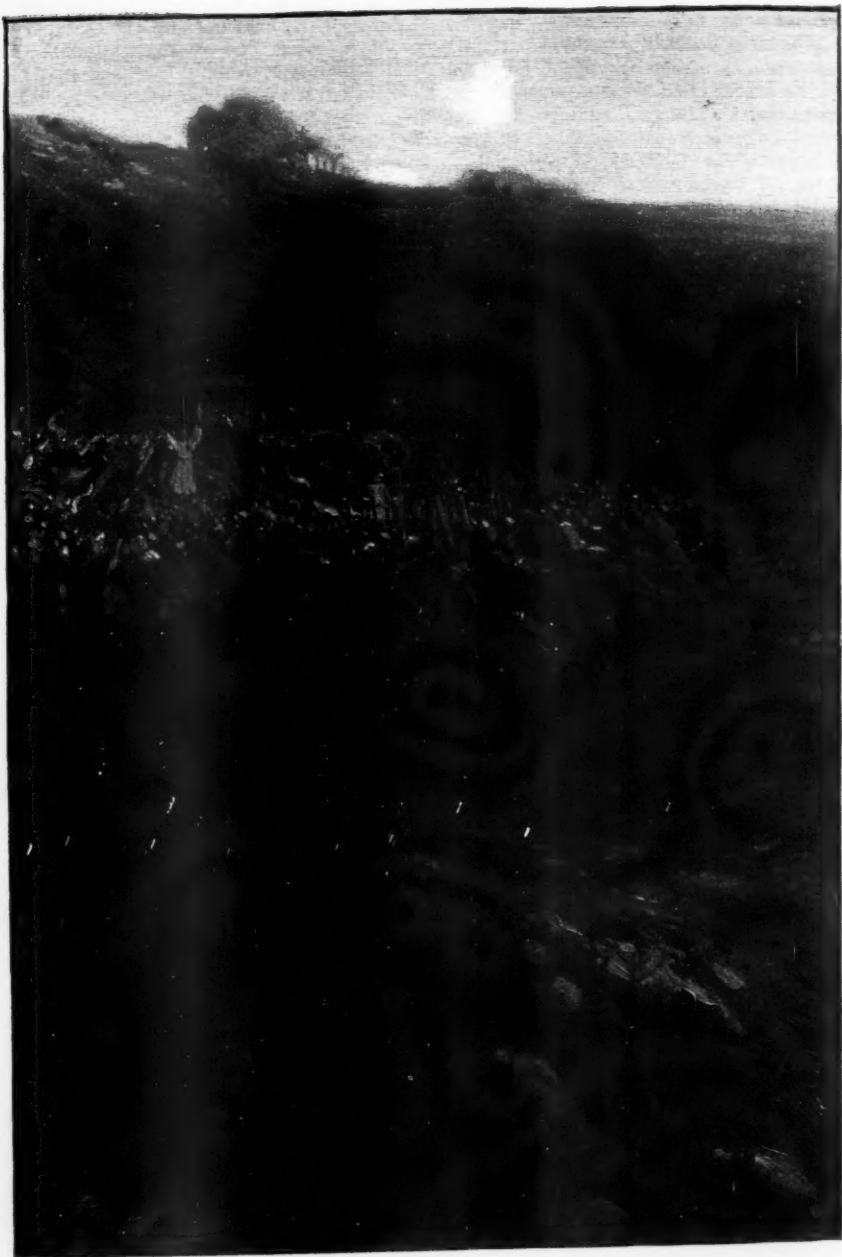
(FLORENCE.)

TWILIGHT the hour. How doubly twilight here,
Where early blent are roof and architrave
(As in a mountain hollowed to a cave),
And ev’n the glance of noonday is austere!
Now, what reverberations fill the ear,
As though commingling storm and torrent gave
Some waste place speech, or prophet message clave,
For the first time, the desert vast and drear!
Source of the sounds, beyond the altar high,
A preaching monk. His burden he repeats:
“Gesú e’ Cristo!” How his accents thrill,
As, in the wild, the first evangel cry! . . .
And still I hear them, ’midst the murmuring streets,
In twilight Florence, medieval still.

THE CATHEDRAL MURMUR.

(COLOGNE.)

THERE is a murmur of the ocean cave,
A dream-of-sound of far-retiring seas;
There is a whisper of the legion trees,
In long uprolling, long receding wave:
Through both is heard one Voice, insistent, grave.
And there is utterance akin to these:
Hark how it rises, deepens, by degrees,
Until it floods the vast cathedral nave!
It seems, at first, a ringing in the ear,
Organic rhythm from the pulses cast;
But soon the listener in awe will start,
For he the lingering orisons shall hear—
The choral sigh of all who, in the past,
Here bent the knee, here gave the broken heart!



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

“CROSSES! GIVE US CROSSES!”

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XI.

THE court of France was at Vézelay—the king, the queen, the great vassals of the kingdom at the king's command, and those of Aquitaine and Poitou in the train of Eleanor, whose state outshone and dwarfed her husband's. And there was Bernard, the holy man of Clairvaux, to preach the cross, where old men remembered the voice of Peter the Hermit and the shout of men now long dead in far Palestine—"God's will! God's will!"

Because the Church of St. Mary Magdalen was too small to hold the multitude, they were gathered together in a wide grassy hollow without the little town, and there a raised floor of wood had been built for the king and the queen and the great nobles; but the rest of the knights and Eleanor's three hundred ladies stood upon the grass-grown slope, crowded together by the vast concourse of the people.

The sun was already behind the hill, and the hot July air had cooled a little, but it was still hot, and the breathing of the multitude could be heard in the silence. Gilbert had come just in time; he had left his men to find him a lodging if they could, and now he pressed forward as well as he might, to see and hear, but most of all to find out, if he could, the face of Beatrix among the three hundred.

There sat the queen, in her scarlet and gold, wearing the crown upon her russet hair, and the king in gold and blue beside her, square, grave, and pale, as ever; and when Gilbert had searched the three hundred fair young faces in vain, his eyes came back to the most beautiful woman in the world. He saw that she was fairer than even his memory of her, and he felt pride that she should call herself his friend.

Then suddenly there was a stir among the knights behind the throne, and though they were standing closely, shoulder to shoulder,

and pressed one against another, yet they divided to let the preacher go through. He came alone, with quiet eyes, thanking the knights to right and left because they made way for him, and he passed between them quickly like a white shadow. So thought pierces matter, and the spiritual being penetrates the terrestrial being and is unchanged.

But when Bernard had ascended the white wooden stage and stood near the king and the queen, then the hushed stillness became a dead silence, and the eyes of all that multitude were fastened upon his face and form, and each could see him. For a moment every man held his breath, as if an angel had come down from heaven, bringing on his lips the word of God and in his look the evidence of eternal light. He was the holy man of the world even while he lived, and neither before him nor after him, since the days of the apostles, has any one person so stood in the eyes of all mankind.

The gentle voice began to speak, without effort to be heard, yet as distinct and clear as if it spoke to each several ear, pleading the cause of the cross of Christ, and for the suffering men who held the holy places in the East with ever-weakening hands, but still with undaunted and desperate courage.

"Is there any man among you who has loved his mother, and has received her dying breath with her last blessing, and has laid her to rest in peace, in a place holy to him for her sake, and who would suffer that her grave should be defiled and defaced by her enemies, so long as he, her son, has in his body blood of hers to shed? Is there any among you who would not fight, while he has breath, to save his father's dead bones from dishonor? Do you not daily boast that you will lay down your lives in a quarrel for the good name of your ladies, as you would for your own daughters' fair fame and your own wives' faithfulness?

"And now, I say, is not the church of God

¹ Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

your mother, and are not her temples your most holy places? You boast that you are ready to die for an honorable cause: yet Christ gave his life for us, not because of our honor, but because of our dishonor, and our sins which are many and grievous; and having atoned for us in his holy passion, he was laid at rest, after the manner of men. And the place where he rested is sacred, for the Lord from heaven lay therein when he had washed away our iniquity with his holy blood, when he had healed us by his stripes, when he had given his life that we might live, when he had endured the bondage of this dying flesh that we might be raised undying in the spirit, by him, and through him, and in him.

"Shall the earth that drank that blood be as other earth? Shall the place that echoed the seven words of agony be as other places? Is the tomb where God rested him of his crucified manhood to be given up to forgetfulness and defilement? Or are we sinless, that we need not even the memory of the sacrifice, and so pure that we need no purification? I would that we were. The world is evil, the hour is late, the Judge is at hand, and we are lacking of good and eaten of evil, so that there is no whole part in us.

"And yet we move not to save ourselves, though Christ gave his life to save us if we would stir even so little, if we would but stretch out our hands to the hand that waits for ours. He bids us not be crucified, as he was crucified for us. He bids us only take up our cross and follow him, as he took it up himself and bore it to the place of death."

Thus Bernard began to speak, gently at first, as one who rouses a friend from sleep to warn him of danger, and fears to be rough, yet cannot be silent; but by and by, in the breathing stillness, the sweet voice was strengthened, and sang like the first clarion at dawn on the day of battle, far off and clear, heart-stirring and true. With the rising tone came also the stronger word, and at last the spirit that moves more than word or voice.

"Lay the cross to your hearts, as you wear it on your breasts. Bear it with you on the long day marches, and in the watches of the night bow before it inwardly, and pray that you may have grace to bear it to the end. So shall your footsteps profit you, and your way shall be the way of the cross, till you stand in the holy place. But if so be that God ask blood of you, blessed shall they be among you who shall give their lives freely to die for the cross of our Lord, your Christ; and they shall stand in the place that is holy indeed, before the throne of God.

"Yet beware of one thing. I would not that you should go out to fight for the sepulcher as some of our fathers did, boasting in the cross, yet in heart each for his own soul and none for the glory of Christ, counting the weariness and the hurts and the drops of blood as a sure reckoning to be repaid to you in heaven, as if you had lent God a piece of money which he must pay again. The Lord Jesus gave not his life as an account, nor his blood at usury; he counted not the pain, nor was his suffering set down in a book: but he gave all freely, of his love for men. Shall men, therefore, ask of God a return, saying: 'We have given thee so much, as it were a wound, or it may be a life, or else a prayer and a day of fasting; see that thou pay us what is just'? That were not giving to God what is a man's own; it were rather lending or selling to God what is his. See that you do not thus, but if you have anything to give, let it be given freely; or else give not at all, for it is written that from him that hath not faith shall be taken even such things as he hath.

"But if you take the cross, and arm yourselves to fight for it, and go your way to Palestine to help your brothers in their sore need, go not for yourselves, suffer not for yourselves, fight not for yourselves. For as God is greater than man, so is the glory of God greater than the glory of self, and more worthy that you should die for it. Think not, therefore, of earning a reward, but of honoring the Lord Christ in the holy place where he died for you.

"March not as it were to do penance for your old sins, hoping for forgiveness, as a trader that brings merchandise looks for profit! Strike not as slaves, who fight lest they be beaten with rods, neither as men in fear of everlasting fire and the torments of hell! Neither go out as thieves, seeking to steal the earth for yourselves, and striving not with the unbeliever, but with the rich man for his riches, and with the great man for his possessions! I say, go forth to do battle for God's sake and his glory! March ye for Christ and to bring the people to him out of darkness! Take with you the cross to set it in the hearts of men, and the seed of the tree of life to plant among desolate nations!

"Ye kings, that are anointed leaders, lead ye the armies of Heaven! Ye knights, that are sworn to honor, draw your unsullied swords for the honor of God! Men and youths, that bear arms by allegiance, be ye soldiers of Christ and allegiant to the cross!

Be ye all first for honor, first for France, first for God Most High!"

With those words the white-sleeved arm was high above his head, holding up the plain white wooden cross, and there was silence for a moment. But when the people saw that he had finished speaking, they drew deep breath, and the air thundered with the great cry that came:

"Crosses! Give us crosses!"

And they pressed upon one another to get nearer. The king had risen, and the queen with him, and he came forward and knelt at Bernard's feet, with bent head and folded hands. The great abbot took pieces of scarlet cloth from a page who held them ready in a basket, and he fastened them upon the king's left shoulder and then raised his right hand in blessing. The people were silent again and looked on, and many thought that the king, in his great mantle and high crown, was like a bishop wearing a cope, for he had a churchman's face. He rose to his feet and stepped back; but he was scarcely risen when the queen stood in his place, radiant, the evening light in her hair.

"I also will go," she said in a clear, imperious voice. "Give me the cross!"

She knelt, and placed her hands together, as in prayer, and there was a fair light in her eyes as she looked up to Bernard's face. He hesitated a moment, then took a cross and laid it upon her mantle; and she smiled.

A great cry went up from all the knights, and then from the people, strong and triumphant, echoing, falling, and rising again:

"God save the queen—the queen that wears the cross!"

And suddenly every man held up his sword by the sheath, and the great cross-hilts made forests of crosses in the glowing air. But the queen's three hundred ladies pressed upon her.

"We will not leave you!" they cried. "We will take the cross with you!"

And they thronged upon Bernard like a flight of doves, holding out white hands for crosses, and more crosses, which he gave them as best he could. Also the people and the knights began to tear pieces from their own garments to make the sign, and one great lord took his white mantle and made strips of the fine cloth for his liege vassals and his squires and men; but another took Bernard's white cape from his shoulders and with a sharp dagger made many little crosses of it for the people, who kissed them as holy things when they received them.

In the throng, Gilbert pressed forward to

the edge of the platform, where the queen was standing, for he was strong and tall. He touched her mantle softly, and she looked down, and he saw how her face turned white and gentle when she knew him. Being too far below her to take her hand, he took the rich border of her cloak and kissed it, whereat she smiled; but she made a sign to him that he should not try to talk with her in the confusion. Then looking down again, she saw that he had yet no cross. She took one from one of her ladies, and, bending low, tried to fasten it upon his shoulder.

"I thank your Grace," said Gilbert, very gratefully. "Is Beatrix here?" he asked in a low tone.

But, to his wonder, the queen's brow darkened, and her eyes were suddenly hard; she almost dropped the cross in her hurry to stand upright, nor would she again turn her eyes to look at him.

XII.

IN the late dusk of summer Bernard went his way from the place where he had preached to the presbytery of St. Mary Magdalen, where he was to lodge that night. The king and the queen walked beside him, their horses led after them by grooms in royal liveries of white and gold; and all the long procession of knights and nobles, priests and laymen, gentlefolk and churls, men, women, and children, streamed in a motley procession up the road to the village. As they went, the king talked gravely with the holy man, interlarding and lining his sententious speeches with copious though not always correct quotations from the Vulgate. On Bernard's other side Eleanor walked with head erect, one hand upon her belt, one hanging down, her brows slightly drawn together, her face clear white, her burning eyes fixed angrily upon the bright vision cast by her thoughts into the empty air before her.

She had used the only means, and the strongest means, of bringing Gilbert back to France; she had foredreamed his coming, she had foreknown that from the first he would ask for Beatrix: but she had neither known nor dreamed of what she should feel when he, standing at her feet below the platform, looked up to her offering eyes with a hunger in his face which she could not satisfy, and a desire which she could not fulfil. His very asking for the other had been a refusal of herself, and to be refused is a shame which no loving woman will accept while love is living, and an insult which no strong woman forgets when love is dead.

But neither the king nor the abbot heeded her as they walked along, talking in Latin mixed with Norman French. The monk, not tall, slender, spiritualized even in the remnant of his flesh, the incarnation of believing thought and word, the exposition of matter's servitude to mind, was the master; the king, heavy, strong, pale, obedient, was the pupil, proving the existence of the greater force by his blind submission to its laws. Beside them the queen imaged the independence of youthful life, believing without realizing, strong with blood, rich with color, fearing regret more than remorse, thoughtlessly cruel and cruelly thoughtless, yet able to be very generous and brave.

The bell of St. Mary's tolled three strokes, then four, then five, then one, thirteen in all, and then rang backward for the ending day. The sun had set a full half-hour, and the dusk had almost drunk the dregs of the red west. Bernard stood still, bareheaded, in the way, with folded hands, and began to say the *Angelus Domini*. The king, from habit, raised his hand to take his cap from his head, and touched the golden crown instead. Instantly a little color of embarrassment rose in his pale cheeks, and he stumbled over the familiar response as he clasped his hands with down-cast eyes, for in some ways he was a timid man. The queen stood still and spoke the words also, but neither the attitude of her head nor the look in her eyes was changed, nor did she take her hand from her belt to clasp it upon the other. The air was very soft and warm, there was the musical, low sound of many voices speaking in the monotone of prayer, and now and then, on whirling wings, a droning beetle hummed his way from one field to another just above the heads of the great multitude.

The prayer said, they all moved onward, past the first houses of the village and past the open smithy, with its shelter of twisted chestnut boughs, beneath which the horses were protected from the sun while they were being shod. But the smith had not been to the preaching, because Alric, the Saxon groom, had brought him Gilbert's horse to shoe just when he was going, and had forced him to stay and do the work with the threat of an evil spell learned in Italy. And now, peering through the twilight, he stood watching the long procession as it came up to his door. He was a dark man, with red eyes and hairy hands, and his shirt was open on his chest almost to his belt. He stood quite still at first, gazing at Bernard's face, that was luminous in the dusk; but as he looked, something

moved him that he could not understand, and he came forward in his leathern apron and his blackened hose, and knelt at the abbot's feet.

"Give me also the cross!" he cried.

"I give thee the sign, my son," answered Bernard, raising his hand to bless the hairy man. "The crosses we had are all given, but thou shalt have one to-morrow."

But as the smith looked up to the inspired face the light came into his own eyes, and something he could not see took hold of him suddenly and hard.

"Nay, my lord," he answered; "I will have it to-day, and of my own."

Then he sprang up and ran to his smithy, and came back holding in his hand a bar of iron that had been heating in the coals to make a shoe. The end of it was glowing red.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" he cried in a loud voice.

And as he spoke the words, he had laid the red-hot iron to his breast and drawn it down and crosswise; and a little line of thin white smoke followed the hissing iron along the seared flesh. He threw the bar down upon the threshold of his door and came to join the throng, the strange smile on his rough face and the light of another world in his fire-reddened eyes. But though the multitude sent up a great cry of praise and wonder, yet Bernard shook his head gravely and walked on, for he loved not any madness, not even a madness for good deeds, and the light by which he saw was as steady and clear and true as a lifelong day.

Moreover, even while he had been speaking, he had felt that fanatic deeds were not far off, and a deep sadness had fallen upon him, because he knew that true belief is the fullness of true wisdom and by no means akin to any folly.

Therefore, when he was alone that night, he was very heavy-hearted, and sat a long time by his square oak table in the light of the three-cornered brazen lamp which stood at his elbow. The principal chamber of the presbytery was cross-vaulted and divided into two by a low round arch supported on slender double columns with capitals fantastically carved. The smaller portion of the room beyond the arch made an alcove for sleeping, which could be completely shut off by a heavy curtain; the larger part was paved with stone, and in one corner a low wooden platform, on which stood a heavy table before a carved bench fastened to the wall, was set apart for writing and study. On the table,

besides the lamp, there stood a reading-desk, and above the bench a strong shelf carried a number of objects, including several large bottles of ink, a pot of glue for fastening leaves of parchment, and two or three jars of blue-and-white earthenware. On nails there hung a brush of half-dried broom, a broad-brimmed rush hat, and a blackened rosary. On the other side of the table, and by the window, there was a small holy-water basin with a little besom. On the walls were hung pieces of coarse linen roughly embroidered with small crosses flory, worked in dark red silk. The vault was blank and white, and rushes were strewn on the stone pavement. In the deep embrasures of the windows there were dark window-seats worn black with age.

The abbot had begun a letter, but the pen lay beside the unfinished writing, his elbow rested on the parchment, and he shaded his eyes from the light. The brilliancy was gone from his face and was succeeded by an almost earthy pallor, while his attitude expressed both lassitude and dejection. He had done what had been required of him, he had fired the passion of the hour, and one hour had shown him how completely it was to be beyond his control. He remembered how Peter the Hermit had led the vast advance-guard of the first crusade to sudden and miserable destruction before the main force could be organized; he had seen enough on that afternoon to prove to him that the air was laden with such disaster, of which the responsibility would surely be heaped upon himself. He regretted not the thoughts he had preached, but the fact of having yielded to preach at all to such men and at such a time. He had begun to set forth all this and much more in a letter to Pope Eugenius, but before he had written a dozen lines the pen had fallen from his hand, and he had begun to reflect upon the impossibility of stemming the tide since it had turned to flood.

A soft step sounded in the outer hall beyond the curtained doorway, but Bernard, absorbed in his meditations, heard nothing. A jeweled hand pushed aside the thick folds of the hanging, and the most beautiful eyes in the world gazed curiously upon the unheeding abbot.

"Are you alone?" asked the queen's voice.

Without waiting for an answer, she came forward into the room and paused beside the low platform, laying one hand upon the table in a gesture half friendly, half deprecating, as if she still feared that she had disturbed the holy man. His own transparent fingers fell from his eyes, and he looked up to her,

hardly realizing who she was, and quite unable to guess why she had come. A dark brown mantle completely covered her gown, and only a little of her scarlet sleeve showed as her hand lay on the table. Her russet-golden hair hung in broad waves and lightened in the rays of the oil-lamp. Her eyes, that looked at Bernard intently and inquiringly, were the eyes of old Duke William, whom the Abbot of Clairvaux had brought to confession and penance long ago, and who had gone from the altar of his granddaughter's marriage straight to solitary hermitage and lonely death in the Spanish hills; they were eyes in which tenderness was beautiful, but in which kindness was often out of sight behind the blaze of vitality and the burning love of life that proceeded from her and surrounded her as an atmosphere of her own.

"You do not welcome me," she said, looking into his face. "Are you too deeply occupied to talk with me awhile? It is long since we have met."

Bernard passed his one hand over his eyes as if to brush away some material veil.

"I am at your Grace's service," he said gently, and he rose from his seat as he spoke.

"I ask no service for myself," she answered, setting her foot upon the platform and coming to his side. "Yet I ask something which you may do for others."

Bernard hesitated, and then looked down at his folded hands.

"Silver and gold have I none," he said, quoting, "but such as I have give I unto thee."

"I have both gold and silver, and lands, and a crown," answered the queen, smiling carelessly, and yet in earnest. "I lack faith. And so, though my people have swords and armor, and have taken upon them the cross to succor their brethren in the Holy Land, yet they have no leader."

"They have the king, your husband," answered Bernard, gravely.

Eleanor laughed, not very cruelly, nor altogether scornfully, but as a man might laugh who was misunderstood, and to whom, asking for his sword, his servant should bring his pen.

"The king!" she cried, still smiling. "The king! Are you so great in mind and so poor in sense as to think that he could lead men and win? The king is no leader. He is your acolyte—I like to see him swinging a censer in time to your prayers and flattening his flat face upon the altar-steps beatified by your footsteps!"

The queen laughed, for she had moods in which she feared neither God nor saint nor man. But Bernard looked grave at first, then hurt, and then there was pity in his eyes. He pointed to the window-seat beside the table, and he himself sat down on the carved bench. Eleanor, being seated, rested her elbows on the table, clasped her beautiful hands together, and slowly rubbed her cheek against them, meditating what she should say next. She had had no fixed purpose in coming to the abbot's lodging, but she had always liked to talk with him when he was at leisure, and to see the look of puzzled and pained surprise that came into his face when she said anything more than usually shocking to his clerical sensibilities. With impulses of tremendous force, there was at the root of her character a youthful and almost childlike indifference to consequences.

"You misjudge your husband," said the abbot, at last, drumming on the table nervously and absently with the tips of his white fingers. "They who do their own will only are quick to condemn those who hope to accomplish the will of Heaven."

"If you regard the king as an instrument of divine Providence," answered Eleanor, with curling lip, "there is nothing to be said. Providence, for instance, is angered with the people of Vitry. Providence selects the King of France to be the representative of its wrath. The king, obedient as ever, sets fire to the church, and burns several priests and two thousand more or less innocent persons at their prayers. Nothing could be better. Providence is appeased—"

"Hush, madam!" exclaimed Bernard, lifting a thin hand in deprecation; "that was the devil's work."

"You told me that I was condemning one who accomplishes the will of Heaven."

"In leading the crusade, yes—"

"Then my husband works for both parties. To-day he serves God; to-morrow he serves Mammon." Eleanor raised her finely penciled eyebrows. "I believe there is a parable that teaches us what is to become of those that serve two masters."

"It applies to those who try to serve them at the same time," answered the abbot, meeting her contemptuous look with the quiet boldness of a man sure of power. "You know as well as I that the king took oath to lead a crusade out of repentance for what he did at Vitry."

"A bargain, then, of the very kind against which you preached to-day." The queen still smiled, but less scornfully, for she fancied herself as good as Bernard in an argument.

"It is a very easy thing to fence with words," Bernard said. "It is one thing to argue, it is quite another to convince your hearers."

"I do not desire to convince you of anything," answered Eleanor, with a little laugh. "I would rather be convinced."

She looked at him a moment and then turned away with a weary little sigh of discontent.

"Was it without conviction that you took the cross from my hands to-day?" asked Bernard, sadly.

"It was in the hope of conviction."

Bernard understood. Before him, within reach of his hand, that great problem was present which, of all others, paganism most easily and clearly solved, but with which Christianity grapples at a disadvantage, finding its foothold narrow and its danger constant and great. It is the problem of the conversion of great and vital natures, brave, gifted, and sure of self, to the condition of the humble and poor in spirit. It is easy to convince the cripple that peace is among the virtues; the sick man and the weak are soon persuaded that the world is a sensuous illusion of Satan, in which the pure and perfect have no part or share: it is another, a greater and a harder, matter to prove the strong man a sinner by his strength, and to make woman's passion ridiculous in comparison of heaven. The clear flame of the spirit burns ill under the breath of this dying body, and for the fleeting touch of a loving hand the majesty of God is darkened in a man's heart.

Bernard saw before him the incarnate strength and youth and beauty of her from whom a great line of kings was to descend, and in whom were all the greatest and least qualities, virtues and failings, of her unborn children—the lion heart of Richard, the heartless selfishness of John, the second Edward's grasping hold, Henry III's broad justice and wisdom; the doubt of one, the decision of another, the passions of them all in one, coursing in the blood of a young and kingly race.

"You wish not to convince others, but to be convinced," Bernard said, "and yet it is not in your nature to yield yourself to any conviction. What would you of me? I can preach to them that will hear me, not to those that come to watch me and to smile at my sayings as if I were a player in a booth at a fair. Why do you come here to-night? Can I give you faith as a salve wherewith to anoint your blind eyes? Can I furnish you the girdle of honesty for the virtue you have

not? Shall I promise repentance for you to God, while you smile on your next lover? Why have you sought me out?"

"If I had known that you had no leisure, and the church no room for any but the altogether perfect, I should not have come."

She leaned back in the window-seat and folded her arms, drawing the thin, dark stuff of her cloak into severe, straight lines and shadows, in vivid contrast with the radiant beauty of her face. Her brows lowered straight and clear-cut over her deep eyes, and her lips were as hard as polished coral.

Bernard looked at her again long and earnestly, understanding in part, and in part guessing, that she had suffered some disappointment on that day and had come to him rather in the hope of some kind of mental excitement than with any idea of obtaining consolation. To him, filled as he was with the lofty thoughts inspired by the mission thrust upon him, there was something horrible in the woman's frivolity—or cynicism. To him the cross meant the passion of Christ, the shedding of God's blood, the redemption of mankind. To her it was a badge, an ornament, the excuse for a gay pilgrimage of fair women, living delicately in silken tents and clothed in fine garments of a fanciful fashion. The contrast was too strong, too painful. Eleanor and her girl knights would be too wholly out of place, with their fancies and their whims, in an army of devoted men fighting for a faith, for a faith's high principle as between race and race, and for all which that faith had made sacred in its most holy places. It was too much. In profoundest disappointment and sadness Bernard's head sank upon his breast, and he raised his hands a little, to let them fall again upon his knees, as if he were almost ready to give up the struggle.

Eleanor felt the wicked little thrill of triumph in his apparent despair which compensates school-boys for unimaginable labor in mischief, when they at last succeed in hurting the feelings of a long-suffering teacher. There had been nothing but an almost childish desire to tease at the root of all that she said; for before all things she was young and gay, and her surroundings tended in every way to repress both gaiety and youth.

"You must not take everything I say in earnest," she said suddenly, with a laugh that jarred on the delicate nerves of the overwrought man.

He turned his head from her as if the sight of her face would have been disagreeable just then.

"Jest with life, if you can," he said; "jest with death, if you are brave enough; yet at least be earnest in this great matter. If you are fixed in purpose to go with the king, you and your ladies, then go with the purpose to do good, to bind up men's wounds, to tend the sick, to cheer the weak, and by your presence to make the coward ashamed."

"And why not to fight?" asked the queen, the light of an untried emotion brightening in her eyes. "Do you think I cannot bear the weight of mail, or sit a horse, or handle a sword as well as many a boy of twenty who will be there in the thick of battle? And if I and my court ladies can bear the weariness as well as even the weakest man in the king's army, and risk a life as bravely, and perhaps strike a clean blow or drive a straight thrust for the Holy Sepulcher, shall our souls have no good of it, because we are women?"

As she spoke, her arm lay across the table, and her small, strong hand moved energetically with her speech, touching the monk's sleeve. The fighting blood of the old duke was in her veins, and there was battle in her voice. Bernard looked up.

"If you were always what you are at this moment," he said, "and if you had a thousand such women as yourself to ride with you, the king would need no other army, for you could face the Seljuks alone."

"But you think that by the time I have to face them my courage will have cooled to woman's tears, like hot vapor on a glass."

She smiled, but gently now, for she was pleased by what he had said.

"You need not fear," she continued, before he had time to answer her. "We shall not bear ourselves worse than men, and there will be grown men there who will be afraid before we are. But if there were with us a leader of men, I should have no fear. Men will fight for the king, they will shed their blood for Eleanor of Guienne, but they would die ten deaths at the bidding of—"

She paused and fixed her eyes on Bernard's face.

"Of whom?" he asked, unsuspecting.

"Of Bernard of Clairvaux."

There was a short silence. Then in a clear, far-off voice, as if in a dream, the abbot repeated his own name:

"Bernard of Clairvaux—a leader of men? a soldier? a general?" He paused as if consulting himself. "Madam," he said at last, "I am neither general nor leader nor soldier. I am a monk and a churchman, as the Hermit was, but not like him in this—I know the limitation of my strength. I can urge

men to fight for a good cause, but I will not lead them to death and ruin, as Peter did, while there are men living who have been trained to the sword as I to the pen."

"I do not ask that you should plan battles, lead forlorn charges, or sit down in your tent to study the destruction of walled towns. You can be our leader without all that, for he who leads men's souls commands men's bodies and lives in men's hearts. Therefore I bid you come with us and help us, for although a sword is better at need than a hundred words, yet there are men at whose single word a thousand swords are drawn like one."

"No, madam," said the abbot, his even lips closing after the words with a look of final decision; "I will not go with you: first, because I am unfit to be a leader of armies, and, secondly, because such life as there is left in me can be better used at home than in following a camp; lastly, I would that this good fight might be fought soberly and in earnest, neither in the fever of a fanatical fury, nor, on the other hand, lightly, as an amusement and a play, nor selfishly and meanly, in the hope of gain. My words are neither deep nor learned nor well chosen, for I speak as my thoughts rise and overflow. But thanks be to Heaven, what I say rouses men to act rather than moves them to think! Yet it is not well that they be overroused or stirred, when a long war is before them, lest their heat be consumed in a flash of fire and their strength in a single blow. You need not a preacher, but a captain; not words, but deeds. You go to make history, not to hear a prophecy."

"Nevertheless," said the queen, "you must go with us, for if the spirit you have called up fades from men's memories, our actions must be worse than spiritless. You must go."

"I cannot."

"Cannot? But I say you must."

"No, madam; I say no."

For a long time the two sat in silence facing each other, the queen confident, vital, fully roused to the expression of her will; Bernard, on the other hand, as fully determined to oppose her with all the fervent conviction which he brought to every question of judgment or policy.

"If we fall out among ourselves," said Eleanor, at last, "who shall unite us? If men lose faith in the cause before them and grow greedy of the things that lie in their way, who shall set them right?"

The abbot shook his head sorrowfully and would not meet her eyes, for in this he knew that she was right.

"When an army has lost faith," he said, "it is already beaten. When Atalanta stooped to pick up the golden apples, her race was lost."

"As when love dies, contempt and hatred take its place," said Eleanor, as if in comment.

"Such love is of hell," said Bernard, looking suddenly into her face, so that she faintly blushed.

"Yes," she retorted; "for it is the love of man and wife."

The holy man watched her sadly and yet keenly, for he knew what she meant, and he foresaw the end.

"Lucifer rebelled against law," he said.

"I do not wonder," said the queen, with a sharp laugh. "He would have rebelled against marriage. Love is the true faith; marriage is dogma." She laughed again.

Bernard shrank a little, as if he felt actual pain. He had known her since she had been a little child, and he had become used to her cruelties of expression. He was a man more easily disgusted in his esthetic sensibilities than shocked by the wickedness of a world he knew. To him, God was not only great, but beautiful; nature, as some theologians maintain, was cruel, evil, hurtful, but she was never coarse or foul in his conception, and her beauty appealed to him against his will. So also in his eyes a woman could be sinful, and her sins might seem terrible to him, and yet she herself was to him a woman still, a being delicate, refined, tender, even in her wickedness; but a woman who could speak at once keenly and brutally of her marriage reacted upon him as a very ugly or painful sight, or as a very harsh and discordant sound that jars every nerve in the body.

"Madam," he said in a low voice, but very quietly and coldly, "I think not that you are in such state of grace as to bear the cross to your good."

Eleanor raised her head and looked at him haughtily, with lids half drooped, as her eyes grew hard and keen.

"You are not my confessor, sir," she retorted. "For all you know, he may have enjoined upon me a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is a common penance." For the third time she laughed.

"A common penance!" cried the abbot, in a tone of despair. "That is what it has come to in these days. A man kills his neighbor in a quarrel, and goes to Jerusalem to purge him of blood, as he would take a physician's draft to cure him of the least of little aches. A pilgrimage is a remedy, as a prayer

is a medicine. To repeat the act of contrition so and so often, or to run through a dozen rosaries of an afternoon, is a potion for the sick soul."

"Well, what then?" asked the queen.

"What then?" repeated the abbot. "Then there is no faith left in the true meaning of the crusade."

"That is what I fear," answered Eleanor. "That is why I am begging you to come with us. That is why the king will be unable to command men without you. And yet you will not go!"

"No," he replied; "I will not."

"You have always disappointed me," said the queen, rising, and employing a weapon to which women usually resort at last. "You stand in the front and will not lead, you rouse men to deeds you will not do, you give men ideals in which you do not believe, and then you go back to the peace of your abbey of Clairvaux, and leave men to shift for themselves in danger and need. And if, perhaps, some trusting woman comes to you with overlaid heart, you tell her that she is not in a state of grace! It must be easy to be a great man in that way."

She turned as she spoke the last words, and stepped from the platform to the stone pavement. At the enormous injustice of her judgment Bernard's face grew cold and stern; but he would not answer what she said, for he knew how useless it would be. In her, and perhaps in her only, of all men and women he had known, there was the something to which he could not speak, the element that was out of harmony with his own being, and when he had talked with her it was as if he had eaten sand. He could understand that she, too, was in contradiction with her natural feelings in her marriage with such a man as the king; he could be sorry for her, he could pity her, he could forgive her, he could pray for her—but he could not speak to her.

A dozen times before she reached the door he wished to call her back, and he sought in the archive of his brain and in the treasury of his heart the words that might touch her. But he sought in vain. So long as she was before his eyes, a chilled air, dull and unresonant, divided his soul from hers. Her hand was on the curtain to go out when she turned and looked at him again.

"You will not go with us," she said. "If we fail, we shall count the fault yours; if we quarrel and turn our swords upon one another, the sin is yours; if our armies lose heart, and are scattered and hewn in pieces, their blood will be on your head. But if we win," she

said at the last, drawing herself to her height, "the honor of our deeds shall be ours alone, not yours."

She had raised the curtain, and as she spoke the last word it fell behind her, leaving the abbot no possibility of a retort. But she had missed her intention, for he was not a man to be threatened from the right he had planned. When she was gone his face grew sad and calm and weary again, and presently, musing, he took up the pen that lay beside the half-written page. But she went on through the outer hall to the vestibule, drawing her thin, dark mantle about her, her lips set and her eyes cruel, for she had been disappointed. Beneath the idle wish to hear Bernard speak, behind the strong conviction that he must follow the army to the East if it was to be victorious, there had been the unconscious longing for a return of that brave emotion under which, in the afternoon, she had taken the cross with her ladies. And a woman disappointed of strong feeling hoped for and desired is less kind than a strong man defeated of expectation.

She was alone. Of all women, she hated most to be followed by attendants and watched by inferiors when she chose solitude. Reliant on herself and unaffectedly courageous, she often wondered whether it were not a more pleasant thing to be a man than to be even the fairest of womankind, as she was. She stood still a moment in the vestibule, drawing the hood of her cloak over her head and half across her face. The outer door was half open; the single lamp, filled with olive-oil and hanging from the middle of the vault, cast its ray out into the night. As Eleanor stood arranging her head-dress and almost unconsciously looking toward the darkness, a gleam of color and steel flashed softly in the gloom. It disappeared and flashed again, for a man was waiting without and slowly walking up and down before the door. The queen had chosen to come alone, but had no reason for concealing herself; she made two steps to the threshold and looked out, opening wide one half of the door.

The man stood still and turned his head without haste as the fuller light fell upon him. It was Gilbert, and as his look fell on the queen's face, dark against the brightness within, she started a little, as if she would have drawn back, and she spoke nervously, in a low voice, hardly knowing what she said.

"What is it?" she asked. "Why did you come here?"

"Because I knew your Grace was here," he answered quietly.

"You knew that I was here? How?"

"I saw you; I followed."

Under her hood, the queen felt the warm blood in her cheeks. - Gilbert was very good to see as he stood just outside the door in the bright lamplight. He was pale, but not wan, like Bernard; he was thin with the leanness of vigorous youth, not with fasting and vigils; he was grave, not sad; energetic, not inspired; and his face was handsome rather than beautiful. Eleanor looked at him for a few moments before she spoke again.

"You followed me. Why?"

"To beg a word of your Grace's favor."

"The question you asked to-day?"

"Yes."

"Is it so urgent?" The queen laughed a little, and Gilbert started in surprise.

"Your Grace wrote urgently," he said.

"Then you are zealous only to obey me? I like that. You shall be rewarded. But I have changed my mind. If the letter were to be written again, I would not write it."

"It was the letter of a friend. Would you take it back?"

Gilbert's face showed the coming disappointment. In his anxiety he pressed nearer to her, resting his hand on the door-post. The queen drew back and smiled.

"Was it so very friendly?" she asked. "I do not remember—but I did not mean it so."

"Madam, what did you mean?" His voice was steady and rather cold.

"Oh—I have quite forgotten!" She almost laughed again, shaking her hooded head.

"If your Grace had need of me, I might understand. Beatrix is not here. I looked at each of your ladies to-day, through all their ranks, but she was not among them. I asked where she was, but you would not answer and were angry."

"I angry? You are dreaming!"

"I thought you were angry, because you changed color and would not speak again."

"You were wrong. Only a fool can be angry with ignorance."

"Why do you call me ignorant? These are all riddles."

"And you are not good at guessing. Come, to show you that I was not angry, I will have you walk with me down through the village. It is growing late."

"Your Grace is alone?"

"Since you followed me, you know it. Come."

She almost pushed him aside to pass out, and a moment later they were crossing the

dark open space before the church. Gilbert was not easily surprised, but when he reflected that he was walking late at night through a little French village with one of the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, who was at the same time the most beautiful of living women, he realized that his destiny was not leading him by common paths. He remembered his own surprise when, an hour earlier, he had seen the queen's unmistakable figure pass the open window of his lodging. And yet should any one see her now, abroad at such an hour, in the company of a young Englishman, there would be much more matter for astonishment. Half boyishly he wished that he were not himself, or else that the queen were Beatrix. As for his actual position in the queen's good graces, he had not the slightest understanding of it, a fact which just then amused Eleanor almost as much as it irritated her. The road was uneven and steep beyond the little square. For some moments they walked side by side in silence. From far away came the sound of many rough voices singing a drinking-chorus.

"Give me your arm," said Eleanor, suddenly.

As she spoke she put out her hand, as if she feared to stumble. Doing as she begged him, Gilbert suited his step to hers, and they were very close together as they went on. He had never walked arm in arm in that way before, nor perhaps had he ever been so close to any other woman. An indescribable sensation took possession of him; he felt that his step was less steady, and that his head was growing hot and his hands cold; and somehow he knew that, whereas the idea of love was altogether beyond and out of the question, yet he was spellbound in the charm of a new and mysterious attraction. With it there was the instantaneous certainty that it was evil, with the equally sure knowledge that if it grew upon him only a few moments longer he should not be able to resist it.

Eleanor would not have been a woman had she not understood.

"What is the matter?" she asked gently, and under her hood she was smiling.

"The matter?" Gilbert spoke nervously. "There is nothing the matter; why do you ask?"

"Your arm trembled," answered the queen.

"I suppose I was afraid that you were going to fall."

At this the queen laughed aloud.

"Are you so anxious for my safety as that?" she inquired.

Gilbert did not answer at once.

"It seems so strange," he said at last, "that your Grace should choose to be abroad alone so late at night."

"I am not alone," she answered.

At that moment her foot seemed to slip, and her hand tightened suddenly upon Gilbert's arm. But as he thought her in danger of falling, he caught her round the waist and held her up; and almost clasping her to him, the mysterious influence strengthened his hold in a most unnecessary manner.

"I never slip," said Eleanor, by way of explaining the fact that she had just stumbled.

"No," answered Gilbert; "of course not."

And he continued to hold her fast. She made a little movement vaguely indicating that she wished him to let her go, and her free right hand pretended to loosen his from her waist. He felt infinitesimal lines of fire running from his head to his feet, and he saw lights where there were none.

"Let me go," she said almost under her breath; and accentuating her words with little efforts of hand and body, it accidentally happened that her head was against his breast for a moment. The fire grew hotter, the lights brighter, and, with the consciousness of doing something at once terrible yet surpassingly sweet to do, he allowed his lips to touch the dark stuff that hid her russet hair. But she was quite unaware of this desperate deed. A moment later she seemed to hear something, for she turned her head quickly as if listening, and spoke in an anxious half-whisper:

"Take care! There is somebody—"

Instantly Gilbert's hand dropped to his side, and he assumed the attitude of a respectful protector. The queen continued to stare into the darkness a moment longer, and then began to walk on.

"It was nothing," she said carelessly.

"I hear men singing," said Gilbert.

"I dare say," answered Eleanor, with perfect indifference. "I have heard them for some time."

One voice rose higher and louder than the rest as the singers approached, and the other voices joined in the rough chorus of a Burgundy drinking-song. Down the road, near the outskirts of the village, lights were flashing and moving unsteadily as those who carried them staggered along. To reach the monastery which was the headquarters of the court, the queen and Gilbert would have to walk a hundred yards down the street before turning to the right. Gilbert saw at a glance that it would be impossible for

them to reach the turning before meeting the drunken crowd.

"It would be better to turn back and go another way," he said, slackening his pace.

But the queen walked quietly on without answering him. It was clear that she intended to make the people stand aside to let her pass, for she continued to walk in the middle of the street. But Gilbert gently drew her aside, and she suffered him to lead her to a doorway, raised two steps above the street, and darkened by an overhanging balcony. There they stood and waited. A dense throng of grooms, archers, and men-at-arms came roaring up the steep way toward them. A huge man in a dirty scarlet tunic and dusty russet hose, with soft boots that were slipping down in folds about his ankles, staggered along in front of the rest. His face was on fire with wine, his little red eyes glared dully from under swollen lids, and as he bawled his song with mouth wide open, one might have tossed an apple between his wolfish teeth. In his right hand he held an earthen jug in which there was still a little wine; with his left he brandished a banner that had been made by sewing a broad red cross upon a towel tied to one of those long wands with which farmers' boys drive geese to feed. Half dancing, half marching, and reeling at every step, he came along, followed closely by a dozen companions one degree less burly than himself, but at least quite as drunk; and each had upon his breast or shoulder the cross he had received that day. Behind them, more and more, closer and closer, the others came stumbling, rolling, jostling one another, howling the chorus of the song. And every now and then the leader, swinging his banner and his wine-jug, sent a shower of red drops into the faces of his followers. Some of them laughed, and some swore loudly in curses that made themselves felt through the roaring din. But loudest, highest, clearest of all, from within the heart of the drunken crowd, came one of those voices that are made to be heard in storm and battle. In a tune of its own, regardless of the singing of all the rest, it was chanting the *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*. Long drawn, sustained, and of brazen quality, it calmly defied all other din, and as the crowd drew nearer Gilbert saw through the torch-light the thin white face of a very tall man in the midst, with half-closed eyes and thin lips that wore a look of pain as he sang—the face, the look, the voice of a man who in the madness of liquor was still a fanatic. The hot, close breath of the ribald

crew went before it in the warm summer night, the torches threw a moving yellow glare upon faces as red as flame or ghastly white, and here and there the small crosses of scarlet cloth fastened to the men's tunics caught the light like splashes of fresh blood. Eleanor drew back as far as she could under the doorway, offended in her sovereign pride and disgusted as gentlewomen are at the sight of drunkenness. By her side, Gilbert drew himself up as if protesting against a sacrilege and against the desecration of his holiest thoughts. He knew that such men would often be as riotous again before they reached Jerusalem, and that it would be absurd to expect anything else. But meanwhile he realized what a very little more of disgust would be enough to make him hate what was before him. For a moment he forgot the queen's presence at his side, and he closed his eyes so as not to see what was passing before them.

A little angry sound, that was neither of pain nor of fear, roused him to the present. A man with a bad face and a shock head of red hair had fallen out of the march and stood unsteadily before the queen, plucking at her mantle in the hope of seeing all her face. He seemed not to see Gilbert, and there was a wicked light in his winy eyes. The queen drew back, and used her hands to keep her mantle and hood close about her; but the riot pressed onward and forced the man from his feet, so that he almost fell against her. Gilbert caught him by the neck with his hand; and when he had torn the cross from his shoulder, he struck him one blow that flattened his face for life. Then he threw him down into the drunken crowd, a bruised and senseless thing, as island men throw a dead horse from a cliff into the sea.

In a moment the confusion and din were ten times greater than before. While some marched on, still yelling the tipsy chorus, others stumbled across the body of their unconscious fellow as it lay in the way; two had been struck by it as it fell, and were half stunned; others turned back to see the cause of the trouble; many were forced to the ground, impotently furious with drink, and not a few were trampled upon and hurt, and burned by their own torches.

Eleanor looked down upon a writhing mass of miserable human beings who were blind with wine and stupid with rage against the unknown thing that had made them fall. She shrank to Gilbert's side, almost clinging to him.

"We cannot stay here," she said. "You

must not let me be recognized by these brutes."

"Keep between me and the wall, then," he answered authoritatively.

His sword was in his hand as he descended the two steps to the level of the street and began to force his way along between the houses and the crowd. It was not easy at first. One sprang at him blindly to stop him, but he thrust him aside; another drew his dagger, but Gilbert struck him on temple and jaw with his flat blade, so that he fell in a heap; and presently the man who was sober was feared by the drunken men, and they made little resistance. But many saw by the torch-light that the hooded figure of a woman was gliding along beside him, and foul jests were screamed out, with howls and catcalls, so that the clean Norman blood longed to turn and face the whole throng together with edge and thrust, to be avenged of insult. Yet Gilbert remembered that if he did that he might be slain, and leave Eleanor to the mercy of ruffians who would not believe that she was the queen. So he resigned himself and went steadily on along the wall, forcing his opponents out of his way, striking them, stunning them, knocking them down mercilessly, but killing none.

The time had been short from the beginning of the trouble till Gilbert reached the turning for which he was making. And all the while the high, brazen voice chanted the words of the canticle above the roaring confusion. When Eleanor, safe at last, slipped into the shadow beyond the corner, the voice was singing, "He hath visited and redeemed his people," and far up the street the red-cross banner was waving furiously in the glare of the torch-light.

As Gilbert sheathed his sword, Eleanor laid her hand on his.

"You please me," she said; and though there was no light, he knew by her tone that she was smiling. "Thank you," she added softly. "Ask what you will, it is yours."

In the dark he bent one knee and kissed the hand that held his.

"Madam," he said, "I thank Heaven that I have been allowed to serve a woman in need."

"And you ask nothing of me?" There was an odd little chill in her voice as she spoke.

Gilbert did not answer at once, for he was uncertain whether to press her with a question about Beatrix or to ask nothing.

"If I asked anything," he said at last, "I

should ask that I might understand your Grace, and why you bade me come in haste to one who is not even with you."

They were within a few steps of the abbey, and the queen separated a little from him and walked nearer to the wall. Then she stopped short.

"Good night," she said abruptly.

Gilbert came close to her and stood still in silence.

"Well?" She uttered the single word with a somewhat cold interrogation.

"Madam," said Gilbert, suddenly determined to know the truth, "is Beatrix here with you or not? I have a right to know."

"A right?" There was no mistaking the tone now, but Gilbert was not awed by it.

"Yes," he answered; "you know I have."

Without a word, Eleanor left him and walked along the wall in the deep shadow. A moment later Gilbert saw two shadowy forms of women beside the taller figure of the queen. He made a step forward, but instantly stopped again, realizing that he could not press the question in the presence of her ladies. She had doubtless placed them there when she had come out, to wait until she should return.

When he could no longer see her in the gloom, he turned and retraced his steps. The drunken soldiers were gone on their way to join others in some tavern beyond the church, and the street was deserted. The moon, long past the full, was just rising above the hills to eastward, and shed a melancholy light upon the straggling village. Resentful of the queen's mysterious silence, and profoundly sad from the impression made upon him by the drunken throng through which he had forced his way, Gilbert slowly climbed the hill and went back to his lodging near the church.

He spent a restless night, and the early summer dawn brought him to his open window with that desire which every man feels, after a troubled day and broken rest, to see the world fresh and clean again, as if nothing had happened, as the writing is smoothed from the wax of the tablet before a new message can be written. Gilbert listened to the morning sounds,—the crowing of the cocks, the barking of the dogs, the calls of peasants greeting one another,—and he breathed the cool dawn air gratefully, without wishing to understand what the queen wanted of him.

(To be continued.)



POOR LITTLE JANE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WHAT shall be done with little Jane,
Little Jane who has lost her lover?
With the sun and rain of Lovers' Lane
Green is his grassy cover.

She cannot sleep, she cannot spin,
They will have to take her away;
Her eye is too bright, her cheek too thin,
She hears not a word they say.

She has no joy of the summer sun,
And fearful things she sees
At the gate in the lane when day is done,
And there's wail in the faded trees.

She cannot laugh, she cannot weep,
And alas! that look in her eye.
Poor little Jane! 'T is but the sheep,
And she says the white dead go by.

ALEXANDER'S VICTORY AT ISSUS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: FIFTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,

Professor of Greek in Cornell University.

IT was now the spring of 333 B. C. Alexander, in the middle of his twenty-third year, had been two and a half years on the throne. One fifth of the short period allotted him to reign was past. Of his first year as sovereign, the first half had been occupied in establishing title to his father's estate in Greece at the south, the second half in doing the same thing among the tribesmen at the north. His second year opened with the return to Greece and the destruction of Thebes (September, 335). In March, 334, he set out into Asia. In May he had won the battle of the Granicus; in June had occupied Sardis, capital of the Lydian satrapy, and chief of the inland cities of Asia Minor; between July and November had swept down the coast and occupied the three chief cities of the Asiatic Greeks—Ephesus, Miletus, Halicarnassus; in December and January he had traversed the turn of the coast by Lycia and Pamphylia, and cut a return swath back inland to Phrygia. In one year he had thus subjugated a tract of country about two hundred and fifty miles square, and added to his dominion an area about equal to that of New England and about double that of European Greece.

The experience of the year had amply displayed the general indifference of the Greek states to his enterprise. So far from laying upon them any of the burdens of the war, he had left them free from tribute and all other forms of imperial taxation, and was thankful enough if they could be kept from open opposition. Every question which concerned them was regarded as sensitive and was handled with gloves. The shields captured at Granicus had been sent as a present to Athens, in the hope of infusing some warmth into the stony heart; but there was no response, and when, nine months later, an Athenian embassy asked for the return of some Athenian captives taken among the mercenaries at Granicus, they found the king in wary mood, and were bidden to call again.

The prisoners were as good as hostages, and the situation made the holding of hostages convenient. Yet Alexander was ostensibly captain-general of the Greeks, and claimed to be fighting as their "liberator." At Miletus he had rejected Parmenion's advice to risk a sea-fight, lest in case of a defeat "the Greeks might take heart and start a revolution." Greece and Greek opinion still loomed up large in his horizon. A year later, as his new standing-ground broadened, they dwindled, and soon passed almost out of view.

During the winter of 334-333 the movement of the Persian fleet under Memnon's command up into the Ægean had given him great solicitude. Well it might. It menaced the Dardanelles. Once he was cut off from Europe, who could vouch for the loyalty of the Greeks? Sparta was already waiting for an opportunity to join openly in coöperation with the Persian fleet. The death of Memnon (February, 333) was, therefore, a severe blow to the Persian cause and a veritable deliverance for Alexander. It produced a radical change in the plans of the Shah. Up to this time he had relied upon the Greek aversion to Macedonia, and the Persian and Greek control of the sea, ultimately to foil and smother the military strength of Alexander. His plan had been that which Memnon represented in the council of generals before the battle of the Granicus, namely, to avoid a battle and by skilful retreat to draw the young adventurer across devastated countries until his strength was spent, but on the sea to take the aggressive. The plan was wise, but Memnon's shrewd counsel had been overruled by the military arrogance of the Persian princes who accompanied him, and the colossal mistake of fighting at the Granicus had been committed. After that there was no hope for any plan on land, and Memnon's death palsied the plan by sea.

So Persia herself was forced to intervene with her own armies led by the Shah; and this gave the second year of Alexander's

campaigns in Asia a new character, and led up to the battle of Issus. This year and the results of this battle open a new phase in the young conqueror's career. Thus far he had been the son of Philip, inheritor and executor of his father's plans. He was a Macedonian leading Macedonians to war against Persia in the name of Greece. His ideals and ambitions were still in accord with those of the simple country folk he led; he belonged still to their little world. But after his eyes had once beheld the magnificence of Persia itself, as they saw it in the pomp and state of Darius's army and camp, a new world opened before him, infinitely grander and richer and wider than that in which he, plain son of poverty and simplicity, had been reared; and behold, he had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Then the ways began to part between him and his Macedonians, between the new Alexander and the old. It was merely the beginning: no one remarked it; it did not show itself in specific acts; years elapsed before men really knew that they knew it. The change came on as slow as it was inevitable, but as we look over the whole life-story of the man, and mark the trend of motive that lay behind the outward form of act, we cannot fail to see the impulse to the new departure in the experiences of this second year in Asia. These experiences came, too, just at a time when Greece, by persisting in her indifference despite his achievements, and sinning thus against love, had, as it were, finally cast him adrift, and brought the ideals of his youth to their first disappointment. If Athens, Corinth, Argos, and Sparta had gone with him in heart and hand, if Greece had adopted him as her own, surely history would have been written differently, and more of the real Hellas would have been embodied, whether for good or ill, in the empire which he left; but, be that as it may, when we note in his later years an absence of all inclination to return to Greece, and find him ready to adopt Oriental manners and become a half Oriental, we see why we need not wonder. The only wonder is that we find in his later attitude toward Greece and Greek things so little of that bitterness which comes to men whose motives have been misconstrued and whose help has been disdained.

When Darius, after hearing of Memnon's death, saw that nothing was now likely to prevent Alexander from attempting to push his conquests farther, even into the heart of the empire, and that a serious effort to resist him must now be made, he is said to have

summoned a council of war and laid before it the question, Shall the Shah take command in person? Most of his advisers urged him to raise a large army, and, leading it himself, to make short, quick work of annihilating the upstart invader. In earlier days the Shah had always been expected to lead the army in war, but now, with the establishment of peaceful, luxurious life, it had become the exception. For the Shah to go indicated that a supreme issue was at stake.

But there was present in the Persian council a Greek, of better military judgment than all the courtiers, and who knew whereof he affirmed. It was the crafty old Charidemus of Eubœan Oreus, the most experienced professional soldier of his day. For thirty years or more he had been continually in evidence in Greek affairs, as pirate, freebooter, mercenary soldier and general, or diplomatic agent. He had been in the service now of the Persian satraps, now of Thracian princes, now of Athens, for a time perhaps of Philip himself; often he had been in business on his own account, but in his later years he had been mostly with Athens, and had done no small mischief to Philip's cause. It was through him that the first news of Philip's death had been sent to Demosthenes, and either from suspicion that this indicated complicity in the deed, or on account of some of the man's many military sins, Alexander could never forget or forgive him; and when, in 335, he forgave Athens and withdrew the black-list of politicians he had at first assigned to punishment, he made exception alone of Charidemus. So the old man had taken refuge in Persia, and was serving now as military expert and general adviser at the court of Susa.

When now the question came to him what had best be done, he gave advice that differed radically from that of all the rest. The Shah, he said, ought not to stake his empire on a single throw. This he would do, however, if he took command in person. An army of one hundred thousand, one third Greek mercenaries, under the leadership of a competent general, was large enough. It was not wise to give the Macedonians battle at the first; better retreat slowly before them until they became ensnared in the vastness of the country.

The king at first inclined to accept the advice, but his courtiers stoutly opposed. They suspected Charidemus of desiring the command for himself, and perhaps they were right. They went so far as to accuse him of treacherous designs, and savagely resented

his insinuation that the Persians were not a match for the Macedonians. Charidemus lost his temper, and proceeded to express without further use of diplomatic language his high estimate of the Persian cowardice. Therewith his doom was sealed. The Shah "seized him by his girdle," and he was led forth to death. As he left the royal presence, he exclaimed: "The king will rue this, and that soon. My revenge is at hand. It is the overthrow of the empire." The action of the Shah was followed by quick but still too tardy regret.

Such is the story of Charidemus as Diodorus and Curtius Rufus tell it, and though Arrian knows nothing of it, there is no reason on that account to reject it. The official Macedonian sources from which Arrian draws his materials seem to belittle the danger that menaced Alexander, not only in Memnon's plans, but in all that the Greek opposition, passive or active, involved.

Darius sought in vain for the man competent to fill Memnon's place. He finally decided to take command himself and follow the advice of his counselors. A mighty army was forthwith assembled at Babylon, and without delay the march into Upper Syria began. Hope ran high. The proudest empire of the earth marshaled its strength in all the pomp and circumstance of ancient warfare. Sixty thousand native soldiers, the Cardaces, formed the nucleus of the host; one hundred thousand horsemen were there, the pride of Asia; four hundred thousand foot-soldiers, Persians, Medians, Armenians, Babylonians, and hardy soldiers from the far Northeast, made up the mass. Princes and chiefs, vizirs and satraps, men great in fame and high in station, were the leaders. It was as if the nation itself, not its army, were gathered together in grand review; and all had its center in the person of the Shah himself. His court, with all its state,—queen, daughters, harem, hordes of attendants,—forms, luxury, paraphernalia, and pomp, attended him, as if to remind that it was the empire itself, and not a mere machine of war, that went forth to meet the invader.

Babylon itself, from the gates of which they issued forth, was a standing witness to the stability and might of the empire. It was the grand old wicked Babylon. For twenty centuries it had been the great mart and imperial city of the river-plain. For three centuries the great structures with which Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar had endowed it had made it the talk and wonder

of the world. Its walls of brick, seventy-five feet high and thirty-two feet broad,—so broad that two four-horse chariots could pass each other in the roadway that followed the top,—inclosed an area ten miles square. Almost diagonally across the square plan of the city flowed the Euphrates. Xenophon reports its width as two stades (nearly a quarter of a mile), though at present it is scarcely five hundred feet. Canals diverged from it in various directions, to serve, in addition to the broad thoroughfares, as highways through the city. In the northwestern quarter of the city, on both banks of the river, were the royal palaces and the citadels. On the east bank were two vast palaces, each built on a half-artificial elevation, and made to serve as a citadel, one the work of Nabopolassar, the other of Nebuchadnezzar. Hard by the former and to the south rose the mighty pile of É-sag-il, the temple of Belus, a lofty, tower-like structure lifted in eight gigantic terraces from a foundation six hundred feet square. Across the river was the great royal park, in the midst of which stood another tall mass of palace structures, within which, ten years later, Alexander was to find his death. Adjoining at the north and close by the river were the famous "hanging gardens," lifted on piers of brick and rising in terraces to a height of seventy-five feet. The whole area within the walls was not, at least in Alexander's time, closely built and populated. Curtius Rufus somewhere found the statement, which he reports to us, that part of the land in the outskirts was farmed, and that the compact city had a diameter of eighty stades, not the whole ninety (ten miles) of the walled inclosure. The great mounds of ruins that to-day cover the plain for five or six miles to the north and to the south of Hillah testify to the essential correctness of the singularly accordant statements which ancient writers have left us concerning the city's extent, and yield at the same time a sad comment on the hopes and confidence of nations that, like those of Babylon, stay themselves in bricks and bigness.

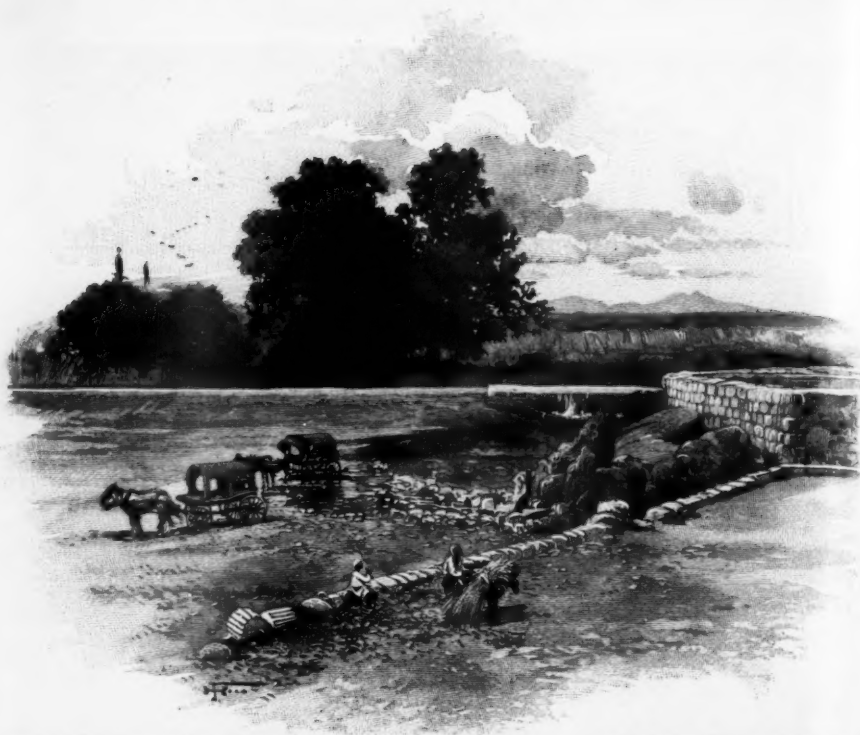
When, sometime in midsummer, 333 B. C., the news of Darius's advance reached Alexander, he was still in northern Asia Minor. He had chosen Gordium as his spring rendezvous, in part because of its situation in relation to the great roads leading into Mesopotamia. At Ancyra, sixty miles farther east, the two great routes diverged, the one, the northern route by the "royal road," leading through southern Armenia, the other



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ALEXANDER TAKES THE CUP OF MEDICINE.

(SEE PAGE 683.)



DRAWN BY HARRY FRANK, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

VIEW OF THE SITE OF PELLA, ALEXANDER'S MACEDONIAN CAPITAL.

The view looks south across the present line of the Via Egnatia. The trees lining the stream are oaks and poplars, under which many storks were standing when the picture was taken. The eastern of tufa blocks to the right is fed by an aqueduct. The two fluted column-drum are of tufa also, and of the Ionic order.

leading through Cilicia. Until Alexander received news of the Shah's advance, and an indication of his route, he remained in the north, keeping Ancyra as his base of action. From this point he subjugated the western part of Cappadocia, and received there the embassy from the Paphlagonians to the north, offering their submission and begging him not to invade their land. When finally word came—probably in the form of information concerning the appointed rendezvous of mercenaries employed for the Persian fleet—that Darius was believed to be advancing into Syria, Alexander took the southern route, leading between Lake Tatta and the Halys direct toward Cilicia. He moved with tremendous rapidity, forcing the marches by day and by night. All forms of opposition melted away before him, and almost before the enemy knew he was in motion he swept down from the mountains into the city of Tarsus. He had passed without striking a blow the famous Gates of Cilicia,—a pass so narrow that a camel must unload in order to get through, and which, from

Cyrus's times to Ibrahim Pasha in this century, has been regarded as the key to the country,—and the Taurus range, the great outer wall of defense for Mesopotamia and Syria, was now behind him.

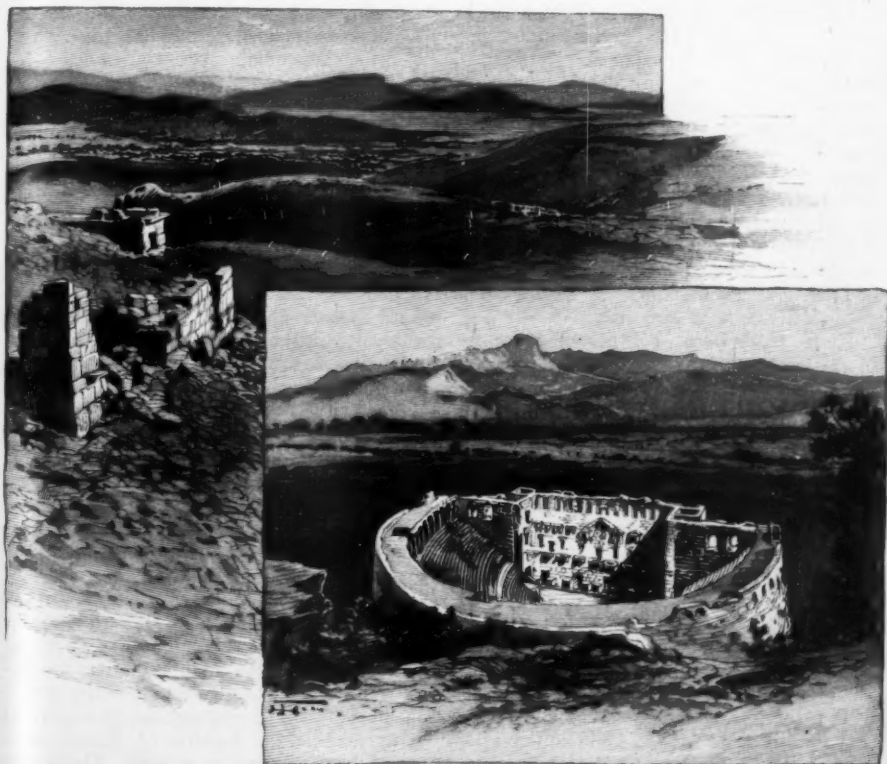
A severe illness befell him at Tarsus. Aristobulus, one of his companions on the expedition, who afterward wrote his biography,—a work now lost, except for the abundant citations, preserved especially in Arrian,—attributed the illness to the fatiguing toils of the march and of war. Other authorities to which Arrian had access attributed it to a bath taken while overheated in the cold waters of the Tarsan river Cydnus. Not improbably both authorities were right, the one reporting the cause, the other the occasion. The illness was characterized by high fever accompanied by convulsions and inability to sleep. All the physicians despaired of him except Philip the Acharnanian, who proposed to check the course of the disease by administering a purgative draft. While Philip, it is said, was preparing the medicine, a letter came to Alexander's hand from Par-

menion, the first general, warning him of Philip, who, he claimed to have heard, had been bribed by Darius to poison him. Parmenion was a trusty old officer, a rock-ribbed Macedonian of the old-fashioned type narrow-minded and suspicious, especially when it concerned his master's dealings with the Greeks. This incident, where his jealousy of non-Macedonians who found favor with the king first comes to light, has been recorded by the associates of Alexander, and was, as other references to Parmenion tend to show, probably intended to bear its part in explaining the later estrangement between the two. We cannot, however, believe that Parmenion invented the story. Such suspicions were common in those days, and Parmenion's temper made him easy prey.

When Philip passed Alexander the cup containing the medicine, Alexander handed him the letter, and while Philip was reading it, drank the potion. This action expressed his desire to banish from his environment

that atmosphere of small personal suspicion which haunts the presence of autocrats, and to replace it with a generous spirit of friendly confidence. How hard it was for him to carry the desire consistently into effect, the story of his stormy life will tell; but behind all the mistakes of his impulsiveness and the constraints and temptations of his unnatural position there can always be seen as a permanent background of character, as the true Alexander, a yearning for loyal, trustful friendship, and an ambition to be worthy of it.

Cilicia, a strip of land about two hundred and fifty miles long and from thirty to seventy-five miles broad, shut in by the Taurus range on the north, the Amanus on the east, and the Imbarus on the west, is really the vestibule to Mesopotamia and the East. It is naturally divided into two portions, the mountainous, rough Cilicia (Isauria) to the west, and Cilicia of the plain to the east. The latter contains much open land, the extreme southern



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PICTURES IN LANKORONSKI'S "STÄDTE PAMPHYLIE UND PISIDIENS."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY WEST OF THE TAURUS MOUNTAINS: 1, VIEW FROM THE RUINS OF SAGALASSUS OF THE VALLEY OF AGHLASUN. 2, RUINS OF THE THEATER OF SAGALASSUS.

part of which constitutes the famous Aleian plain, where legend, in deference to a folk-etymology which made the name mean "the plain of wandering," had placed the forlorn roamings of Bellerophon after he fell from Pegasus's back. It is watered by three rivers, the largest of which is the Pyramus. In summer its heat is excessive.



PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER FROM A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF LYSIMACHUS IN POSSESSION OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

After sending troops under Parmenion to occupy the passes of the Amanus Mountains on the east, Alexander made an excursion to the westward, occupying first the city of Anchialus and later Solæ, a city the people of which spoke a Greek so bad as to earn in our modern word "solecism" a lasting monument. The Greek element in these cities probably constituted only a small proportion either of the population or of the blood. A fine of two hundred talents of silver which Alexander imposed upon the citizens because of their Persian leanings was afterward in part remitted.

News came here of the success of the Macedonian forces left in Caria and Lydia in an encounter with the Persian commander Othontopates, who still held the citadel of Halicarnassus. A thousand of his men had been taken prisoners, and seven hundred and fifty killed. In celebration of the victory, as well as in recognition of his own restoration to health, Alexander arranged a great fête, including athletic sports, a torch-race, a musical contest, a review of the troops, and offerings to the gods—a genuine Hellenic festival. When things went well with the Greeks they knew no better way to signalize it—and perhaps no better way has yet been found—than to give the gods, as first citizens of the state, a banquet and invite themselves, and then provide for the gods an entertainment such as their own tastes pronounced the most delectable—contests of skill and strength and craft and art, in which man

was pitted against man, and the best man won the crown. No scenic or festal display that did not stir the blood with the zest of competition was worthy of men and gods.

After the games were over, seven days were occupied in a raid upon the mountain tribes in the neighborhood. Then marching back by way of Tarsus, Alexander sent the cavalry through the Aleian plain, while he, accompanied by the infantry and the guards, moved along the coast by way of Magarsus to Mallus. Here he found Greek traditions, for the inhabitants claimed to have been originally a colony from Argos. As his family also made a great point of claiming an Argive root for their family tree, the opportunity of welding a friendship was not neglected, all the more in view of the sentimental nature of the claim.

At Mallus he learned that the Persian army was camped only two days' march from the other side of the mountains. A council of war, immediately called, decided to advance directly to attack Darius where he was. The next morning the march was begun, and the army proceeded along the coast to Issus. From here two routes led into Syria—one to the north by the so-called Amanic Gates (the modern Topra Kalesi), a pass two thousand feet above the sea-level, and another, apparently the more usual, though the longer, by way of the coast as far south as Myriandrus, and then through an opening in the mountains into Syria. Alexander chose the southern route, and, after passing the so-called Cilician Gates, advanced as far as Myriandrus. Just as he was about to cross the mountains, he was fortunately detained by a heavy autumn storm, for before he was again ready to move, important tidings came, which changed all his plans.

Meanwhile Darius, who had chosen a plain in the neighborhood of Sochoi as suitable for the operations of his army and so a favorable place for a meeting with Alexander, had become impatient at Alexander's delay. Already his courtiers began to suggest the welcome theory that Alexander was afraid to face the might of the great king. He probably was appalled at having heard that the great king was there in person. He surely would never dare to cross the mountains. It would be necessary for the Shah to go over and destroy him. The theory was speedily quickened into faith. Surely against so mighty an array as this the handful of Macedonians would have no chance or hope. Under the prancing feet of the vast squadrons of the world-famed Persian cavalry the little band



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ALEXANDER'S ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.

would be trampled into destruction. Confidence ran high.

All over the Greco-Persian world it was the same. The word went out that the disturber of the world's peace was now safely locked up within the mountains of Cilicia, and that he would soon be buried beneath the Persian avalanche. Demosthenes at Athens only voiced the hope and the expectations of all enemies of Alexander when he read to his friends the letters he had just received from the East, and confidently predicted the speedy downfall of Alexander. It made the great orator, to be sure, easy prey in after days for the taunts of Æschines:¹ "But when Darius came on with all his force, and Alexander, as you [Demosthenes] claimed, was locked up in Cilicia and in sore straits, and was going to be, as your phrase had it, 'speedily trampled underfoot by the Persian horse,' then, with the city not big enough to hold your swagger, you pranced about with epistles dangling from your fingers, pointing people to my countenance as that of a miserable, despairing wretch, and called me a bull ready for the sacrifice, with gilded horns and garlands on the head, the moment anything happened to Alexander."

New courage, as the autumn months came on, had been inspired into the Persian fleet off Chios. A hundred of the best ships had been sent over to Siphnus. Here Agis, King of Sparta, came to parley with the leaders, asking for money to begin a war, and urging the Persians to send an army and a fleet to the Peloponnesus. All this was going on in Greece just at the time when Darius, in November, 333, was halting before the mountains of Amanus and querying what had become of Alexander.

There was at least one man in Darius's camp who did not lose his good judgment. This was Amyntas, a Macedonian noble, who, for some reason not known to history, had fled the court at Pella a few years before, and whom we hear of as being with the Persians at the battle of the Granicus, and afterward as fleeing from Ephesus before the approach of Alexander's troops. He was now in command of the Greek mercenaries, and we shall hear of him again. He advised Darius most earnestly to remain where he now was, on the Assyrian side of the mountains. He need have no doubt that Alexander would come to him. The narrow defiles and uneven land of Cilicia offered no favorable opportunity for the

Persian army, with its cavalry and its great masses of troops, to utilize its strength. But, as Arrian has it, "the worse advice prevailed, forsooth because it was for the moment the pleasanter to hear."

Having sent all the unnecessary baggage, the treasure, and the harems of himself and his satraps to Damascus, two hundred and fifty miles to the south, Darius crossed the mountains, and came to Issus on the same day that Alexander arrived at Myriandrus, scarcely thirty-five miles away. They had missed each other by less than a day, for Arrian says that Alexander arrived at Myriandrus on the second day from Mallus, and Issus was far beyond the half-way point. Plutarch even reports that the two armies passed each other in the darkness of the night, a statement which is, however, quite improbable. Darius's army, coming down through the hills at the north, would not have been seen from Issus until within four or five miles of the town. The haphazard methods of obtaining information concerning the movements and position of the enemy, which made it possible for the Macedonians thus placidly to march out of the plain just as the enemy, from five to six hundred thousand strong, was entering it close behind them, offer a striking contrast to the methods of reconnaissance employed in modern warfare. That Alexander should have taken the risk of marching off to the south and leaving the way open for the Persian to come in at the north, without even seeking to inform himself concerning the possibility of such a movement, reflects, however, no discredit on his strategic insight. There was nothing he presumably desired more than that Darius should enter Cilicia, and it was in hope of enticing him in that he had tarried so long. The narrow plains of Cilicia were his chosen field for battle, not the open land of Syria. A vast army, too, like that of Darius, would find slender chance of subsistence once it had crossed the mountains. Alexander's only mistake was in not rating high enough his opponent's folly.

When Alexander heard that his enemy was close by him and in his rear, he could scarcely believe the news to be true; so he embarked some of his guard in a thirty-oared boat and sent them back along the coast to reconnoiter. Without going the whole distance to Issus the reconnoitering party was able to descry the camp of the Persians. Alexander then called together his chief officers, and, aware that a supreme

¹ Æschines against Ctesiphon, sec. 164.

moment in his affairs was at hand, reviewed the whole situation with them, summing up the grounds of confidence that a victory was now in their hands: They were to meet a foe whom they had met before and vanquished. They were themselves used to toil and danger; their enemy were men enervated by luxury and ease. They were freemen; their enemy were slaves. There was, finally, evidence that God was on their side, for he had put it into Darius's mind to move his forces to a place where his vast multitude would be useless, whereas the Macedonian phalanx had room enough to display its full power. The rewards of victory, too, were great. The whole power of Persia was drawn up against them, led by the Shah in person. In the event of victory nothing was left for them to do but to take possession of all Asia and make an end of their toils. He reminded them of their many brilliant achievements in the past, both as an army and as individuals, and recounted their deeds, mentioning them by name. With due modesty, too, he told of his own deeds, and ended by telling the story of Xenophon and his famous ten thousand, who, without Thessalian or Macedonian horsemen, without archers or slingers, had put to rout the king and all his forces close before the walls of Babylon itself. The word was that of a Greek to Greeks. The enthusiasm of battle laid hold on them all. They thronged about him, clasped his hand, begged him to lead them forthwith against the foe. His army was consolidated in one thought and ambition, and that was the thought and ambition of its leader.

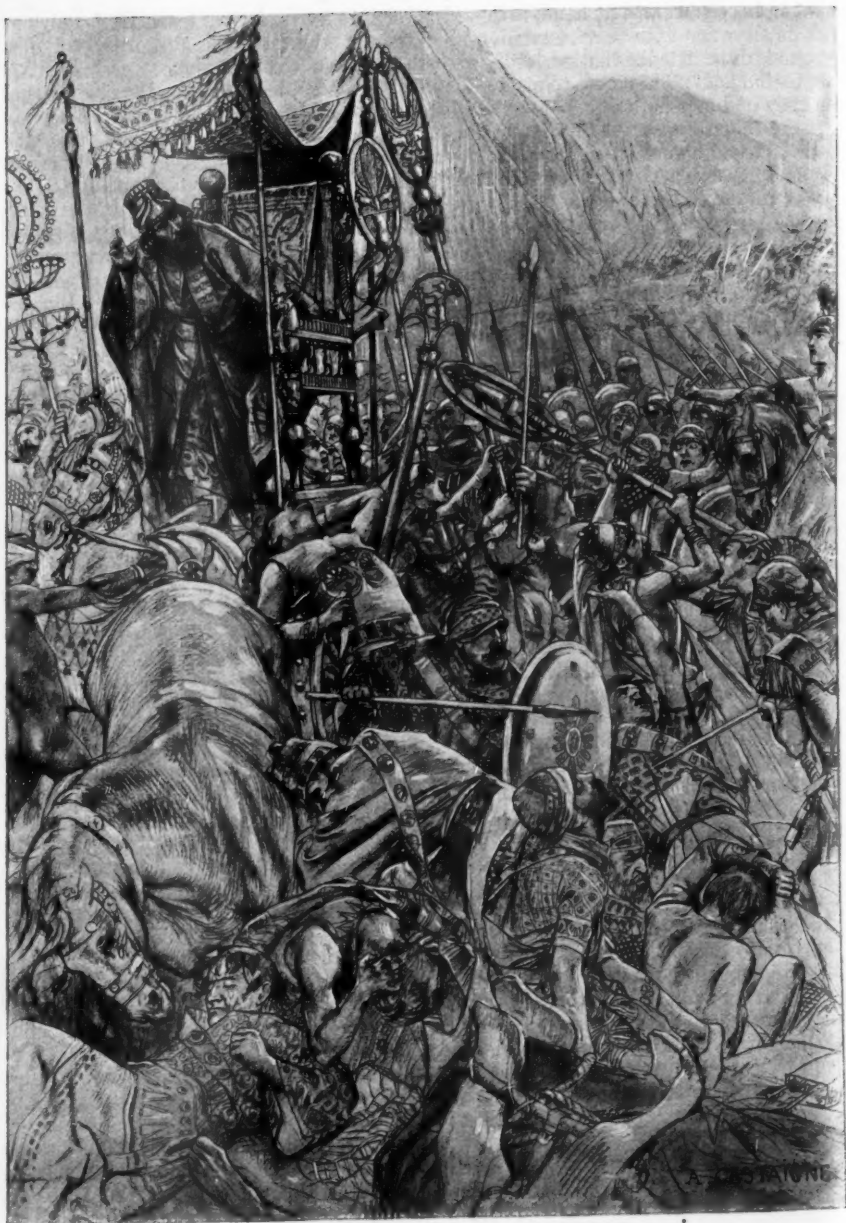
Alexander then ordered his soldiers to take dinner, for evening was now approaching, and sent a few horsemen and archers back to occupy the Cilician Gates, the narrow passage eight miles north of Myriandrus, between the sea and the hills, through which he had passed only a few hours before, and which he would be obliged to repass in returning to the plain. After nightfall he led his whole army to the pass, and encamped there at the southern limit of the plain of Issus.

The Persians, on entering Issus, had found some wounded Macedonian soldiers in the lazaretto, and forthwith massacred them. The prevailing opinion was at first that Alexander was avoiding battle and was now caught in a trap, shut off from retreat. The Persian host stood full in the way between him and Greece; behind the only escape was the enemy's land. Darius evidently thought at first that his enemy had passed

over into Syria, for we learn from Polybius (xii, 17), who cites the authority of Callisthenes, that when Darius, after his arrival in Issus, "had learned from the natives that Alexander had gone on as if advancing into Syria, he followed him, and on approaching the pass encamped by the river Pinarus." This would account for the position of the Persians nine miles beyond and to the south of Issus. Darius, however, soon saw, as Plutarch says, that he was in no position for a battle. The mountains and the sea hemmed in his army, and the river Pinarus divided it. He planned, therefore, to withdraw as soon as possible; but this Alexander sought to prevent, by forcing an immediate battle. He saw at a glance his advantage. A field had by fortune been given him in which the tremendous preponderance of the Persian army counted for little.

Early the following morning—it was about the beginning of November, 333—Alexander led his army on toward the Persian position, twelve or thirteen miles distant from the pass where he had spent the night. The plain of Issus stretches along the shore of the sea, which bounds it on the west, for a little over twenty miles, gradually widening from the Cilician Gates, at its extreme south, to the neighborhood of the city of Issus, which lies some five miles from the present coast-line in its northern extreme. The Persians had encamped on the north bank of the river Pinarus, which flows across the plain in a westerly or southwesterly direction, about nine miles south of the city. We have it on the authority of Callisthenes that the width of the plain at this point, reckoned from the foot-hills of the mountains to the sea, was, at the time of the battle, fourteen stades, *i. e.*, somewhat over a mile and a half. Since then the alluvium of the mountain streams has carried the shore out until the plain is nearly five miles wide. A similar change has made the battle-field of Thermopylae unintelligible to the modern visitor. What was anciently a narrow path of fifty feet between sea and cliff is now a marshy plain two or three miles in width. The harbor of Miletus, in which the naval movements we have lately recounted took place, is now a plain in which the island of Lade is lost as a knoll.

As long as the plain remained narrow, Alexander, as he marched forward, kept his troops in column; but as it opened, he gradually developed his column into a line filling the whole space between the hills and the sea. Gradually the order of battle took



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE FIGHT ABOUT THE CHARIOT OF DARIUS AT ISSUS.

shape. It was always his usage, so far as possible, to march upon the battle-field in the order to be there assumed. His caution in filling the width of the plain was due to his fear of being outflanked by the superior numbers of the enemy. Slowly the battle-line spread itself out. The infantry battalion swung up from the column to the front. The cavalry, which had held the rear, moved out to the wings. Upon the right, next the hills, were placed the Thessalian and Macedonian heavy cavalry, flanked by the lancers and Pæonians, and the light-armed Agrianians and bowmen; next came the hypaspists, or light infantry, and their agéma, or picked squad; in the center the phalanx; on the left were the allies, the Cretan bowmen and the Thracian troops of Sitalces. The left wing was placed, as usual, under the command of Parmenion, who was specially instructed to keep close to the shore in order to prevent any attempt to outflank him.

Opposite was now visible the line of Darius's army. All told it is said to have contained from five to six hundred thousand fighting men. Against this the little Macedonian army of perhaps thirty thousand men, led by a stripling twenty-three years old, seemed hopelessly lost. They were shut off from their own world by the hordes of the Persians, locked into the narrow plain, with the only line of retreat, in case of defeat, leading into the enemy's country. Darius had thrown a body of thirty thousand cavalry and twenty thousand light-armed infantry across the river as a shield while his army was assuming battle order, but before the battle began they were slowly withdrawn to the wings. His center was composed of the thirty thousand Greek mercenaries, his best fighting troops, which were thus offset against the Macedonian phalanx. At each side of these he set his best native troops, the Cardaces, as they were called. His left wing, stretching out along the hills, the line of which curved about to the south, overlapped the Greek right, and menaced its flank. His right wing was composed of the mass of the cavalry, for the ground along the shore offered the greater freedom for cavalry action. The great multitudes were arrayed line behind line to an unserviceable depth, the front being too narrow to give effectiveness to the mass of the army.

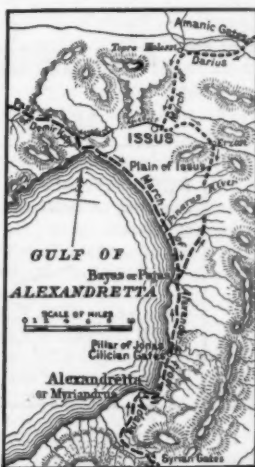
After inspecting the arrangement of the enemy's line, and appreciating the superior strength which the enormous masses of superb cavalry gave to its right wing, Alexander gave orders to transfer the Thessalian cav-

alry from his right to the left wing. This change was quietly made, the squadrons moving rapidly across behind the phalanx, and taking their position beside the Cretan bowmen and the Thracians.

Before the battle opened, Alexander sent a body of light troops—Agrianians, bowmen, and some cavalymen—to dislodge the force which was menacing his right on the foothills to the east. The movement succeeded, but as a permanent protection to this wing

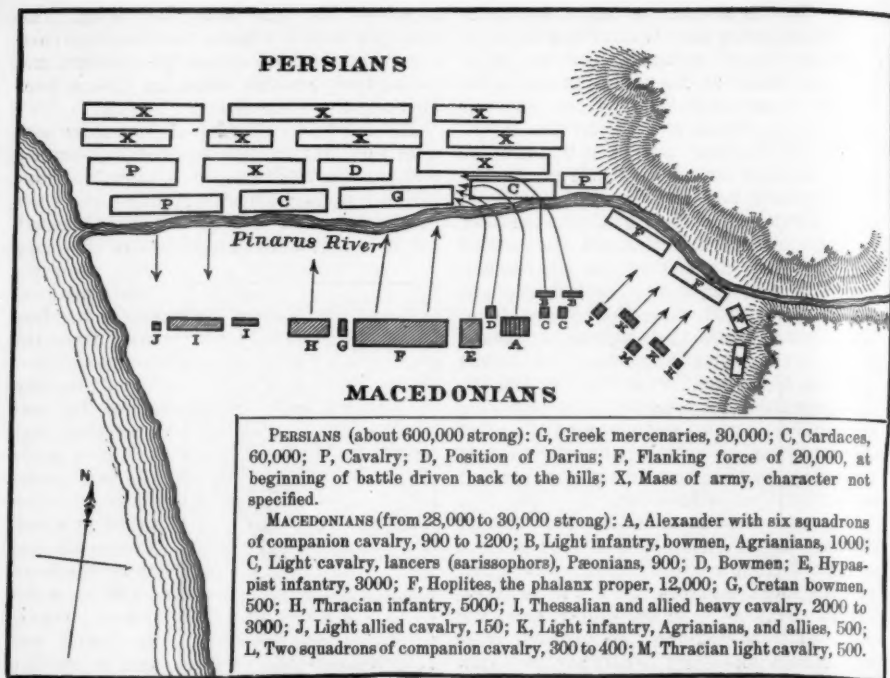
he detached two squadrons (three hundred men) from the companion cavalry, posting them far out upon the right.

For a while the two armies faced each other in quiet. Darius planned to use the river-bank as a defense. Where the bank was not abrupt, stockades had been placed to make it so. Alexander was glad of an opportunity to rest his troops, and was deter-



J. HART.
PLAIN OF ISSUS (PRESENT CONDITION). THE ANCIENT COURSE OF THE PINARUS FOLLOWED THE RIVER-CHANNEL NEXT TO THE NORTH.

mined to advance very slowly and keep his line in perfect order. With mechanical precision every arrangement was effected and every movement made. There was no nervous bustle or disorder. When everything was ready, Alexander rode down the line, briefly exhorting his men, appealing to each regiment in terms of its own peculiar ambition and pride. To the Macedonians he named their battle-fields and victories; to the Greeks he spoke of another Darius their forefathers had met at Marathon. Tumultuous cheers greeted his words wherever he went. The fervor of battle was on. "Lead us on! Why do we wait?" they cried; and the dogs of war tugged at the halter. Then with measured step, in close array, the advance began. As soon as they came within range of the darts, however, the double-quick was ordered. On ahead galloped the magnificent squadrons of the companion cavalry, twelve hundred strong, with Alex-



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ISSUS AS ARRANGED BY THE AUTHOR.

J. HART.

ander at the head to open the attack, and drove itself, a compact body, into the Persian left. This yielded at once to the tremendous onset. No military force had ever yet proved able to check the dash of the Macedonian heavy cavalry.

On the Macedonian left the Persian cavalry had the advantage. Vastly superior in numbers, and the flower of the Persian army, it found to oppose it the scanty squadrons of the Thessalian cavalry, supported by the infantry allies. The Persian line here crossed the river, and, with charge after charge in fearful struggle, slowly forced their opponents back. In the center the phalanx had found rugged opposition. It was here Greek against Macedonian. The line of the phalanx had been broken in crossing the river, and Alexander's sudden advance with the heavy cavalry had left its right unprotected. High on the river-bank before them the Greeks held their vantage-ground, driving their weapons down into them, pushing them back as they clambered up. Even the long sarissas failed to open a way. The tremendous mass of the Persian center stood like a rock. The Macedonian phalanx was for

once held in check. The battle threatened to go against them. But Alexander already held the key to success. The rout of the Persian left had brought him round upon the flank of the Greek mercenaries, who formed the center. He tore in upon it, rending it asunder. The Shah, seated in his four-horse chariot in the center of the host, became his goal. The story of the combat waged at this point is graphically told by Curtius Rufus, and as its chief details are confirmed by Diodorus, it probably was drawn from Clitarchus (second century B. C.): "Alexander was doing the work of a soldier no less than that of a leader. For there stood Darius towering aloft in his chariot, a sight that prompted alike friends to shield him and foes to assail him. So then his brother Oxathres, when he saw Alexander rushing toward him, gathered the horsemen of his command and threw them in the very front of the chariot of the king. Conspicuous above all the rest, with his armor and his giant frame, peer of the best in valor and loyalty, fighting now the battle of his life, he laid low those who recklessly surged against him; others he turned to

flight. But the Macedonians grouped about their king, heartened by one another's exhortations, burst in upon the line. Then came the desolation of ruin. Around the chariot of Darius you'd see lying leaders of highest rank, perished in a glorious death, all prone upon their faces, just as they had fallen in their struggle, wounds all in the front. Among them you would find Atizyes and Rheomithres and Sabaces, the satrap of Egypt, all generals of great armies; piled up around them a mass of footmen and horsemen of meaner fame. Of the Macedonians too many were slain, good men and true. Alexander himself was wounded in the right thigh with a sword. And now the horses attached to Darius's car, pricked with spears and infuriated with pain, tossed the yoke on their necks, and threatened to throw the king from the car. Then he, in fear lest he should fall alive into the hands of the enemy, leaped out, and was set on the back of a horse which was kept close behind against this very need. All the insignia of the imperial office, with slight respect for form, were thrown aside, lest the sight of them beget a panic. The rest is scattered, and melts away in its terror. Wherever a way is open, there the fugitives of the army burst through. Their arms they throw away—the very arms which they a little while before had taken up to shield their lives. Such is fear, it shrinks even from the means of rescue."

The battle was now soon over. The Persian cavalymen on the right, seeing the center in flight, left their success and joined the rout. The very mass of the Persians became their destruction. The horsemen jostled and threw one another. Thousands were trampled to death. Men ran against one another's naked swords. They stumbled in the descending darkness. Heaps of writhing bodies filled the ditches. Ptolemy tells how Alexander in his pursuit crossed a ravine on a dam of corpses.

The night alone stopped the pursuit. Alexander, contrary to the usage of those before him, always pressed his success to the utmost. Only when he and his men

could no longer find their way through the gathering darkness did they relent and turn back over the field of ruin they had made. A hundred thousand Persians had fallen. Three victims were counted for each one of Alexander's men engaged. The mountainsides were full of scattered fugitives making their way over into Syria. Others fled into the mountains of Cilicia, to become there the prey of the mountain tribes. Eight thousand Greek mercenaries, under the lead of Amyntas, were the only ones to preserve a semblance of order in retreat. They crossed the mountains into Syria, and made for Tripolis, the port where they had landed when brought to the country. Here they found the ships in which they came still in the harbor, and seizing what they needed, and burning the rest, they sailed away as soldiers of fortune to Cyprus, and thence to Egypt, where they made themselves a terror until overwhelmed and slain, leader and all, by the Egyptian troops. The Shah, pushing on with rapid changes of horses, did not stay his flight till he had passed the mountains and reached Sochoi, in the Syrian plain beyond. From his whole army only four thousand fugitives assembled here with him. They quickly moved on to Thapsacus, to put the Euphrates behind them.

Upon the field was left all the equipment of the camp—the luxurious outfit of the court, four millions of treasure, precious things in robing, fabrics; utensils, armor, such as these plain Macedonians had never seen before; and the Shah in his hasty flight had left behind him not only his chariot and his bow, but, most pitiful of all, his mother, wife, daughters, and little son, all at the rude mercy of the victor.

The Macedonian loss had been not over four hundred and fifty killed—one hundred and fifty from the cavalry, three hundred from the infantry. No battle more decisive in its issue was ever fought. In its historical results it ranks among the world's few great battles. It shut Asia in behind the mountains, and prepared to make the Mediterranean a European sea.

(To be continued.)



A TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.



AND even your police are more sympathetic than ours. Last night I was getting home about a square at a time,—I and one of the other boys,—and the gendarme was polite all the way. ‘Gentlemen, I must rouse you again. A thousand pardons! I beg you won’t let me find you on *this* door-step when I return.’ And then he’d find us on another a block along, and do the whole thing all over again. We had just a little way to go, if it did take us half the night, so it was all on his beat. I suppose they have beats something like ours, don’t they?”

The listener, a man much older than his companion, looked up and nodded slightly.

“All worlds are alike,” he said, smiling.

“Indeed, they are not! Not like our world. Why, I can’t fancy myself sitting with a metaphorical wet towel around my head and sodas at my elbow, talking of the night before to a man of your age and standing, sir, on our side of the water. Yet I know I can with you. You are all more men of the world here. You don’t make me feel that you are shocked now.”

“No, Mr. Delano,” said the older man, good-naturedly, and nodding his head again; “I don’t think I can call myself shocked.”

He was looking at the boyish figure lounging with a somewhat ostentatious air of fatigue in the easy-chair. If a gleam of amusement lurked in his eyes, it was hidden in their depths. He spoke English accurately and easily, but with a marked accent and slow enunciation, and his manner to his young companion was almost deferential in its exquisite courtesy. The boy expanded under the benign influence like a flower in the sun, turning out the innermost petals.

“I like it here,” young Delano went on warmly and with a not unpleasing egotism. “It’s horribly expensive—all my money-orders are just round-trip tickets, right in and out again; but I like your methods of life, I like your ways.”

“And our sympathy with a gentleman that night and the next morning?”

“Well, I suppose most of you have had next mornings yourselves,” said the youth, naïvely.

He flushed and looked up hastily as his companion suddenly laughed aloud.

“I believe all Americans think that of us. How is the work going? And how do you find B— treats you?”

“Horribly,” laughed the boy. He leaned forward and spoke eagerly, rapidly, almost childishly, quite forgetting his earlier assumption of the blasé. His voice was charmingly boyish and merry. “Why, do you know, he simply laid me out the first day. I’d been taught to draw in my work with my brush,—no outlines,—and that’s what he found on my easel. It was a messy-looking thing. I did n’t know as much as I know now, so I waited by my work to see what he’d say. He did n’t say anything for some time, and then—goodness! I don’t like to remember it now! ‘Humph! Starting a new school, M. Delano?’ Said that so the whole room heard him! I nearly died. ‘You can take a crayon and draw, draw, draw from the model each day.’ I was fighting mad, but there was no one to fight.”

The elder man laughed heartily.

“Just like him. He was like that in my day. I remember my first encounter with him. I was unwise, like you. I stupidly waited for his first comments. He paused so long at my easel that I could n’t stand it. I asked him, trembling, ‘What’s wrong, monsieur?’ He waved his hand around like this, utterly despairing. ‘I don’t know. I give it up.’ And those were my first words from him. Our profession has its rubs, comrade.”

Young Delano flushed gratefully, but with a nice sense of shame.

“I almost wish you would n’t talk to me in that way, sir,” he burst out. “When you speak with that kind of manner of equality I feel as small as a pin. You are so immeasurably above me—I mean, above anything I might ever hope to be. I mean—it makes me blush and stammer like this to think of any presumption of comradeship with you, Monsieur M——.”

The name he spoke was that of an artist in whose work nations delighted. Despite his boyish enthusiasm of protest, the young host did not, and could not, fully realize the honor done him in the mere presence in his room of this genius. A formal card of introduction given to Delano by his father had presented him to Monsieur M——, and this was not, it seemed to him, reason sufficient to account for occasional visits and unobtrusive but unwavering kindness from so great a source. In his heart he decided that some quality in his own work had caught these critical eyes. If, then, with so little effort he had interested this critic, what might he not do when he put forth his powers? He meant to get down to work in earnest as soon as he had seen a little more of life—a little more of this enchanting capital of high art and light living. At his guest's request, he drew out, with no hesitation, whatever work he had finished, and listened respectfully, as he always listened, to the gentle, subtle, but praiseless criticisms.

"I can never tell you how kind I think this is of you," Delano said easily; "but of course you must have known, without my telling you, how your interest in my art encourages me."

Monsieur M—— looked up serenely from the sketch that he held in his hand. "My dear boy," he said emotionlessly, "your art does n't interest me. It would be wrong for me to let you think that. You interest me immensely, your art not at all."

The words were so courteously, so gently said that their great importance seemed denied by the manner of their utterance; yet Delano stood gasping as if ice-water had been cruelly flung in his smiling face. Monsieur M—— glanced up again at him and rose immediately.

"You must pardon me," he said regretfully. "I did not realize. Is art, then, so dear to you?"

Delano hated the weakness in his throat that made his voice come huskily. "If I did n't love art, why am I here?"

The artist shook his head with a mournful half-smile and slight shrug. "All who are here do not love art."

Delano walked quickly past him to the table, and laid his hand unsteadily on the sketches he had spread out there. "You said just now it would be wrong for you to let me think you found interest in my work," he said proudly. "As I have been thinking just that, will you tell me why you have chosen to be kind to me?"

The older man raised his eyes and looked at the boy whose self-respect he had wounded with a long, slow gaze, neither too searching nor too slighting.

"I am sorry," he said simply—"I am sorry I spoke so brutally, but you will find that every Gaul ceases to possess that civility you say you admire the moment art is in question. Let me say one more word of your work, as I have said thus much. There is nothing here for me to talk of seriously."

He laid his long, slim hand on the pictures, and, his courtly gentleness thrown abruptly aside, spoke with a fire and power the boy had never seen in him before. "These are very fair, all good enough. Some have a certain power in them; all have some promise; all are clever: but *you* did n't paint these. Your head and your hands did; but how small a part of a man are his head and hands! Art, believe me, art is a vampire—no less. Its very existence demands life-blood, heart-blood. I can only tell you that there is no trace, not a trace, of such carmine in any of all this work. Whether it suffers by your fault or your misfortune is for you to decide. You, and you alone, can know what you have suffered in the effort to put yourself in your work. But this is enough. Pardon me. I don't come here to preach platitudes to you. I came to be amusing. That question you last asked lets me be somewhat amusing, perhaps. You asked why I am interested in you. This room has something to do with that interest. It was once occupied by a man with a story. And, by the way, did you know that your father, too, lived in this room when he was in Paris?"

"Yes; I knew it," said Delano, briefly. His voice came from close behind his teeth. He was striving with himself to reply at all. "Perhaps," he exclaimed bitterly, "I am only a dabbler by birthright. I know I have n't worked; but why should I? What inheritance of real art and tradition have I? We are a family of shopkeepers. I belong behind the counter, too, I suppose. I don't know where we got this infernal twist in our minds that sends us to Paris to make fools of ourselves—father and son. My father failed miserably over here, as you know, I suppose. He never speaks of it at home. And now here am I."

"Your father," said Monsieur M——, interrupting gently, "never made a fool of himself for a moment. When he found out that his path in life was not to be art, he went home quietly and soberly. He was in some of the same classes with me, and I have

never known any man, before or since, whom I respected so thoroughly, except, perhaps, the occupant of this same room whose story I wanted to tell you. Would you care to hear it?"

Delano stood dejectedly by the table, gazing at his canvases. His dark, full eyes, as sensitive as a young girl's, were clouded and wet, but he looked up frankly. "It's all over now," he said manfully. "I did n't take that criticism well, but it was unexpected to me. I'm used to Monsieur B——'s scoldings; I expect them. This was different. It's knocked the nonsense out of me. I ought to have felt for myself all of what you said, and if there were any real artist blood in me I would have felt it. I don't belong in this life any more than my father did. I shall go home; too—after I break my brushes. If I can't use them, no one else shall. Do you mind if I give them a last washing while you tell me your story? I'd like them to go to their death in decent order."

The elder man made no attempt to dissuade him or change his resolution. He began his story quietly, with his hands laid loosely on the table, while the boy sadly scrubbed his brushes round and round in the palm of his hand, cleaning them after the not very tidy manner of art students.

"Some time ago," said Monsieur M——, "a young American of about your age and circumstances came into our art classes, and, as I told you, took this same room that you and your father have had. He, like you both, was of a commercial people, but the most hopeful creature, the most confident in his own success. He had a love for art, a passion for art, that I envy him to this day. I have never seen any human love like it. I used to come to see him here constantly, and I never left him without having learned something of him that no school of art could teach. He worked early, he worked late. I think he would have liked to paint with his feet when his hands were too tired to hold the brush, and for nature's beauties he had a soul like an octagon, with a wide-open door at each corner. Go to the window there a moment, and tell me what you see."

Delano, with a subdued manner of child-like obedience, dropped the work on his brushes and went to the window, where he looked out.

"I can't see anything but roofs and chimneys and a gray sky," he said.

Monsieur M—— rose and joined him. "And I," he said—"I see, first, a lovely pattern on that façade of the house-roof. The snow

has fallen, filling up all the crevices of the stone; only the raised brown carving stands above the soft white background. Over there, I see a gray cloud of hovering smoke shaped like a giant mushroom above a chimney. The air is too heavy to spread it farther. Why did n't you see those things? But I never did until I was taught to see them by my brother art student. There were in every scene some hidden charms that were lost to me until I saw it with him, and then they were no longer hidden. What training my eyes have had, what success is mine, is in a great degree due to the hours I have spent in this room. Do you wonder that I feel a pleasure in seeing these walls about me again?"

"No," said Delano, slowly. He came back to his brush-washing. Inch by inch it seemed to him that the artist was thrusting him from him. For all reasons except for Delano's sake he had visited this room. Monsieur M—— went on with his story, leaning now against the window-frame and looking out on the snowy roofs.

"Then," he said, "there came a day—a day that was terrible. For weeks I had feared what came then. I went to the oculist with him, and I led him home. He walked like a drunken man, and flung himself on that very bed where you lie every night of your thoughtless life. Just there a strong man's ambition died hard; an absorbing passion burned out in a live body; a heart broke. I sat where you are sitting, and I suffered it all as he suffered. It was the purest of ambitions. He had no need of money, no need to rise in the world, because he was contented where he was born. It was the rare and pure ambition of a noble genius, and those poor little doors at which it was creeping out into our world were slowly and cruelly closing it in forever. He would see well enough to lead an ordinary life—no more. I sat there and watched him for an hour. He was to have no pain to suffer. He was not suffering pain then, but it was an hour's death-agony I witnessed. Then he got up from the bed and walked steadily to that desk over there, and I knew it was to write the home letter. He had taken up the new life, and this was its first work. He picked up a letter which he found lying on the desk addressed to him, and opened it with evident bewilderment. It had neither stamp nor postmark. I had laid it there when we first came into the room. Presently he came to me and laid his hand on my shoulder. 'Read this,' he said clearly, and there was a triumph in his voice that

for me rings in this room yet. I read the letter, and I begged for it to keep as a talisman. I needed it more than he; his life was planned for him, mine was all to live. This has helped me through the rains; it has helped me in the sunshines of my life. It has made me more an artist, more a man, than I could ever have been without it. I read it myself constantly, and, as you see by its worn edges, I always carry it; and now I am going to read it to you. It begins, 'My dear Son,' and it is signed, 'Your father.'

"MY DEAR SON: Your friend Monsieur M—has some weeks ago written to me that he feared your eyesight was in danger, though you did not suspect it, and he kindly begged me to prepare myself for the worst, and also to spare you the pain of writing this news to me. I therefore send you this letter by him, and when you receive it you will know that you have nothing to tell me. I am not quite sure how this trouble will find you, but if you are without consolation you must remember that it's all in a lifetime, and life is not long. But somehow I turn to the thought that you will not let this crush you. I want you the same boy that I never understood, but that I have loved—as his father loved Benjamin—more than all my other boys. You were never under my hand as the others were. When I thought I had you, it was like catching a bird under my fingers,—a leg out, a wing out, a head out,—you were gone. You escaped me in spirit always, and I want you to do so still. Some must be the foundation-stones and some the spires. We can't all shoot upward. Whenever I saw you fail and set your teeth and drudge until you got the idea you worked for, I used to say to myself, 'That's his daddy.' I could n't paint, no indeed, but I knew I was the old foundation-stone that had given you the power to drudge and drudge, and so to climb, and you could never shoot up very far without that as a foothold under you. It was a great joy for me to feel this,—a great joy,—and yours will be a doubled joy if you can look at your son's work and say, 'I was the stone that lifted him up far

higher than my father lifted me, for I gave him both genius and the power to drudge.'

"Come home, my boy, and drudge and dream, and dream and drudge, and make all you can of what you have left to you, and then pass it on. We shall live, or you will, to send out a third generation, with all our best powers stored in him. You and I must be like the pieces of the temple of Solomon when it lay all apart and separate, only waiting to be put together. When we are united in your son, it shall be a fair temple of high spires, please God. He shall have the power to dream such dreams as you have dreamed, and to work as I have worked. Come home; the old beehive is big enough to keep us both busy, and, my boy,—will it hurt you for me to say this?—your work is n't needed of the world. It is God's work to paint as you paint, but God will take care of his own work, and it is not for you to worry that you are not looking after it. Come home and look after me. I am growing old. Marry, and give me a grandson, and we shall be famous yet. Take courage, if you have ever lost courage; but the man who believes you have not is

"Your father."

There was a long pause. Delano had ceased washing his brushes. He listened intently.

"Would you like to see the letter?" asked Monsieur M—. He laid it on the table before the boy, and turned again to the window.

As Delano glanced down at the writing, he started; then, turning the pages quickly, he looked for a moment incredulously at the printed heading. He laid the letter on the table, and, rising suddenly, set his hand on it, palm down, with a gesture as of a man planting his foot firmly on the lowest rung of life's ladder.

"Why did n't you—why did n't they tell me this before?" he cried angrily. "What a fool—what a fool I have been!"

Monsieur M— looked at the flushed face keenly. "You were not ready before," he said gently; "but now—yes, you are the son of your father and grandfather."

RECIPROCITY.

BY MARY A. MASON.

THE little house that is my heart
I robbed of treasure for his sake;
I had been glad with more to part,
And he, I'm sure, with more to take.

Ere I had time to miss my gold,
Love lightened at my door his load:
The little house can scarcely hold
The riches that he has bestowed!

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. SAMUEL GATLIFF (ELIZABETH CORBIN GRIFFIN).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

STUART, while domiciled with West, drew in the schools of the Royal Academy, attended the lectures of Cruikshank on anatomy and listened to those of Reynolds on painting, and did enough individual work to indicate the quality of the artistic stuff that was in him awaiting opportunity to manifest itself. In 1777, the year that Stuart went to West, he made his first exhibition at the Royal Academy, "A Portrait." In 1779 he exhibited three pictures: "A Young Gentleman," "A Little Girl," and "A Head"; in 1781, "A Portrait from Recollection since Death"; and in 1782 he made his last contribution to the Academy, sending a "Portrait of an Artist" and a "Portrait of a Gentleman Skating." This last picture, although painted so early in his career, has been considered Stuart's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a whole-length portrait of his friend Mr. Grant.

The story has come down that Grant, desiring to help Stuart, determined to have his portrait painted, and went to Stuart's room for a sitting. The day was crisp and cold, and the conversation turned upon skating, which led to paints and brushes being put away and the two friends going forth to skate. The result was this picture, that at once put Stuart in the front rank of the great portrait-painters of his day.

The remarkable merit of this canvas and the wilful unreasonableness of painters in not signing their works were curiously shown at the exhibition of "Pictures by the Old Masters," held at Burlington House in January of 1878. This picture was attributed to Gainsborough, and attracted marked attention. The "Saturday Review" said: "Turning to the English school, we may observe a most striking portrait in No. 128, in Gallery III. This is set down as 'Portrait of W. Grant, Esq., of Congalton, Skating in St. James Park. Thomas Gainsborough, R. A. (?)'. The query is certainly pertinent, for, while it is difficult to believe that we do not recognize Gainsborough's hand in the graceful and silvery look of the landscape in the background, it is not easy to reconcile the flesh-tones of the portrait itself with any preconceived notion of Gainsborough's work-

manship. The face has a peculiar firmness and decision in drawing, which reminds one rather of Raeburn than of Gainsborough." The discussion as to the authorship of this picture was warmly taken up by the champions of Raeburn, of Romney, and of Shee, contending with those of Gainsborough for the prize, until the question was set at rest by a grandson of the subject coming out with a card stating that it was by "the great portrait-painter of America, Gilbert Stuart." And to him it did belong.

All that has been claimed for Stuart's art, both in England and in America, is concentrated in his picture of Mrs. Gatliff and her child, superbly rendered into black and white by the masterly skill of Mr. Wolf. This painting possesses every quality that goes to make a great picture. Its treatment is simple and direct; its composition is dignified and natural; its color is refined and true; its distinction is unequivocal, and the maternal instinct beams from the rapt expression, while the tender firmness of the mother's clasped hands strikingly contrasts with the trustful restfulness of the infant's pose. Had Gilbert Stuart painted nothing else than this picture it would be sufficient to name him a master in his art.

Elizabeth Corbin Griffin was the daughter of Colonel Samuel Griffin of Virginia, and a granddaughter of Carter Braxton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. At seventeen she was married to Samuel Gatliff, an English merchant, in Philadelphia, who ten years later left her a widow with four daughters. She married a second time Professor Ferdinand Stuart Campbell, who subsequently succeeded to the entailed estates of the Stewarts of Ascog House, Scotland, and had to assume the additional surname of Stewart. Mrs. Stewart died in Philadelphia, December 13, 1853, at the age of seventy-four, and her portrait with her eldest child, Elizabeth, by Stuart, together with Stuart's portraits of Mr. Gatliff and of Colonel Griffin, descended to her son Dr. Ferdinand Campbell Stewart, and the three now hang in the gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. SAMUEL GATLIFF.

(ELIZABETH CORBIN GRIFFIN.)

THE "WINSLOW" AT CARDENAS.

(MAY 11, 1898.)¹

BY LIEUTENANT J. B. BERNADO, U. S. N., HER COMMANDER IN THE ACTION.

THE engagement of the *Winslow* at Cardenas on May 11, 1898, did not constitute in itself an independent action, but rather appears as the most prominent feature of a definite movement of the United States vessels stationed off Cardenas, the eastern terminus of the northern line of blockade, to preclude the possibility of attack by Spanish gunboats upon the smaller vessels of our blockading fleet.

Immediately after the movement upon Havana at the end of April, when the fleet was distributed and assigned to blockading stations, the heavier ships began to be withdrawn, being replaced by lighter craft as the latter became available. In this way it happened that by May 8 there were left off Matanzas only the *Hornet*, a small converted yacht, and the torpedo-boat *Winslow*. These vessels separated at night in order to cover approaches to the harbor, and were sometimes from five to seven miles apart, in which position either of them was left exposed to attack from the enemy's gunboats. At this time we were aware that a group of gunboats capable of making such an attack had been collected at Cardenas.

The *Winslow* was built in Baltimore, completed in the fall of 1897, and commissioned on December 29 of that year at Norfolk, Virginia. After proceeding to Newport, Rhode Island, to receive her armament of torpedoes, she headed south, arriving at Key West in March, 1898, where she remained until the outbreak of the war. The vessel was one hundred and sixty feet in length, with a narrow beam of ten feet, and a light draft of scant seven feet. Her armament consisted of three torpedo-tubes carrying Whitehead automobile torpedoes, placed one on each bow and one directly astern, and of three light one-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns, one mounted forward upon the conning-tower and one on each beam. The crew of twenty-one men were armed with revolvers and sword-bayonets. The boat was

provided with two water-tubular boilers and two triple-expansion engines, each inclosed in a separate compartment, while nine transverse bulkheads divided her internal space into ten cellular compartments—a provision against foundering.

The *Winslow* developed upon her trial trip a speed of 24.8 knots—about 28.6 statute miles, an approach to the speed of an express-train. Like all vessels of her class, she was unprotected save by conning-towers, placed one forward, the other aft, of steel plating half an inch in thickness, which served to shield the helmsman from projectiles of small-arm caliber, as well as from the violence of wind and weather.

All of our operations in the Spanish war being of an offensive instead of a defensive character, little chance was afforded for the legitimate employment of torpedo-boats, as in a night attack upon ironclads; while the small number of these craft available still further tended to minimize the chances of use of any one of them for an aggressive purpose. At the time of the movement upon Havana, torpedo-boats were taken along as scouts; subsequently, upon the establishment of the blockade, they were assigned to various stations along the line, off Havana, Matanzas, and Cardenas. So distributed, they became available for two distinct purposes—to chase and intercept approaching vessels, or to serve as despatch-boats occupying stations, their services being thus always at the command of the flagship. Their employment in this manner compelled torpedo-boat captains to change from the maintenance of a state of preparedness, under which the boats at rest were to be held ready to get up steam on short notice and deliver an attack at full speed, to one under which they were to be kept under way at sea during long periods of time, with torpedoes always charged and ready for firing, and with engines turning over slowly under natural draft, so as to maintain the boat upon such a heading with respect to wind and sea that crews could obtain the requisite amount of rest and sleep and be ready at all times for an emergency call.

¹ Attention is called to the fact that this engagement was fought on the same day as that at Cienfuegos, described by Lieutenant Winslow in the present number.—EDITOR.

When coal and provisions were exhausted, torpedo-boats on the blockade were compelled either to renew their supplies from the surplus stores of larger ships or else to return to Key West for replenishment. The forty tons of coal carried by boats of the *Winslow* class could be made to last under ordinary conditions from ten to twelve days,

time for the purpose of obtaining coal. A few days before, on May 7, I had left Matanzas for Piedras Cay, at the Cardenas entrance, under the lee of which I was able to give the men a night's rest, and at the same time avail myself of the advantages afforded by still water to make a few minor repairs. The following afternoon the *Winslow* was



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.
LIEUTENANT JOHN B. BERNADOU, U. S. N.

the amount of fuel remaining on hand at any time determining the radius of action of the vessel. The period intervening from the start back to Key West to the return to blockading duty was rarely less than a week; so that, unless supplies were forthcoming from the larger ships, these boats could not be kept at sea more than half the time, notwithstanding the proximity of their area of action to the naval base.

The participation of the *Winslow* in the engagement of May 11 was the direct consequence of a trip to Cardenas made at that

sent by Commander Merry, commanding the United States steamship *Machias*, upon a reconnoitering trip toward the inner harbor. I approached Romero Cay, upon which the Spaniards had erected a signal-station, the position of which was indicated by a flagstaff, and shelled the place; whereupon, in reply to a signal hoisted on the station, three small gunboats, suggesting in size and appearance large river tugs, steamed out from Cardenas at full speed, and when at a distance of about three thousand yards opened fire upon us. These tugs did not



LOADING A TORPEDO-TUBE.

of the enemy seemed to consist in occupying stations at known distances from these buoys, and concentrating their fire on them upon our approach to them.

On the evening of May 8 the *Winslow* returned to Matanzas, where I found the *Hornet*, Lieutenant Helm commanding, guarding the entrance alone. Our station at the eastern approach to the harbor left us exposed to a night attack from the direction of Cardenas—an at-



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.

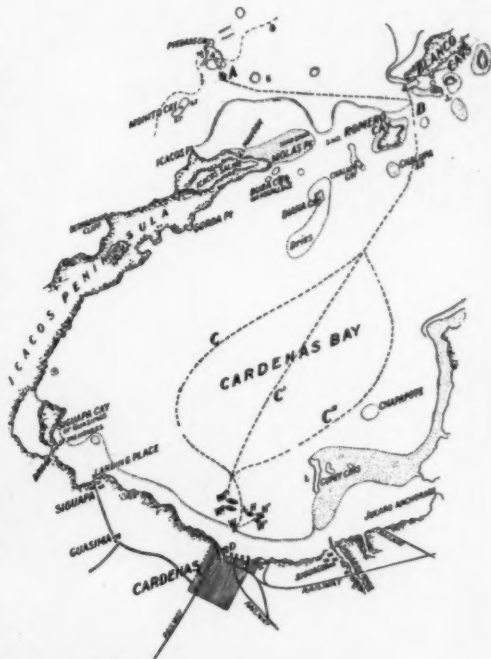
approach us directly, but took position close inshore, along the keys, and steamed down parallel to the land, as if to head us off. By backing the *Winslow* and keeping abreast of them, I was enabled to draw the largest down to a point within range of the *Machias's* five-inch guns. That vessel promptly opened fire, whereupon the Spaniards retired. During this brief engagement the firing of the Spaniards appeared fairly accurate, several of their shells striking the water close to us. Logs of wood, presumably range-buoys, were observed, anchored at several points of the waters traversed; the tactics

tack that was hourly looked for. The Spaniards might easily have slipped out to sea from Cardenas by keeping clear of Piedras, but for some unknown reason they failed to utilize their opportunities. On May 10 the armed tug *Uncas* arrived from Key West, and as the *Hornet* was now provided with a consort, while our supply of coal was greatly reduced, I decided to return to Cardenas and avail myself of an offer of fuel kindly made me by Commander Merry at the time of my previous visit.

Upon arriving at Cardenas, I boarded the *Machias* and made my request, but was di-

rected by Commander Merry to make application to the *Wilmington*, newly arrived, as the *Mackias* was to leave that morning for Matanzas. He added that if the *Wilmington* could not spare the coal he would delay his departure for a short time and supply the *Winslow*. I therefore proceeded at once to the *Wilmington*, where matters suddenly assumed a new phase. I was apprised by Commander Todd of his intention, provided an entrance was feasible, to enter Cardenas harbor that day, to destroy shipping, and to disable and destroy the Spanish gunboats, the activity of which was becoming marked. The *Wilmington* drew at the time about nine feet ten inches. Information had been received that the principal channel of entrance into the inner harbor, between Diana and Chalupa cays, was mined; the second channel, between Diana and Manglé cays, was reported as probably mined; there remained a third channel, between Romero and Blanco cays, the shallowest of the three, for which the chart and the *Wilmington's* Cuban pilot agreed in giving a depth of only one and a quarter fathoms at low water. If this depth of water actually existed, and if the soundings shown upon our chart were correct, then entrance through this passage for vessels of the *Wilmington's* draft was safe and practicable at high water. I was therefore directed to take on board the pilot, to board the revenue cutter *Hudson* and direct Captain Newcomb to accompany me, and to sound out this channel. Having made the passage and verified the depth of the water, we were to return, sweeping the channel for torpedoes, each vessel carrying one end of a weighted line, the portion of which between the weights would reveal the presence of obstacles as it dragged over the bottom. No time was lost in starting upon this trip, nor were our operations molested by the enemy. The channel was one not commonly employed, and as its deepest water was to be ascertained, soundings were constantly taken with the lead. At a sharp turn the *Hudson* touched bottom and hung. The *Winslow* kept on until the deeper water in the inner harbor was reached, and dragged back with grapnels from the inner entrance as far as the point of the *Hudson's* grounding; then got lines ready to tow her off, and prepared to hoist signals for the

Wilmington's approach in the event of an attack by the enemy. However, just as we ranged alongside the *Hudson* she slipped off, aided by the rising tide as well as by the efforts of her own crew, who worked energetically shifting weights, thus altering her trim. By half-past one we were back alongside the *Wilmington*, and I reported to Commander Todd that the entrance could be safely made. Before 2 P. M. the *Wilmington* weighed anchor and started in toward the town. When shoal water was approached, she felt her way cautiously ahead, sounding with the lead and steaming very slowly. The *Hudson*



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

DIAGRAM OF FIGHT AT CARDENAS.

A, Anchorage off Piedras light, approximately marking eastern terminus of line of blockade; B, Channel between Romero and Blanco cays, through which the ships entered; C, C', C'', Entrance courses respectively of the *Hudson*, *Wilmington*, and *Winslow*; W, H, W, Positions respectively of *Wilmington*, *Hudson*, and *Winslow* at beginning of fight; W', H', W', Positions respectively of *Wilmington*, *Hudson*, and *Winslow* at end of fight; D, Position of Spanish gunboat; E, E', E'', Approximate positions of enemy's batteries.

took station on one hand, the *Winslow* on the other, to give warning in the event of the discovery of any sudden shoaling of the water. At times the *Wilmington* stopped, as if the water were too shallow for further advance, the stirring up of the coral mud and the resultant whitening of the sea

showing that there was very little water left beneath her keel. However, the passage was made safely, without incident of note or sign of movement on the part of the enemy.

of the gunboats in the event of an attempt at escape. Nothing was sighted, however, and the ships drew together at a distance of about three thousand yards from the water-



PHOTOGRAPH BY VILLAREAL, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U. S. N. (KILLED AT CARDENAS).

Having entered the harbor, Commander Todd called the *Hudson* and the *Winslow* alongside and despatched them, the *Hudson* along the western, the *Winslow* along the eastern, shore of the circular bay, while the *Wilmington* herself took the direct middle course toward the town of Cardenas. This disposition of vessels was to insure the interception

front of the town. Before us was the panorama of wharves lined with small sailing-craft, while directly in the foreground two square-rigged merchantmen were moored, with sails unbent and yards trimmed.

The *Winslow* was now hailed by the *Wilmington* and directed to go in and investigate a gunboat, painted gray, moored alongside

a wharf, and which was recognized as the largest of the three Spanish vessels the activity of which had previously occupied our attention. Torpedoes were set for surface runs, and the fans of the war-noses were screwed down, so as to permit their employment at short range in shallow water.¹

Guns were manned and general preparations made for boarding. The *Wilmington* drew away from the direction of the *Winslow's* line of advance, and by that maneuver was left free to employ her guns in the event of the Spaniards opening fire. The *Winslow* started in at once, heading directly toward the enemy's gunboat.

At about half-past two, the first shot of the engagement, revealed by a small, clearly outlined puff of white smoke, was fired from the Spaniard's bow gun. This was the signal for the opening of a continuous and long-sustained period of firing on the part of the enemy, which, judging from the frequency of reports, the number and form of the shell splashes in the water, and the direction of the sounds, was produced by batteries of medium- and small-caliber guns located at different points along the town water-front. During the first part of the action these discharges made no smoke—the enemy were using smokeless powder; as the engagement progressed, masses of light vapor, suggesting the clouds of reddish dust raised by troops marching over clayey roads, banked up, enabling us to locate approximately the enemy's positions. When at a distance of about twelve hundred yards from the shore, a field of anchored range-marks was encountered. A shell, presumably from a six-pounder field-piece, coming from right ahead, now entered the *Winslow's* bow compartment and burst, the fragments penetrating through the forward cabin bulkhead and the lower face of the forward conning-tower, cutting the steam-pipes and disabling the steam-steering gear. Daniel McKeown, quartermaster, who was in the tower and at the wheel, was thrown out of the door by the violence of the explosion, but, with the exception of a slight contusion on the chest, was left unhurt. How he escaped death was a mystery, as the spokes of the wheel, upon which his hands rested, were bent and twisted. It now became necessary to shift from the steering-gear in the forward conning-tower to that

in the after-tower, to effect which the wheel-ropes leading to the forward conning-tower had to be disconnected. In making this change the presence of several of the men was required in the petty officers' quarters aft. While this work was in progress, a shell struck the after conning-tower and broke up or burst, carrying away both wheel-ropes, the shock of explosion scattering the men grouped below. This put an end to all possibility of steering henceforth by wheel. Almost at the same time the rudder became jammed hard over, and efforts to move it by use of relieving tackles hooked to the tiller proved futile. The course of the boat could now be controlled only by use of the engines, stopping, reversing, or steaming ahead with either starboard or port, according as it was desired to direct the vessel. All these injuries occurred in rapid sequence in a very short space of time, during which the vessel advanced but a few hundred yards.

During this period I had remained forward, directing the fire of our own guns and controlling the movements of the vessel. Just after the injury to the after conning-tower, William O'Hearn, water-tender, came on deck from below and coolly reported, "The for'd boiler's gone, sir." Now, a common accident upon torpedo-boats is the disabling of a boiler, resulting from allowing the water, which is pumped into it against a constantly maintained pressure, to run too low, whereby one or more of the steam-generating tubes become exposed to the direct action of the heat and are burned out. I therefore said: "What do you mean? Have you burned out a tube?" He replied: "No, sir; a shell went straight through the boiler and burst in the furnace, and threw the fire out in my face." This was almost literally true. The forced draft probably saved the fire-room force from being scalded, as it threw the escaping steam up the stacks with a sound resembling that caused by blowing off at high pressure. Thomas Cooney, machinist, who came on deck as soon as the fall of the steam was observed at the engines, sprang below into the fire-room, accompanied by O'Hearn. These men worked in the stifling vapor and heat to extinguish the fire scattered over the fire-room floor, as well as such portions of it as remained unextinguished in the furnace. A few moments

¹ The fan is a safety device which is attached to the nose of each torpedo, so constructed that it revolves during the forward motion of the torpedo through the water. When a distance of about fifty yards has been traversed, the fan has been revolved a sufficient number of times to liberate the firing-pin, hitherto locked,

but which is henceforth left ready for exploding the torpedo upon impact. This device serves to prevent the premature explosion of the bursting charge carried in the torpedo war-head while the torpedo yet remains close alongside the ship from which it is directed.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

THE DEATH OF ENSIGN BAGLEY ON THE "WINSLOW."
In the background are the cruiser *Wilmington* and the tug *Hudson*.

later the blower-engine, that had worked efficiently to keep the fire-room free from steam, was itself struck and wrecked by another projectile.

In the meanwhile the fire from the one-pounders was constantly maintained, the target being at first the gunboats, and subsequently the shore batteries, as the position of the latter became defined through the formation of clouds of thin smoke or mist. Several times the brass cartridge-cases burst in the chambers of the guns, the necks of the cases jamming in the slopes of the gun-chambers and refusing to extract, thus spiking the gun by preventing the insertion of a new cartridge. After several such delays a tool from the torpedo outfit was found best available for scraping out the brass and clearing the chambers.

Hans Johnsen, chief machinist, now appeared on deck and reported to me that the forward engine was gone. When told to go below and do what he could to repair it, he replied: "It can't be done, sir; a shell has burst in the for'd low-pressure cylinder and spiked it."

The boat was now left with one engine, without wheel-ropes or steering-gear, and with rudder jammed. Further advance in a definite direction was impossible. The *Winslow* was in a fair way to become a wreck from the overpowering and well-directed fire of the enemy, with whose guns her relatively feeble one-pounders proved totally unable to cope. It was time to withdraw, if this could be effected, especially as a number of the ship's company were already suffering from injuries more or less severe. One of the fire-room force had received a serious wound in the hip; the commanding officer had been struck in the thigh by fragments thrown off upon the impact of a shell with the bell-shaped top of the forward conning-tower. I decided, therefore, to attempt to retire by alternately backing and steaming ahead—zigzagging out, as it were. This manœuver also afforded the possibility of maintaining the vessel as a moving target with respect to the enemy, thereby minimizing the chance of being hit. At the same time it became necessary to keep a good lookout, to avoid throwing the *Winslow* across the line of fire of either the *Wilmington* or the *Hudson*.

With this end in view, I stationed my executive, Ensign Worth Bagley, at the engine-room hatch, with instructions to steam alternately ahead and astern, obeying the directions above enumerated, and to watch the man at the reversing-gear, to make sure that he operated the engine as directed.

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In this manner the *Winslow* was backed out about four hundred yards toward the station occupied by the *Hudson*. That vessel had entered about as close as her draft would permit, and had been coolly pumping six-pounder shell into the enemy from the beginning of the engagement. The Spaniards maintained their original tactics throughout the interval of backing, and concentrated their fire upon the *Winslow*, in hopes of destroying her, and thereby scoring a decisive point in their favor. It was singular that in this fight the *Hudson* was struck but a few times, and then by very small projectiles, although she was long exposed to chance of injury. The *Wilmington*, also long within range, so far as I know, was not struck at all.

During the passage out I had time to observe some of the effects of the fire directed upon us. Impacts of projectiles made comparatively little noise. I observed a fender of rope netting, filled with cork, suddenly open out as if of its own volition, scattering the fragments of the cork on the deck. A copper ventilator seemed to stagger, fell over on its side, and rolled off to leeward with several large holes torn through it.

On approaching the *Hudson* I hailed her by megaphone and directed her to take us in tow. In a few minutes she ranged up along our unengaged side, and received our heaving-line, the light line with weighted end employed for transferring the heavy towing-hawser from one vessel to another. After securing our hawser to the after-bitts, the *Hudson* started ahead; but while endeavoring to wind or swing the *Winslow* around, the tow-line parted. As the firing of the enemy still continued, a return to the old tactics of backing and steaming ahead became necessary while preparations were made for getting out a new tow-line.

Shortly after the receipt of injuries to the machinery I had sent the men of the fire-room force stationed in the compartments containing the disabled engine and boiler on deck, where they rendered efficient service in passing ammunition and getting up hawsers. At the time of the parting of the first line they were standing in a group near the after engine-room hatch, on the unengaged side of the vessel, at a point just abaft the forward one-pounder gun. Here they were joined by Ensign Bagley, who stopped near the hatch upon a trip from the engine-room. I had stepped aft to speak to Bagley, walked forward a few paces, and turned facing aft, when I heard a sharp report, and saw him and the four men around him sink

to the deck. An armor-piercing shell coming from a direction abaft the beam had struck the deck a glancing blow, but at a sufficient angle to allow its point to take against a riveted seam in the fore-and-aft line of deck-plating, developing a resistance sufficient to cause it to explode. The men were caught in the cone of dispersion of the fragments; Bagley and two others were killed instantly, and two were mortally wounded.¹

I ran up to Bagley and threw open his blouse. A glance at his wounds was sufficient to convince me that he had ceased to live. There was nothing to be done but to move to one side and cover with the torpedo-tube covers the bodies of the dead, and to administer to the wounded such aid as was in our power to give them.

Shortly after the loss of the men the *Hudson* again ranged alongside the *Winslow*, received our line, and, without further mishap, towed us out to a point near the station occupied by the *Wilmington*. In reply to a signal requesting medical aid, that vessel promptly sent us a boat with a surgeon, Dr. Frank Clarendon Cook, U. S. N., and our dead and wounded were immediately transferred to her.

The destructive effect of the fire of our ships was apparent for some time before the close of the fight. The fire from the shore

¹ It was incorrectly stated, in newspaper reports of this action, that these casualties were inflicted by the enemy's last shot.—EDITOR.

batteries slackened as the action progressed, and finally ceased altogether; the last shots fired by the *Wilmington*, *Hudson*, and *Winslow* remained unreplyed to; while a large section of the town of Cardenas was in flames.

The practical result of the action was the destruction and dispersion of the naval force of the enemy at Cardenas, and the putting an end to all possibility of interference with the maintenance of our blockade along that section of the line. Two of their gunboats, the *Antonio Lopez* and the *Lealtad*, were riddled, and sunk at the wharf where they were moored, one behind the other. As there was only about one foot of water beneath their keels at the time, they remained resting on the mud.

After seeing the wounded transferred to the *Wilmington*, I was obliged to turn over the command of the *Winslow* to her chief petty officer, Gunner's Mate G. P. Brady, who remained temporarily in command until relieved by a commissioned officer from the former vessel. At the close of the action the ships retired to their former anchorage off Piedras Cay.

In the death of Ensign Bagley the navy suffered the loss of a gallant officer, whose bravery and stainless record will ever be held in loving remembrance by his brethren. His remains, with those of the brave men who fell with him, were at once removed to Key West, to find their last resting-place in the soil of their native land.

SILENCE.

BY PETER MCARTHUR.

BEYOND the search of sun or wandering star,
 In that deep cincture of eternal night
 That shrouds and stays this orb'd flare of light
 Where many a god hath wheeled his griding car,
 Silence is brooding, patient and afar,
 Secure and steadfast in his primal right,
 Reconquering slowly, with resistless might,
 Dominions lost in immemorial war.
 The throng'd suns are paling to their doom,
 The constellations waver, and a breath
 Shall blur them all into eternity;
 Then Ancient Silence in oblivious gloom
 Shall reign—where holds this dream of Time and Death
 Like some brief bubble in a shoreless sea.



FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LADY IN WHITE. PAINTED BY HENRY RAEBURN.
(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

CABLE-CUTTING AT CIENFUEGOS.

(MAY 11, 1898.)

BY LIEUTENANT CAMERON McR. WINSLOW,
In Command of the Boat Expedition.



TO isolate Cuba from Spain and other countries of the world was the problem which, upon the breaking out of war between the United States and Spain, immediately engaged the attention of our fleet at Key West. The blockade became virtually effective along the entire coast-line of Cuba, preventing the landing of food-supplies and munitions of war, as well as cutting off communication by mail between the island and the outside world. This, however, was not enough. General Blanco at Havana was still in direct communication by ocean telegraph-cables with many of the islands of the West Indies, and thence with the home government at Madrid. To cut these cables and thus destroy the Spanish telegraphic lines of communication, preventing the authorities at Madrid and at Havana, and the ships of Admiral Cervera's fleet, from sending or receiving information, was of the utmost strategic importance.

No ocean cables are landed on the north coast of Cuba except those leading directly from Havana to Key West. The United States, holding the terminal at Key West, controlled these lines. On the south coast the telegraph-cables are looped along the shore from Batabano, a port about thirty miles nearly due south of Havana and connected with that city by railroad and overland telegraph, to the eastward as far as Guantanamo Bay; the northern loops of the cables touching at San Luis, Cienfuegos, Trinidad, Santiago de Cuba, and a point on the shore of Guantanamo Bay.

Santiago de Cuba is connected with Jamaica by cable, and Guantanamo with Haiti; and these islands with other islands of the West Indies and with the United States, Nova Scotia, and Europe. Could the insurgents have destroyed the overland telegraph lines, as it was reported that they had done, then the cutting of the ocean cables at Cienfuegos or at any one point to the eastward of that city would have shut off Havana from all telegraphic communication with the

outside world. The isolation of Havana was, of course, of prime importance; the interruption of telegraphic communication by cable along the coast, wherever possible, was also very important.

The naval force operating on the south coast of Cuba in the early part of May, at the time of the cutting of the cables at Cienfuegos, was composed of the cruiser *Marblehead*, the gunboat *Nashville*, the converted yacht *Eagle*, the revenue cutter *Windom*, and the collier *Saturn*, at that time forming the fourth division of the fleet, under the immediate command of Commander B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., who flew the senior officer's pennant on board the *Marblehead*.

Cienfuegos is situated about six miles from the sea, and the bay or harbor is entered by a channel three miles in length. On the east of the entrance is Punta de la Colorados, where a lighthouse is situated. Overlooking this low strip of land and extending some miles to the eastward is a ridge or plateau, from two to three hundred feet in height, steeply sloping to the shore-line. Trees and the dense chaparral of Cuba cover the rocky and irregular surface of this hillside, the wild confusion of nature forming better rifle-pits here than the efforts of man could produce.

The lighthouse was situated close to the shore-line, perhaps twenty-five yards back, and was built of some species of white stone, the tower surmounting the light-keeper's dwelling-house. To the northward and eastward of the lighthouse, and at a distance of about fifty yards, was a signal-station, and close to the signal-pole was the hut used as barracks for the signalmen and soldiers. From in front of the lighthouse the shore-line runs nearly due east for a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, then turns sharply to the northward, and extends in that direction about thirty yards.

Here was situated the cable-house, twenty or thirty feet back from the water's edge, and about three hundred yards from the lighthouse. From this point the shore again

trends to the eastward, and from the narrow strip of sand forming the beach the land rises steeply to the top of the plateau. Off this part of the coast, to the eastward of the cable-house, are outlying rocks and coral reefs, rendering the navigation of the adjacent water dangerous even for small boats.

From the cable-house and extending along past the lighthouse to the westward, the

The rifle-pits were situated between the cable-house and the lighthouse, the eastern end of the trenches being not more than fifty feet from the cable-house, and an equal distance back from the water's edge. In some places they were covered with a flat canopy of reeds and leaves to protect the soldiers from sun and rain. The rifle-pits were so hidden by the tall grass and bushes



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON M^CR. WINSLOW.

formation is coral, the sea-waves breaking against it and wearing fissures and crevices in the vertical face of the brown, dirty-looking coral, which forms a shore-line four or five feet above the sea-level, jagged and rough, and perilous for a boat to approach even in a moderate sea. The low strip of land with the cable-house at its eastern end is overgrown with long grass, vine, and chaparral, and the surface is irregular. The light-house and signal-station were on land a little higher than that to the eastward.

that had we not seen the men digging in the trenches, we should not have known where the pits were located. The whole surrounding country formed excellent cover for infantry.

Shortly before sundown on May 10, signal was made directing the commanding officer of the *Nashville* and me to repair on board the *Marblehead*. On our arrival on board that vessel, we were informed by Commander McCalla that he intended to make an attempt at daylight the following morn-

ing to cut the ocean telegraph-cables; that an expedition of boats under my command would be sent in to endeavor to find and cut the cables landing near Colorados lighthouse, that the expedition would be opposed by a force of the enemy, and that the *Marblehead* and the *Nashville* would shell the country and attempt to dislodge the enemy or silence his fire. I was told that I could have the steam-cutter and the sailing-launch of the *Marblehead* and the steam-cutter and the sailing-launch of the *Nashville*, and that Lieutenant E. A. Anderson of the *Marblehead* would accompany the expedition as second in command. I had no further orders as regards the fitting out of the expedition, the details being left entirely to my own judgment.

Not wishing to endanger more lives than necessary, and knowing that no force in the boats, however large, could repulse the enemy, and that it would be impossible to fight and at the same time accomplish the laborious work of raising and cutting the cables, I decided, after conference with Lieutenant Anderson, to take no more men in the sailing-launches than just enough to do the work. Each sailing-launch pulled twelve oars; the crew, therefore, consisted of twelve men and a cockswain. The only men additional to the crew were to be the blacksmith and a carpenter's mate, making, with the officer in the boat, sixteen men in all. Half of the men were to be armed with revolvers and the other half with rifles. In the event of the boats stranding accidentally, more effective work could be done with revolvers than with rifles, at such close quarters. A few extra rifles were to be put in the boats, and an ample supply of ammunition.

The crew of each steam-cutter consisted of a cockswain, two seamen, a fireman, and a coal-passer. In addition to the crew, a ser-

geant of marines and half a dozen privates were to go as sharp-shooters. They were to be armed with rifles. In the *Marblehead's* steam-cutter a one-pounder Hotchkiss cannon was to be mounted on the forecastle. The *Nashville's* steam-cutter was to have two Colt machine-guns, one forward and the other aft. All boats were to be supplied with life-preservers. The tools for cutting the

cables, to be carried in each sailing-launch, consisted of cold-chisels, blacksmiths' hammers, a heavy maul, a block of hard wood with iron plate for its upper surface, an ax, wire-cutting pliers, and a hacksaw. Coils of stout rope and grappels of different sizes were to be used in grappling the cables and bringing them to the surface. Having previously seen some service in connection with laying ocean cables, I was perfectly familiar with the character of the cable to be dealt with, and fully realized the difficulties to be encountered. Owing to the chafing on



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOFFMAN, SAVANNAH, GA. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LIEUTENANT E. A. ANDERSON, U. S. N., SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE EXPEDITION.

rocks and other irregularities of the bottom, due to the swaying of the cable with the motion of the waves and tides, it is customary to use very large and heavy-armored cable, specially protected, for the section reaching from the deep water to the shore. This is known as the "shore end." From a junction-box below low-water mark the shore end is generally carried through pipes laid underground to the interior of the cable-house, where the test-table, galvanometer block, and terminal board are located. The cable landing at Colorados Point had the usual central conductor, consisting of a strand of seven copper wires insulated by a coating of gutta-percha. These wires with their gutta-percha insulation were inclosed in a lead tube, the purpose of the lead tube being to protect the gutta-percha from the attacks of the teredo, a submarine boring animal.

Outside this lead tube, and embedded in a fibrous water-excluding substance, were two layers of heavy iron wires, the inner layer consisting of twelve wires, each $\frac{7}{8}$ inch in diameter, and the outer layer of fourteen wires, each $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in diameter. Surrounding this outer layer of wires and forming the external surface of the cable was jute braiding. The whole cable thus made up was two inches in diameter and weighed six pounds to the linear foot. So far as the cutting of the cable was concerned, it was equivalent to cutting through a bar of iron about as thick as a man's wrist.

The cable-house which received the shore end of the cable was a small cubical box of a house, built of the same white stone which was used in the construction of the lighthouse.

Before leaving the *Marblehead*, I went on the bridge with Commander McCalla, and with our binocular glasses we carefully examined the shore-line and the country about the cable-house. We were near enough to the shore to see the rifle-pits and the soldiers working about them, as well as those on duty at the signal-station. Whether there were any field-pieces could not be determined. They would certainly have been masked had there been any. Leaving Lieutenant Anderson to select the crews and fit out the boats of the *Marblehead*, I returned to the *Nashville*, in company with Commander Maynard. In neither vessel was there any lack of volunteers among officers or men for the expedition. I believe that there could be no situation, however hazardous, where the enlisted men of our navy would not gladly accompany their officers. Later on, during the war, some of these men who helped to cut the cables volunteered to take the steam-cutter and destroy a new and powerful searchlight on Morro Castle at Havana. The idea was of course impracticable and not to be thought of, but as the proposition was made in good faith, it is indicative of the courage and spirit of the American man-of-war's-man.

On board the *Nashville* a few changes were made in the regular crews of the boats, such men as were physically unqualified for the work being replaced by others. That night the boats were equipped and all preparations made for the expedition. The following morning at early dawn, Commander Maynard and I were again signaled to repair on board the *Marblehead*, where we received the last instructions. The orders were, briefly, to cut the cables landing to the east of the

lighthouse and drag them into deep water, cutting off as much as possible of the ends. The *Nashville* was to take post off the lighthouse point, so as to open fire on the cable-house and the bushes in the vicinity, and to fire also on the soldiers' hut to the eastward of the lighthouse, and on any forts or boats in the harbor which should interfere with the operations. The *Marblehead* was to take post between the points of the river entrance, with broadside facing the entrance. The disposition of the ships was admirable, giving them a fire crossed at a large angle on the rifle-pits, and at the same time the *Marblehead* commanded the entrance of the harbor, ready to give battle to any Spanish man-of-war that might attempt to come out. The ships were not to fire on the lighthouse unless absolutely necessary. The revenue cutter *Windom* was to lie a few miles offshore, within signal distance, convoying the collier.

My own individual orders were very brief. I was simply to cut the cables as directed above, and under no circumstances to land. The orders were quite sufficient, and I was glad to escape being hampered by more explicit instructions. Just before leaving the *Marblehead*, I went on the bridge with Com-

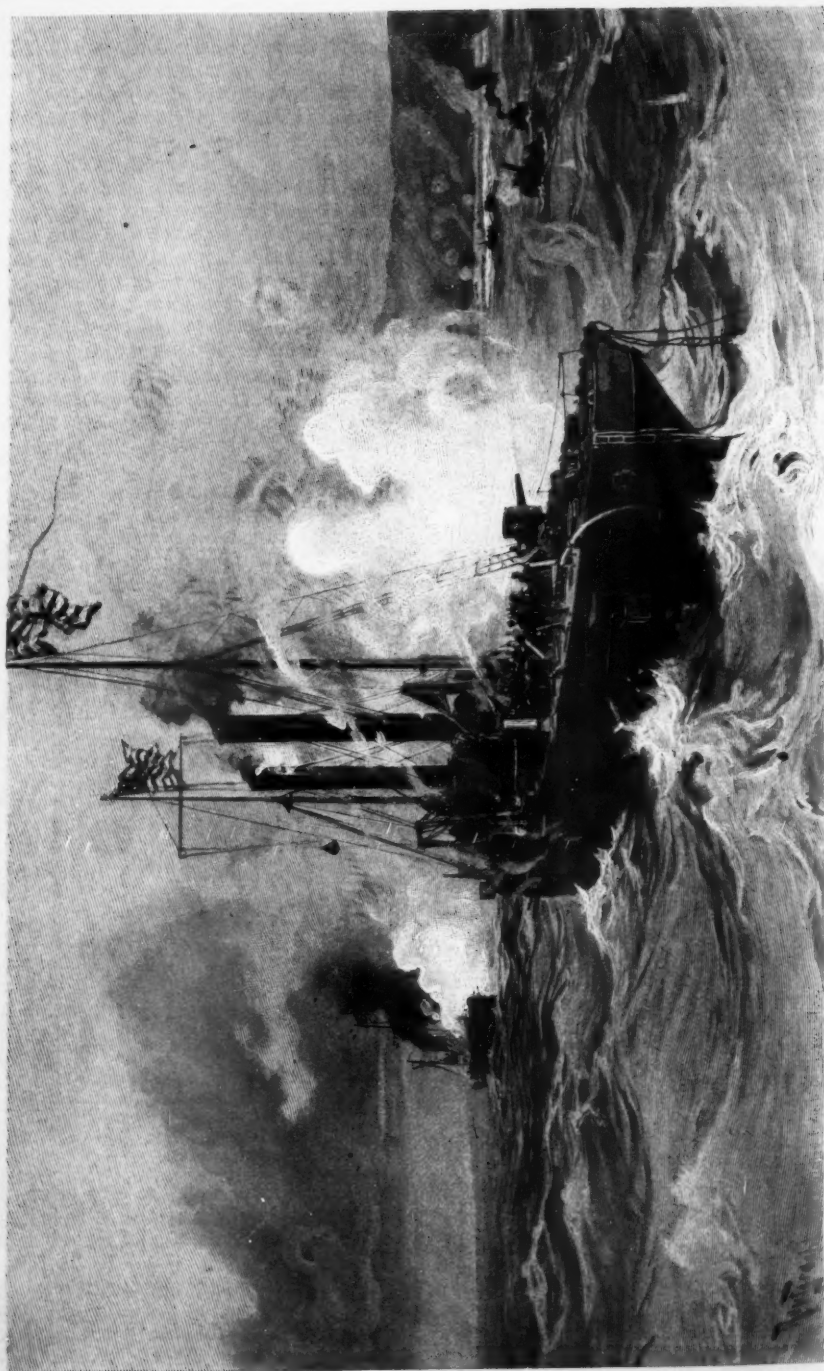


PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ENSIGN T. P. MAGRUDER, U. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE STEAM-CUTTERS.

mander McCalla, and as the ship steamed inshore to within a mile of the cable-house, we made a last examination of the enemy's position.

The soldiers about the signal-station were in plain sight, as well as the infantry in the rifle-pits near the cable-house, but in what numbers we could not tell, though I did not believe that they were in large force. It was



Cable house.
Launches supported by steam-cutters.

Lighthouse.

Searchlight.

Marblehead.

CUTTING THE CABLES AT CIENFUEGOS.

DESIGNED BY A. BENTLEY.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

also impossible to discover if there were any field-pieces masked or in the trenches. A few cavalymen were in view in close proximity to the cable-house. We scrutinized carefully the surrounding country and realized what excellent cover the enemy would find there. Just back of the cable-house was a rocky bluff behind which one might find safety even from the shell fire of our ships. All over the slope of this part of the hill were rocks, trees, and chaparral, rendering an enemy invisible, as well as affording him good protection.

Having completed the examination of the enemy's position, Commander Maynard and I returned to the *Nashville*. The boats were then manned. The men were to dress as they pleased, except that they were not allowed to wear anything white, as we did not wish to present an unnecessarily easy target to the enemy. They were all required to wear shoes, to prevent their feet being cut by the sharp coral in the event of the boats being swamped and the men forced to land. The weather was hot, and the men were scantily and shabbily clothed.

At half-past six the *Nashville's* boats were ready, and after a careful inspection to see that they were properly equipped, the boats shoved off from the ship's side, and were soon joined by the *Marblehead's* boats.

At a quarter to seven the *Nashville* signaled, "Ready," and the *Marblehead* immediately answered, "Execute orders." The *Nashville* steamed slowly to the eastward until about fourteen hundred yards from the beach, the lighthouse bearing to the northward and westward, the boats holding their position under shelter of the *Nashville* and on her starboard beam. Almost immediately the *Marblehead* opened fire, and hardly had the boom of her first gun died away before the *Nashville* took up the firing, both ships firing deliberately with main and secondary batteries. As the *Nashville* neared her station, Lieutenant Anderson and I left the steam-cutters and joined the working parties in the sailing-launches, leaving Ensign T. P. Magruder in the *Nashville's* steam-cutter. His orders were to take command of both steam-cutters, to keep his boats clear of the reefs, to fire on the rifle-pits and hills, and to protect the working launches as much as possible.

At five minutes to seven, while the ships were still firing, the flotilla of boats steamed across the *Nashville's* bows and headed for the land, the *Nashville's* boats leading, the steam-cutters towing the launches. A mod-

erate breeze was blowing on shore from the southward and eastward, and the long ocean swell rolling in from the Caribbean Sea broke heavily on the rocks and coral-lined shore, making a long ribbon of white foam and spray, which marked clearly the reefs awash and formed the dividing-line between land and sea.

The ships were now firing on the cable-house, and after a few shots found the range. Soon the shells were bursting all about the cable-house and the rocky bluff in its rear. In a few minutes the house was struck, the shells apparently piercing both the front and rear walls and bursting against the rocks of the bluff beyond. Again and again the shells found their mark, bursting and sending clouds of stone and mortar into the air, demolishing wall after wall, until one shot, striking the tottering structure, burst, and brought it down, leaving nothing but a disordered pile of masonry covering the wreck of electrical instruments. As the boats neared the land, the ships slackened their fire, and the steam-cutters began firing on the rifle-pits. When three or four hundred yards from the shore, fearing to ground the steam-cutters on the reefs, they were ordered to let go the tow-lines and take position in rear of the launches and on their starboard quarter. The oars were manned; and in column, with the *Nashville's* launch leading, the boats pulled directly for the cable-house, the steam-cutters still keeping up the fire and following the launches, about one hundred yards astern.

The deep water off the coast made futile any effort to grapple the cables where the bottom could not be seen through the clear water. As we neared the land, a cavalymen on a white horse left the beach and galloped at top speed up a rugged path leading over the ridge. The sharpshooters in the steam-cutters tried to stop him, but, from the uneasily tossing boats, their aim was inaccurate, and he disappeared. This man carried the news of our attack to Cienfuegos, and soon reinforcements were marching to the scene of action. He was the only cavalymen in view after the firing began; the others were, in all probability, killed by our shell fire in the early part of the bombardment. One Spanish officer or soldier left the trenches and stood boldly out in front of them, an act of bravado that cost him his life. Except a few soldiers about the barracks and lighthouse, no others were seen while the boats were pulling in. They were all under cover, intimidated by the fierce fire

hauling and the assistance of the steam-cutters, slowly underran the cable. This cable was laid in a southerly direction until a depth of about two fathoms was reached, then the direction was changed sharply to the eastward and followed the line of the reef. At this point the *Nashville's* launch stopped and began to cut the cable. Axes and cold-chisels were tried, but the hack-saw, a small hand-saw about nine inches in length used for cutting metals, was found to be the most effective. With this saw, by frequently changing the men using it, the cable was cut through in from twenty minutes to half an hour.

While the cable was being cut at this point, the *Marblehead's* launch was working to the eastward, dragging it across the boat. Having made the first cut, the *Nashville's* launch, following the *Marblehead's* launch, underran the cable, bending it and coiling it down in the stern-sheets and across the gunwale of the boat, it being the intention to throw it overboard in deep water or carry it off to the ship. This cable was underrun until it was found to pass under a ledge from which it could not be disengaged. While attempting to drag it clear of this ledge, a heavy sea, rolling in, swept over the *Marblehead's* launch, which, being held down by the cable, was unable to rise to the sea. After this narrow escape from swamping, no further effort was made to underrun more of this cable, and it was again cut, this time by the men in the *Marblehead's* boat, the end being left in thirteen fathoms of water. The piece taken out was about one hundred and fifty feet in length.

Up to this time the firing from the enemy had been desultory and ineffective, and no attention whatever had been paid to it by the working parties in the boats.

After cutting the cable leading eastward to Santiago, and without waiting to rest the men, we proceeded to search for the cable leading westward to Batabano. In order not to make the mistake of picking up the cable which had already been cut, we pulled to the southward and westward of the cable-house, and approached the land to within sixty feet, as close as possible without wrecking the boats on the jagged shore.

We were now directly in front of the rifle-pits and hardly a hundred feet from them. The ships, realizing the danger of our position, increased their fire until it became a furious cannonade, the shells passing so close over our heads that the crews instinctively ducked as they went by and burst against the rocks beyond. The *Marblehead*

was directing her fire particularly close to us, and her excellent gun practice, due to months of hard work before the war, excited our admiration, though our situation was uncomfortable. The shells could hardly have come closer to us without hitting the boats. We realized that we had to take the chance of an accidental hit from our ships or receive the fire of the enemy at pistol-range, and the men worked on in disregard of both.

We soon located the cable, but found it very difficult to hook it with the grapnels, as the sea, striking the coral shore, rolled back against the boats, disturbing the surface of the water, and making it hard to see the bottom. When finally hooked, this cable was harder to lift than the other, as it was laid even more taut along the bottom, and the rough water knocked the heavy boats together, breaking and almost crushing in their planking. The men were becoming very tired, and I continually urged them to increase their efforts, working with them myself, and telling them that we should soon be under heavy fire unless we finished and got away.

Whenever the ships slackened their fire, the enemy would begin firing, probably from the lighthouse, and then, as my attention was called by one of the men to the bullets dropping in the water about us, I would order the steam-cutters to open fire, the ships immediately resuming the bombardment on seeing our boats engaging the enemy. Occasionally, when the men could be spared for the work, a couple of them were directed to open fire from the launch with their rifles. This was all the fighting that we in the working boats did until after the second cable had been cut. This cable was lifted and handled just as the first one had been, the *Marblehead's* launch cutting the inshore end, and the *Nashville's* launch underrunning it to the westward and making the offshore cut. Out of this cable a piece about one hundred feet in length was taken and coiled down in the *Marblehead's* boat.

While lifting the second cable, a third, much smaller in diameter than the others, was discovered near by. Its appearance indicated that it was not an ocean cable, and I surmised that its purpose was to connect the cable-house with Cienfuegos, which we afterward learned to be true. Although the important part of the work had already been accomplished, I determined to make an effort to cut this small cable, knowing that it was of little importance, but believing that the work could be quickly done.

At this time the ships had almost ceased firing, and the enemy had apparently given up the attempt to drive the boats away. We could see nothing of the Spaniards either from the ships or from the boats. The reinforcements had, however, reached the enemy, and while the scene was one of tranquillity, the Spaniards were creeping through the chaparral, occupying the trenches and light-house, and extending their firing line along the ridge and down its slope. They took their position skilfully and with courage.

The boats were now trying to hook the third cable, but the freshening breeze roughened the surface of the water, making it difficult to see the bottom and to keep the boats clear of the coral rocks. It was slow work, instead of being easy, as we had anticipated. Many times the boats crossed over the cable, failed to grapple it, and drifted away to within a boat's length of the shore, almost in the angry water of the seas rolling in and breaking on the rocky shore. After many efforts the cable was finally grappled, the *Nashville's* boat being not more than fifty feet from the shore and the *Marblehead's* a boat's length farther out, both boats being within two hundred feet of the trenches and directly in front of the demolished cable-house. In the *Nashville's* launch we were trying to bring the cable to the surface at the bow of the boat, and I was forward superintending the work. Suddenly the enemy opened fire with their Mauser rifles. We could not tell from what direction the fire came, as the smokeless powder gave no sign of their position, and the wind blowing in from the sea carried the sound away from us, or else it was drowned by the roar of the breakers. We saw the splash of the bullets in the water about us, and I ordered the steam-cutters to open fire again. Now the bullets began dropping so fast that the little sheets of spray where they struck the water could be plainly seen by the ships, and those on board realized that the enemy was in force, and began a terrific cannonade. Hoping that the ships would be able to check the enemy's fire, we worked on in the boats until we brought the cable to the surface. The ships were now searching out the country with shell and shrapnel. All along the ridge and down its sides our projectiles were falling, shattering the rocks, bursting, and sending the fragments into the air in clouds of dust. Over our heads the *Nashville* was throwing shrapnel about the trenches. Still the enemy's fire increased, most of the bullets falling between the launches and the steam-

cutters, which lay a hundred and fifty yards to the eastward and outside the reefs. After getting a rope under the cable and securing it, I stood up in the boat and made a rapid survey of the situation. Anderson and his men were still working hard in their boat, a little to seaward of the *Nashville's*. Just then I saw a marine in the *Marblehead's* steam-cutter fall, shot through the head. Turning in the direction of Anderson's boat, I saw one of the men drop, struck by a Mauser bullet. As I faced the shore to look at the trenches, a seaman, Robert Volz, standing in the stern-sheets of my boat, collapsed, then struggled to his feet, and immediately after sank in the bottom of the boat, a gaping wound six inches long in his head, two bullet-holes through his body, and a bullet in his shoulder, probably the result of machine-gun fire. Had the gun been depressed a little more, hardly a man in the boat would have escaped being hit. This man lived, and ten days later, while the *Nashville* was at Key West, he ran away from the hospital on shore, came off to the ship in one of our boats, and reported.

The enemy's fire was now very hot; the Mauser bullets could be heard making a peculiar snapping noise as they struck the water all about the boats. The enemy was using a field-piece in the direction of the lighthouse, and also machine-guns. It was evident that we could do no work under such conditions, and I ordered the men in the launches to cease work and to open with their rifles. We directed our efforts against the trenches, hoping to demoralize the enemy located there. They were within easy pistol-range, and I began firing with my revolver. The ships were now at work furiously, but the Mauser bullets continued to hit the boats and the water about them in undiminished numbers. The ships could not check the enemy's fire.

As we had accomplished what we had gone in to do, and as the small cable was of little importance, I ordered the steam-cutters to stand by to take the launches in tow, and ordered the crews of the launches to man their oars to pull the boats clear of the breakers. The men were perfectly cool and showed no sign whatever of fear or uneasiness. The men not engaged in getting out the oars continued their fire. I myself had replaced my revolver by a rifle.

While standing in the boat and reaching for a rifle which one of the men had loaded for me, I was struck in the left hand by a Mauser bullet, which passed through the

joint of one finger and scored two other fingers. The wounds were only momentarily painful, and after wrapping a handkerchief around my hand, I continued firing. The launches pulled slowly out against the sea, replying as they retreated. Ensign Magruder brought the steam-cutters in promptly and skilfully; his boat was struck, but fortunately none of the crew was injured. The *Marblehead's* launch, in tow of the steam-cutter, got away first, and turning to the westward, headed for that vessel, passing within easy range of the enemy occupying the lighthouse. The bullets could be seen plowing up the water about the *Marblehead's* boats, hitting the launch many times and badly wounding five of the crew. The *Nashville's* boats came out last and headed to the southward, making slow progress against the head sea, still engaged, and under hot fire from the enemy.

Commander Maynard had been struck by a piece of a Mauser bullet, and the *Nashville*, temporarily commanded by her executive officer, Lieutenant A. C. Dillingham, steamed from the eastward close along the reefs, giving shelter to the boats as she passed between them and the enemy, and receiving the fire to which they would otherwise have been subjected. After the *Nashville* had given the launch a line, she turned slowly to the southward, the launch towing on the port side. As she swung around, the launch again came under fire, and remained under fire until out of range, parting the tow-line twice as she plunged into the head sea while being towed out. After seeing the men out of the launch, I went to the bridge, expecting to steam in and open again on the enemy; but as we had begun to hoist our boats, we could not go, and I ordered the revenue cutter *Windom*, under Captain McGuire, a veteran of the Civil War, to report to the *Marblehead*. That vessel was still firing, and as the enemy had been seen sheltered behind the lighthouse, which, up to this time, had been spared, the *Marblehead* was compelled to make the lighthouse her target, the little *Windom* steaming in to close range and taking part in this bombardment.

From the bridge of the *Nashville* we watched the *Marblehead's* gun practice. The accuracy of her fire bore tribute to the untiring energy of Commander McCalla in bringing his crew to so high a state of efficiency and marksmanship. The dwelling-house of the lighthouse-keeper was riddled with shells, some of them bursting within and some beyond. It is probable that not a

Spanish soldier there escaped. The tower of the lighthouse was cut through by shell after shell, almost with the accuracy of a saw. Falling, it demolished all that was left of the light-keeper's dwelling, leaving nothing but a heap of stone and mortar.

At twenty minutes past eleven the firing had ceased, and the ships stood offshore to the southward and westward. On board the *Nashville*, the captain, Ensign Snow, and Pay-Clerk Southgate, and many of the men had been struck by spent bullets or fragments of bullets, but not one of them was seriously injured.

The boats went in a little before seven o'clock, and did not return to their ships until 10:13. They were exposed to the fire of the enemy for more than three hours, and were under very hot fire at close range for more than half an hour. It seems remarkable that there should have been so few casualties. One man was killed, one man mortally wounded, six men were severely wounded, and one officer was slightly wounded. The boats were frequently struck inside and out, and the *Nashville* had the marks of bullets from her water-line to the top of her smoke-pipes. The enemy suffered severely, for the bombardment by the ships was terrific.

A few days after the fight we communicated with the insurgents, who were in close touch with Cienfuegos, and from them we learned that the loss of the enemy had been three hundred killed and wounded. This estimate is probably fairly correct, as the Spaniards, believing that we were trying to effect a landing to capture Cienfuegos, had marched a regiment to the coast, and had fifteen hundred men in the engagement.

The ships had previously dragged for the cables, but could not find them. In my opinion, they might have dragged until the end of the war without finding them. The cables could not have been cut at night, for they could not have been seen on the bottom, and the ships in the darkness could not have protected the boats. Under the search-light, the boats would have been an easy target for the enemy. To cut the enemy's lines of communication is always important and, from a military point of view, worth the expenditure of life. This expedition, while dangerous, was by no means a forlorn hope, and the object to be accomplished warranted the risk to life. That more lives were not lost was due to a protection more potent than that afforded by man—the protection which God gives to those who fight in a righteous cause.

BRITISH EXPERIENCE IN THE GOVERNMENT OF COLONIES.

BY JAMES BRYCE,

Author of "The American Commonwealth," etc.



YEAR ago few things seemed less probable than that the United States would become the mistress of colonies. Now, however (November, 1898), three pieces of foreign territory, lying far distant each from the others, have come under the control of the republic, and two, at least, of them will have to be administered as colonies, since few will venture to propose that they should be incorporated with the Federal Union. The problems which their administration will present are for the United States virtually new problems, on which neither the cases of the various Western Territories which have, with four exceptions, become States, nor the case of Alaska with its handful of savage Indians, throw much light. My friend the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE conceives that in these circumstances the colonial experience of Britain and of other European countries may be serviceable to American readers, and that some observations upon that experience will have interest for Americans. At his request I send a few such observations. Let it not be supposed that what follows is intended to convey an opinion favorable to the acquisition by the United States of the territories recently conquered from Spain. Were I a citizen of the United States, I should be among those who are opposing their annexation. But as it seems now probable that they will be annexed, this article is meant merely to embody suggestions which may be of interest if annexation takes place.

Most of the European states have tried their hands at colonization; but only four have done so during any lengthened period, and of those four two have made portentous failures. Spain and Portugal were first in the field, and each of them acquired vast and wealthy domains. They divided South America between them, and in addition Portugal had large parts of eastern and of western tropical Africa, as well as flourishing establishments in India and Ceylon, while Spain had Mexico and the Philippine Islands.

Spain has now lost all these territories, some by war to Holland, Britain, and the United States, some by the revolt of her own colonists. Portugal, too, has lost all her foreign possessions except the island of Madeira and parts of tropical Africa, with a few decaying stations in western India. Neither Spain nor Portugal gained by these transoceanic dominions, after the first few years during which the process of exploration and conquest stimulated the spirit of the nation. It would rather seem that both Spain and Portugal suffered at home from their possessions abroad, which drained their strength and may have tended to demoralize their public life. On the other hand, Holland and England have succeeded. Of France and Germany it is still too soon to speak; their experience is too short.

Thus there is no general presumption in favor of the view, now so common in Europe, that colonies are in themselves a blessing. Like many other things, they are good or bad as they are used. Everything depends on the nature of the colony itself and on the way in which it is managed.

TEMPERATE, SUBTROPICAL, AND TROPICAL COLONIES.

LET us begin by distinguishing three different kinds of colonies. The distinction will be grounded on climate, but it will be found to correspond to an important distinction in race, and to another, not less important, in government.

These three kinds of colonies are the temperate, the subtropical, and the tropical. A temperate colony is one in which the race of the mother-land can live and thrive and bring up healthy children, not needing to recruit from home the vigor of the transplanted stock, and one in which that race can do the same sort of open-air labor that it did at home. In a subtropical colony, on the other hand, the colonizing race, though it can live and maintain itself from generation to generation in health, cannot do hard and continuous work. In a typical tropical colony the incoming European race is

forbidden by the heat not only to support open-air labor, but also to retain its original robustness of mind and body. If it propagates itself in the new home, it becomes enfeebled and weakly. Not that every colony within the tropics is to be deemed to belong to the type or class thus designated. The Hawaiian Islands, for instance, though they lie south of the tropic of Cancer, are so far favored by their oceanic position as to be a healthful dwelling-place for Americans and Englishmen; and the same remark applies to parts of the high inland plateau of South Africa, situated north of the tropic of Capricorn. Both these places are to be classed as subtropical, because, though they are too hot for a North European race to labor in, they are not too hot, so far as our present experience goes, for it to thrive in physically.

These climatic conditions determine the nature of the population each kind of colony will maintain. The temperate colonies are the natural home of the European races, and have been now completely occupied, though not completely filled, by those races. The Russians have taken northern Asia. They already outnumber the aboriginal races in Siberia, and will soon begin to settle on the Lower Amur and in Manchuria. The Anglo-American and French races, with a good many Irishmen and Germans, have occupied North America. The Spaniards, with an admixture of Italians and Germans, have in the Southern Hemisphere obtained the cooler parts of South America, while the English have taken Australasia. In all these countries the great mass of the population either now is or soon will be European, and accordingly has or will develop a European type of civilization, with institutions similar to, or at any rate on the same grade of civilization as, those which exist in the mother-land.

The colonies we have called subtropical will, on the other hand, have a population mainly, or at any rate largely, composed of non-European races. Since the class which does the manual labor of a country is usually the most numerous and is also the poorest, and since in these hot regions the European immigrants will leave that manual labor, or at least the outdoor part of it, to a race better able to stand heat and malaria, the industrial substratum of the population will be of a different blood and will belong to a lower type of civilization. Thus the inhabitants of the country will be divided, probably sharply divided, into at least two masses, the highly civilized but comparatively small upper class and the larger body of working

people. In most of such regions this population is native to the soil, though sometimes it has been brought from beyond the sea, as the African negroes were brought to Cuba, the Indian coolies to Natal, the Chinese and Japanese to Hawaii; and in nearly all subtropical regions it is of a different color and a different religion from the color and religion of the European immigrants. Instances are to hand in Cape Colony, where the Kaffirs outnumber the Anglo-Dutch whites, in the northern parts of Australia, and in Peru and Bolivia (which I reckon as subtropical in respect of the cool climate of their elevated plateau), where the native Indians remain distinct from the Spanish invaders.

When we come to the typical tropical colonies, such as central Africa, Madagascar, northern and eastern South America, British India (which for our present purpose may be reckoned as a colony), Java, Borneo, and the Philippine Islands, we find the same phenomena of race distinction in a more marked form. Here the European immigrants are comparatively few, while the native or colored population is enormous, and its type of civilization, except in parts of India, is low. Here, therefore, the separation of the small body of civilized men from the large body of savage or semi-civilized men—in all the above cases of a different color—is sharp, and not likely to be effaced. Here the immigrant white population, at least if it be of North European stock, *i. e.*, British, Dutch, German, French, (Anglo-) North American, has no sense of being domesticated, but looks upon its motherland as its true home, and the natives about it as strangers.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON GOVERNMENT.

Now let us see what light these characteristics of the three types of colonies throw on the kind of government which is fit for each. The temperate colonies, being peopled by men accustomed to a civilized administration at home, and to governments more or less constitutional, or at any rate regular, are capable of receiving and working institutions similar to those under which they lived at home. Naturally they carry these institutions with them to the new country. The Spaniards, when they conquered Mexico (the northern part of the plateau of which has a temperate climate, and might, but for the existence of an aboriginal population, have become a purely Spanish country), set up there the whole apparatus of their monarchical government, as well as their monastic

orders and their Inquisition. The English, when they settled in Virginia and Massachusetts, reproduced the local organization of English counties and townships, and followed the rules of English law. More recently, in Canada, in Australia, and in New Zealand, they have adhered to the same plan, going, indeed, even further, for it has now become a settled maxim of British policy that every colony where the English race constitutes the bulk of the population ought from the first to receive local self-government, and ought to have an elective legislature and a ministry responsible thereto as soon as the citizens have become numerous enough to work such a system. Britain has now two such self-governing colonies in North America (one of them a federation with eight component provinces) and seven in Australasia. All these communities have the complete control of their own domestic affairs, for the veto of the crown on legislation is very rarely used, so that the mother-country is entirely relieved of responsibility for their internal administration, and is concerned only with their defense and their relations, as parts of the British empire, with foreign powers. Except for the purposes of defense, Britain spends no money on them, and she draws no revenue from them. Nor has she even any preference in their markets, unless they choose to give it to her, for each colony frames its own tariff, and may impose what duties it pleases on the exports of the mother-country or of other colonies.

This system, which Britain has followed for more than sixty years, applying it to one after another of her great temperate colonies, as each in turn became populous enough to receive a legislature and a cabinet, has two eminent merits. One is that the Parliament and executive at home are relieved of the enormous difficulties which would be involved in any attempt to govern, from a vast distance, large bodies of intelligent and high-spirited citizens of their own race. The other is that these self-governing colonies, valuing their freedom, feeling that their fortunes are in their own hands, and appreciating the advantages of imperial protection, continue attached to the mother-country, and have, up to the present moment, belied the predictions of those who thought that local autonomy would be only a transient prelude to political separation.

No other European country, except Russia, possesses any temperate colonies. Russia has in Siberia and the Amur regions an immense area, much of which is too cold and

barren, some part of which too rugged, to be fit for settlement by civilized man, but much of which, although inclement in winter, is fertile enough to support a large industrial population. She is now sending to it swarms of peasants from Europe, who are occupying the better lands, and will before long form a huge community. Being despotically governed, she has not, like Britain, given to the Siberians any representative institutions, but rules them by governors sent from home. She has not as yet experienced any special difficulties in ruling them, because the people are submissive, the population is not dense enough to combine even if disaffected, there are no enemies on the frontiers, and the country is continuous with European Russia, from which it is divided only by the low chain of the Ural Mountains. Siberia is, in fact, an eastward prolongation of older Russia, just as the Pacific States are a westward prolongation of the older United States. Like the American West, the Russian East was the patrimony of barbarous tribes; but, as in the American West, these tribes were so small in number and backward in culture that they have not prevented the country from being substantially the same as the older land whence the settlers came. In Siberia the native tribes are being Russified and absorbed. In the Pacific States they are disappearing. In both cases the population is virtually identical on both sides of the mountains, so that the problems Siberia presents are not, any more than those of the Pacific coast, colonial problems in the ordinary sense of the word.

So much, then, for temperate colonies. We have seen that both England and Russia find them easy to manage. We know that both to England and to Russia they are valuable as an outlet for the overflow of a constantly growing population, as an increasing market for home goods (though, in the English case, a market equally open to foreign competitors), and as a possible reserve of military strength. Against these advantages must be set the liability to defend vast territories. But this liability is slight in the case of Siberia, which has deserts and a feeble neighbor on her only land frontier, and it is reduced in the case of the British colonies by the fact that all of them, except Canada, are insular or (like Cape Colony) quasi-insular, and therefore do not need a large land force for their protection.

In the subtropical and tropical colonies the problems of government will obviously be different, because in them we find, not one

race homogeneous with that of the motherland, but two or more races, a European or white and a native (probably colored) race, the latter forming the majority (in tropical colonies the vast majority) of the population, and being already in occupation of the agricultural and pastoral land. The relations of the upper to the lower race necessarily raise many difficult questions. I will name some of those which have arisen in India, in the West Indies, in South Africa, and in Algeria.

How are the social relations of the whites with the native or colored race to be adjusted? Is intermarriage to be permitted or forbidden? Is social intercourse to be encouraged or repressed? Are both races to be alike admissible to the same kinds of public functions? May both alike move freely about where they will?

THE SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS RELATIONS OF SUBJECT RACES.

How are the religions of the natives to be treated? Are they to receive the same recognition that Christianity does? Where they sanction immoral or offensive customs, are those customs to be tolerated? In India the British power has stopped the suttee, or self-immolation of widows, has fought against infanticide, and is gradually trying to check the practice of infant marriage. Polygamy, however, has not been interfered with. In South Africa some of the more disgusting religious rites of the Kaffirs have been forbidden. All these interferences, however, excite native antagonism, and may be dangerous. In Mussulman countries the religious devotees are sometimes preachers of sedition, and need to be strictly looked after. So in some countries do the wizards. How far may the principle of religious liberty be invoked on behalf of sects or castes which, though primarily religious, are to the eye of civilized man actually or possibly noxious? And how far are Christian missionaries or the zealots of any one native faith, where there are several, to be allowed the same full freedom of action which might properly be allowed in England or France?

PROBLEMS OF ADMINISTRATION.

THE disposal and management of land in a country already peopled often gives rise to trouble. European settlers want land and want to eject natives from it, the natives usually cultivating or pasturing more than the absolute needs of the tribe demand. Or if the land is, as in most parts of India, already occupied by a dense population, the

difficulty arises of ascertaining and applying the land customs of the country, and of knowing how far the government ought to enforce its rights to rent or land-tax. Oriental empires have usually been "run" on the single-tax principle, and have not found it so simple or easy to work as it looks in theory.

Closely connected with land questions are revenue questions. The rude methods of semi-civilized countries do not suit a European government, which finds itself perplexed between its civilized notions and the difficulty of applying them to people whom they do not suit. Direct taxation is often impracticable. Indirect taxation is apt to bear severely on the poor. Sometimes it is ignorantly pressed to a point at which it provokes rebellion. Barbarous countries need capital for their development; but as they are also poor countries, government is hard pressed to find the capital. The impulse of a civilized government is to construct irrigation works and reclaim waste lands and build railways; but when it does, it usually finds itself before long in financial embarrassments, and the mother-country may have to come to the rescue. So, again, the wish of a civilized government is to educate its subjects. But how are barbarous races, or even semi-civilized heathens or Mussulmans, like those of Algeria or the Malays of Borneo, to be educated? How is the cost of elementary education in India or South Africa to be defrayed?

The law under which a people live is the natural expression and product of their intellectual, moral, and social gifts and habits, whence it follows that the same law cannot suit two races in very different stages of progress. Thus where such races dwell together, the government has to choose between the objections to applying to the uncivilized the law that fits the civilized, and the objections to maintaining two diverse systems of law, with perhaps two sets of courts to administer them. Take the fundamental question of the preservation of social and political order. The law of England permits wide liberty to the citizen in the way of public meetings, of free speech, of a free press, of the carrying of arms. It encourages men to enroll themselves in volunteer corps for the defense of the country. All these liberties have been carried to and are enjoyed in the temperate self-governing colonies. But it does not follow that these liberties are equally fit to be granted to the negroes of Jamaica or the natives of India. In India, for instance, there is a species of press censorship. The law of sedition is

stricter than in England. Natives are not permitted to arm and drill as volunteers. In Cape Colony some disabilities restrictive of personal freedom have been imposed on the colored people, and in the two Dutch republics of South Africa there exist similar but more severe restrictions. The educated part of the native population in India and in South Africa resents these disabilities, and they are repugnant to the sentiment of British Liberals; but those who are primarily responsible for the administration of India and South Africa insist that public order demands them.

Similar difficulties arise in the military sphere. The natural defense of a country is in a militia or regular army formed of its inhabitants. But in tropical colonies there are seldom enough white men to form such a militia or army, and it might be dangerous to form it from natives. In India the British government, though it has a pretty large native army, keeps the higher posts in the hands of European officers, and, warned by the experience of the mutiny of 1857, maintains a large European army, which is a safeguard against any revolt by the native forces. Accordingly, Britain and France are obliged to garrison their tropical colonies partly, at least, with European troops, who suffer severely from the climate. The recruits whom Britain enlists know that they may have to serve in India or Hong-Kong or the West Indies. But the French conscript, who is forced into the ranks, hates being sent to a tropical climate, and the outburst of fury over the Tongking disaster some years ago among the French was largely due to the fact that it was a part of the national citizen army that had perished there.

These are all problems of administration which arise irrespective of the form of government which the colony has received. But greater than all, and affecting them all, is the problem of the government itself. Is it to be popular or despotic? If popular, it must be representative; and if representative, who is to be eligible for a seat in the legislature, and who are to enjoy the electoral suffrage, and how far is the executive, constituted by popular election or dependent on the confidence of the local legislature, to be responsible to the local legislature only, with no interference by the executive or legislature of the mother-country? This point is of so much consequence as to deserve a fuller discussion.

To see what kind of government a non-temperate colony is fit to receive, let us re-

vert to the distinction already drawn between tropical and subtropical territories. In the latter there is, or at least there may be, a civilized European population sufficiently large to form a respectable percentage in the total population. Its ratio to that total may even rise to that borne, in a country like England or France, by the upper class, the middle class, and the skilled portion of the working class, all taken together, to the whole nation, *i. e.*, a proportion ranging from twenty-five or thirty to thirty-five per cent. It may, however, be much smaller. Take the best instances of subtropical colonies, British South Africa and Algeria. In Cape Colony the European (Anglo-Dutch) element is about 380,000, against 1,200,000 colored people. In Natal it is only ten per cent. In the parts of British territory which lie still farther north it is even smaller. In Algeria the "European" population¹ (French, Spanish, Italian, German, with Maltese and Jews) is roughly about fourteen per cent. of the whole, and reaches half a million. But in tropical colonies the proportion of Europeans is very much smaller. In India or the West Indies or Ceylon or Fiji, or in Tongking or Madagascar, or in the Congo State or German East Africa, the pure Europeans are only a few drops in a native ocean, hardly a larger proportion of the whole than college professors are in the United States, or fellows of the various learned societies are in England. Accordingly, the conditions for self-government are utterly different in these two sets of colonies. In some at least of the subtropical there is a body of civilized men large enough to work representative institutions. If in such colonies all the natives had votes, and used them, and combined in using them, the Europeans would no doubt be swamped. But in Cape Colony very few natives have the suffrage, in Natal scarcely any, so the Europeans enjoy all the power. In Algeria, though native Mussulmans are allowed some small share in government and administration, it is French voters and French officials who really rule. It is, therefore, possible to have a species of representative self-government in these subtropical territories. True, it is not a government by the whole people, *i. e.*, by the inhabitants generally. It is government by the European minority only, yet so far as this European part goes, and when viewed from the side of the mother-country, it is self-govern-

¹ The French (not counting the army) constitute about half the total number reckoned as European or non-Mussulman, the rest being mostly Spaniards or Italians.

ment. Cape Colony and Natal have as much autonomy as Canada or South Australia, though the latter two are pure democracies, while the former two are qualified democracies, where power resides in the upper (*i. e.*, the white) classes. Similarly, that which is true democracy in France, with its system of universal suffrage, becomes a very different thing in Algeria, where the European minority rules.¹

How, then, are the true tropical colonies, such as Ceylon or Tongking, to be governed? If representative self-government is to be granted to them, it must be in one of two ways. One is to bestow a suffrage wide enough to embrace the natives, or the upper class among them. The other is to restrict the suffrage to the Europeans. The objection to the former course is that the natives are not fit for the suffrage, since even the upper class among them is totally devoid of political knowledge and political experience. The objection to the latter alternative is that the Europeans are too few, not only in proportion to the whole population, but too few absolutely. In Ceylon, for instance, there are, besides officials, only some tea-planters or cinchona-growers, with several missionaries scattered through the country and a handful of merchants at the seaports—in all about six thousand Englishmen. It would be absurd to intrust political power to an assembly elected by such a constituency. The same thing is true of all the tropical colonies of Britain. In some, however, a qualified form of representation has been tried. Jamaica had at one time an elective legislative assembly with some real power. It expressed the sentiment of the planter class, was found to increase the difficulty of securing peace and good feeling between whites and blacks, and was abolished some thirty-three years ago with general approval.² In India the experiment has been tried of creating elective municipalities in some of the larger cities, and so training the natives to local self-government; for it is the honest wish of the British authorities to intrust to the people as much power as they can use well. But this experiment has not, so far, save perhaps in Bombay (a city exceptional in the character of its population), justified the hopes of its first advocates.

The English have accordingly abandoned the notion of applying self-government to their tropical dominions. They have been driven to invent other systems, and of these there is a great variety.

One plan is to permit an incorporated company to acquire and rule territory, subject, of course, to the ultimate control of the crown and Parliament. Thus the British South Africa Company and the Royal Niger Company administer extensive regions in Africa, as does the North Borneo Company in the greatest isle of the East. Another is to proclaim a protectorate over territories for the administration of which the country does not desire to become directly responsible. Protectorates are under the control, not of the Colonial, but of the Foreign Office or the India Office; and large tracts of Africa have been left in this legal position, the native chiefs retaining, as vassals of the British crown, power over their tribes. Over and above these, and excluding the eleven self-governing colonies, there remain twenty-nine other governments, all controlled from Britain, besides India, far larger and more populous than the twenty-nine taken together. In all of these there is a government from home the power of which is in the last resort absolute. But in many there are also local legislative councils. In some these councils are nominated by the crown, a scheme which indirectly checks the governor by requiring him to listen to advice before he acts, though his advisers have no weight of representative authority behind them. In others the council is partly nominated, partly elective. It has then somewhat more independence; but in all or nearly all of these colonies the nominated or ex-officio members form a majority, so that the governor can usually prevail; and in most colonies the crown has reserved the right to legislate, by means of what is called an order in Council, over the head of the local legislative council. Finally, there are a few colonies in which there is no local council at all. Thus it appears that in all these colonies—and the same remark applies to India—the home methods of self-government have been rejected as unsuitable, and supreme authority has been concentrated in the hands of a minister in London and his lieutenant, the local colonial governor. This is a principle or rule of policy on which there is no difference of opinion in Great Britain. Some politicians are disposed to go further than others in the direction of extending representative institutions, of a very limited and strictly guarded kind, to local

¹ Algeria is, of course, not a colony in the same sense as the Cape or Natal; it is for many purposes rather a transmarine part of France, as Siberia is a transmontane part of Russia.

² Barbados has representative but not responsible government, the crown possessing a veto on legislation.

communities in India; but all politicians are agreed that British forms of self-government could not safely be introduced either among the negroes in the West Indies and South Africa, or among the Malays of the Eastern Archipelago, or among the more civilized races of India. No English statesman would try any such experiment as was tried in America when after the War of Secession full rights of suffrage were conferred on the lately emancipated colored people of the South.

What, then, it may well be asked, is done to prevent those abuses of power by governors, and those mistakes by the colonial minister at home, which may naturally be expected from the autocracy permitted to the former and the ignorance often inevitable in the latter? The British safeguard against these faults has been found in the creation of a special colonial service and an experienced colonial office. When we had those North American colonies which we lost in A. D. 1776, we did not need a regular service for their administration, because they were self-governing, and comparatively few officials were sent from home to posts in them. So to-day we send out to our nine temperate and our two subtropical self-governing colonies only their governors, and virtually no other imperial officers. But the growth in number, population, and wealth of our tropical crown colonies within the last hundred years has created a vast number of posts, the higher among which are sufficiently dignified and well paid to make colonial service a professional career, and to induce men of ability to enter it. It is not a close service; that is to say, a man may now and then be given a good place in the upper grades without having passed through the lower grades, and the legal posts in particular are usually bestowed upon men taken from the bar at home. But it is in so far a regular service that the large majority of the places are filled by men who have made this kind of work their career in life, and have been trained by lower functions for higher ones. Thus the colonies gain in two ways. Their governors are men of long political experience, brought up in the traditions of policy which the profession has formed and which it imparts to those who enter it. They are also men who (except the few occupying the very best places) look forward to further promotion, and have, therefore, the strongest motives for good behavior. Accordingly, it is extremely rare for a governor to be accused of corruption or misuse of power for any sordid personal end. Mistakes are of

course sometimes made, but the service as a whole maintains a high level of good sense and efficiency, as well as of honor.

The Colonial Office at home is recruited by competitive examination, like most departments of our public service, although now and then a man is brought in from outside to fill a post for which special legal knowledge is needed. It is the repository of the experience and the traditions of several generations, and has accumulated a stock of precedents, and a mass of special knowledge regarding the history and conditions of each colony, of the greatest utility for practical purposes. It knows the character, aptitude, and record of every important official serving abroad, and is able, or ought to be able, to advise him, to check him, to estimate aright the reports which he sends home, and the weight due to his advice. The Colonial Office in London, like the colonial officials abroad, is entirely outside party politics. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, who is at the head of it, is of course a party politician, but the rest of the staff, whatever their personal sympathies or predilections, are not permitted to mix in party controversies.

The same methods, with, of course, some differences of detail, have been applied to the government of India. Though under a separate office, it is virtually a crown colony, the greatest of that class, and the one which gives Britain more anxiety and involves her in heavier responsibilities than all the other colonies put together. The India Office at home is a vast establishment, with a secretary of state and a council, composed chiefly of eminent ex-officials who have served in India. The Indian civil service has at its head a viceroy, three governors of presidencies, two lieutenant-governors of provinces, and several chief commissioners, below whom there is a very large staff of civilians, chosen in Britain by competitive examination. Many of the ablest young men from our universities enter the competition, and the level of ability secured is extremely high, as indeed it needs to be, considering the range and the gravity of the duties which an Indian civilian may be called to discharge before he is thirty years of age.

This is the system by which the English have been able to carry on successfully the despotic government which, as has been already explained, they are obliged to apply to their tropical colonies.¹ Without such a

¹ It is also applied to some subtropical territories, such as Cyprus and Malta, and to one or two temperate, such as the Falkland Islands, where the population is deemed too small for representative institutions.

system—without a regular Indian and colonial service, without a highly organized India office and colonial office in London—great abuses and frequent blunders would be inevitable. In the early days of the East India Company's administration in Bengal, shocking scandals did in fact occur. But for many years past the machinery just described, and the vigilant criticism of the House of Commons, to some member of which every one who thinks himself aggrieved by any governmental act done abroad may bring his complaints, have not only averted abuses, but produced a steady improvement in the administration of the outlying British empire.

The mention of the House of Commons suggests a difficulty which may probably have struck the reader's mind. Will not the interference of the House of Commons, a body in which few persons have personal knowledge of India or of the colonies, paralyze, or pervert and misdirect, the action of the India Office or the Colonial Office, as the case may be? Will not Indian or colonial officials, who see in it the ultimate depository of political power, try to please it rather than their official superiors, and intrigue with its influential members to obtain promotion or to secure some other personal end? Such things are quite conceivable, and would be very mischievous. But they scarcely ever happen, because the House of Commons has formed traditions and habits which forbid them. A minister for India and a minister for the colonies is a member of the cabinet, and is sure, unless he has committed some serious error, in which case he had better resign at once, to be supported by the whole cabinet and by the majority which it commands in the House of Commons. The house is, moreover, exceedingly chary of interfering in Indian or colonial administrative questions, because it recognizes its own incompetence to deal adequately with them. Instances, however, do sometimes occur in which it interferes. The cabinet may then, if it likes, modify its policy to suit the views of the house. It may, however, refuse to do so, and where it knows the house to be wrong, it ought to refuse. Two instances occurred in 1893-95, in which resolutions passed by the Commons on Indian questions were disregarded by the cabinet, the Secretary of State for India telling the house that, as it was mistaken, its opinion would not be followed. In both cases the house acquiesced. But the knowledge that any error in policy or any wrong to any person committed anywhere in the British

dominions can be brought up and discussed in Parliament is an invaluable check upon the wide discretionary power which Indian and colonial officials enjoy. The impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the debates on the conduct of the Jamaica planters during the antislavery agitation between 1820 and 1834, are among the most remarkable instances of the use to which the general oversight of Parliament can be put.

The best justification for the despotic system described is to be found in the administration of British India. That administration is no doubt in some respects imperfect. It is accused of extravagance in its public works, while giving scant encouragement to private enterprises for developing the country. It is rigid in its pressure on its subjects, and though it seeks to protect and educate the people, it is more feared than loved. But it is incomparably better than the administration of any subject territory by an alien and distant race of conquerors has ever been before. It has in particular attained three great objects. It has established perfect internal peace and security through a vast area, much of which is still inhabited by wild tribes; it has secured a perfectly just administration of the law, civil as well as criminal, between all races and castes; and it has imbued its officials with the feeling that their first duty is to do their best for the welfare of the natives, and to defend them against the rapacity of European adventurers. These things have been achieved by an efficiently organized civil service, inspired by high traditions, kept apart from British party politics, and standing quite outside the prejudices, jealousies, and superstitions which sway the native mind. Only through despotic methods could that have been done for India which the English have done.

PROBLEMS CONFRONTING THE UNITED STATES.

Now let me try to apply what has been said of the tropical dominions of Britain to the problems that confront the United States. Those problems are different in the Antilles, in Hawaii, and in the Philippine Islands, because the populations of these three groups are very unlike. Let us take the Philippines first. They belong to the class of tropical colonies, and they present in a conspicuous form all the phenomena which have been mentioned as rendering administration difficult and forbidding the establishment of the institutions fit for a temperate colony. The questions already enumerated are certain to arise and call for settlement.

There will be race questions, for the American conquerors find there four races—Spaniards, Chinese, Malays, and aboriginal Negritos. There will be land questions, for enterprising speculators will immediately seek to acquire and work estates and mines. There will be religious questions, for the Malays are mostly Mussulmans, and the Roman Catholic prelates and religious orders have enjoyed, and frequently abused, vast power. There will be questions of language and education, with questions of revenue, for the Spanish modes of taxation have been ineffective and their officials corrupt. There will be questions of order, for the Spaniards have not secured it even in the districts near the capital, while some of the islands are held by Mohammedan potentates said to be virtually independent. As respects government, the few Spaniards are scarcely fit to receive American institutions, while the Chinese and the vast mass of Malays are obviously unfit for any representative system whatever. Probably no task has been presented to the English in India or in any of their colonies during the last fifty years so difficult as that to which Americans will have to address themselves when they become responsible for these islands, with their area of one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles and their semi-savage and savage population of nearly eight millions. No enterprise of like magnitude or complexity has ever lain before the United States before, for when she purchased Louisiana, and again when she conquered vast territories from Mexico, the area acquired was almost empty, and all of it was a temperate region, fit to be peopled by the overflow of her own population and to receive her own institutions.

HOW ENGLAND WOULD PROBABLY PROCEED.

IN order to see what methods English experience would suggest to Americans as likely to succeed in the Philippines, let us suppose that not America, but Britain, had vanquished Spain, and was now being called upon to govern the new conquest. How would Britain proceed? Probably on some such lines as the following:

She would begin by selecting for governor the best man she could find among persons of Indian or colonial experience. She would give him wide powers, with a large salary, and would assign to him a staff of capable officers, the chief among them drawn from the Indian or colonial service, the juniors probably sent straight from home. Some political influence would doubtless be used

to secure appointments, but the minister responsible for the exercise of patronage would be too much alive to the consequences, for the islands and to himself, of sending out weak men to let political influence force weak men upon him. The appointments would be permanent, except that of the governor and his chief secretary, who would probably be named for five years, the usual term in Indian appointments.

A grant of money from the imperial exchequer would be made, because the local revenues, mismanaged by Spain, would not suffice to defray the expenses of setting up a new administration. There would be grumbling in the House of Commons, but the expenditure could not be avoided, and might for some time, especially if armed resistance occurred, continue to be heavy. Besides the force of British or British-Indian troops which would be sent, a local force would be raised, probably of Chinese, and would be officered by Englishmen, as we now officer the regiments of the Egyptian army. Surveys would be begun, roads constructed, railways planned. A commission would investigate native land customs, and devise methods for levying land revenue and for taxation generally; and efforts would be made to ascertain the nature of the village communities, so as to build upon them a system of local government. The police—for it is to be supposed that the Spanish government has had some sort of police—would be reformed, and placed under a British chief; and in course of time the more settled regions would be divided up and allotted to district commissioners with, probably, some judicial as well as executive authority. For the Spaniards, Spanish law would in the first instance remain; but as the whole Spanish population is reported to be only about ten thousand, it might in the long run be superseded by English. Native customs would be respected as far as possible. The courts would probably be remodeled, but native usages would when possible be respected, while the Roman Catholic Church, though not despoiled of her great wealth, could not be suffered to retain privileges prejudicial to the public or inconsistent with religious freedom.

In settling a financial policy much would, of course, depend on the resources which the country might be found to possess and the sources whence revenue could be drawn. The levying of import duties could scarcely be avoided, since these are the easiest mode of raising money in new countries, unaccustomed to direct taxation, and in which the

difficulty and expense of collecting direct imposts are serious. But there would be no differential duties in favor of Britain or her colonies. The products of all countries would be admitted on equal terms, the tariff being fixed as low as considerations of revenue might permit, with the object of encouraging trade and accelerating the development of the country. Lotteries, a main source of revenue under Spanish rule, would be promptly extinguished, and an effort might probably be made to restrict or stop the sale of drink to the natives.

As regards government, much would depend on the capacities which the population, Spanish, mixed, and native, was found to possess. But it may be conjectured that at first the governor would receive a wide executive power, limited only by the provisions of the orders in Council which would be framed and enacted in England for his guidance and that of the officials generally. Then, after a little, a legislative council would be set up, consisting in the first instance of the chief officials and of a few nominated members, persons of weight and note who could fitly express the views of the various sections of the community. For example, one or two of the resident British, American, and German merchants would be placed on it, one or two Spaniards, possibly a Chinese merchant, probably one or two of the most intelligent and influential natives. Such a council would not be suffered to check the government, but it might furnish a useful means of bringing it into touch with the sentiments and wishes of the inhabitants generally, and in course of time it would probably be developed into a partly representative body.

How Englishmen would have dealt with the problems of government in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, had these islands fallen into their hands, is more difficult to conjecture and to explain, for the much larger white population in the former two, and the relatively large number of intelligent white men from free countries (Americans, English, and Germans) in the latter, suggest arrangements different from those which would suit the Philippines, and more complex. I must not, however, in the space that remains to me, attempt to enter on these interesting and intricate questions. It is, moreover, possible, though hardly probable, that the United States will leave Cuba to her own devices, which are likely to mean a career resembling that of Guatemala or Venezuela.

Britain has had no colonial possessions to

deal with precisely resembling any of those which the United States is now acquiring. North Borneo and Sarawak, which are least dissimilar to the Philippines, have a European and mixed population much smaller than that of the latter isles. North Borneo is managed by a British company, which has hitherto been more occupied with commerce than with exploration or administration, and its inhabitants have been less troublesome than the Filipinos seem likely to prove. No tropical region which we have conquered has had so large a population of European race as Cuba, nor one so difficult to govern either on the despotic principle or through representative institutions. Our experience is, therefore, not directly in point as regards either the Philippines or the Antilles. Nevertheless, the history of British rule as well in India as in the tropical colonies, the experiments Britain has tried, the errors she has had to regret, do suggest certain maxims as fit to be pondered by a free, civilized, Christian state undertaking to rule and develop barbarous regions which have hitherto been mismanaged as the Philippines have been. If we were asked to state such maxims, most of us would do so in the following way.

RADICAL CHANGES NOT ADVISABLE.

Go softly, go warily. Before launching out into large schemes of administration or economic reform, take care to ascertain the facts as fully and accurately as possible. (Most of our blunders in India have been due to insufficient information, producing incorrect views.) Let the facts be ascertained by men specially qualified—by scientific observers, by experienced travelers, by practical economists. Ordinary politicians are ill fitted for such investigations. Politicians are, indeed, not the men to send to these new countries at all: their habits of thought and action are out of place.

The less the existing arrangements are at first disturbed, the better. The old officials may be bad, but they have a sort of knowledge which the best stranger cannot at once acquire, and it is not well to "make a clean sweep" forthwith. The present native authorities, local chiefs or princes, may be used to keep order and collect revenue till the new government sees its way to changing them or dispensing with them. In India the English found it prudent to alter the administration of the Mogul sovereigns and of the native rajas very gradually. Some wise men think our Indian government has undertaken too much direct administration,

and that it would have been better to leave far more of the country under native rule, merely supervised by British officers. To begin by subduing the semi-independent Mohammedan sultans who reign in some of the Philippines might prove a troublesome business, as the Dutch have found their war with the Sultan of Achin, in Sumatra, a very long and costly affair. Our experience is that such potentates must in the long run be brought under control, but that they may be permitted to keep for a time their authority in a sort of loose vassalage.

A firm hand needs to be kept on white adventurers. Capital must, of course, be encouraged to flow in from civilized countries, and advantages offered to those who will develop the country, will drain and improve lands, work forests, open mines. But the European adventurer is almost certain to try to defraud or to oust the native. Quarrels follow, Europeans are maltreated, their expulsion or death must be punished, order is disturbed, the natives are alienated, and government becomes unpopular. In India, and in some parts of Africa, our imperial authorities keep a very tight hand on the speculative European who desires to exploit the native, and all sorts of facilities for playing tricks which at home come within the conception of "liberty" must in these new countries disappear before state necessity, lest worse mischiefs follow.

Continuity of policy is essential. Changes, of course, there must be, for experience is the best teacher, and no forethought can anticipate the difficulties which will need to be overcome by new expedients. But the general lines of policy ought to be adhered to, and the promises made carried out. Specially important is it that political changes at home should not cause changes in the colony, whether they be changes of men or of measures. The only instances in which the accession of a new British ministry has affected India have been where questions of frontier policy were concerned, and these are not purely Indian questions, but parts of the general foreign policy of the empire. Home politics should not be suffered to come into colonial administration at all, nor should political services at home be rewarded by colonial offices.¹

Neither should home notions be imported

into tropical colonies, always excepting those standards of honor, purity, justice, and humanity which are the best gifts a subject race can receive from its conquerors. To enforce these standards on all Europeans, official and non-official, is not only a duty, but the soundest policy, for it wins the respect and confidence of the natives. But European restrictions upon authority, European formalities in administration, the pedantic adherence to legal or official technicalities, impede progress in a new country. We hear from France and Germany that the French and still more the German colonies have suffered from these faults. The man who succeeds best is the man of initiative, the man free from preconceptions, who lets the character of the people and the conditions under which they live teach him and map out his course for him. It is to this type that the best of our pioneer governors have belonged. No country possesses a larger supply of such men than America does, though the public service of the country has heretofore provided comparatively little field for the display of their gifts.

Of the special problems which will arise under the provisions of the Constitution of the United States when the republic has undertaken the government of regions which cannot be turned into States, nor even into Territories; of the question how far the Malays of the Philippines, the Chinese and the Japanese of Hawaii, will be entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States; of the mode in which legislation will have to be enacted for these subject regions, I have left myself no room to speak here. In these matters Britain has the advantage of possessing in her legally omnipotent Parliament a means of overcoming any and every legal difficulty which can arise in any part of the Queen's dominions. But the ingenuity of American jurists, and that breadth of view which has always distinguished the Supreme Court, will no doubt prove equal to the untying of every knot. The United States is entering on a novel course, is essaying a difficult, though a splendid, experiment. Her efforts will be watched with interest by the whole world, and by us in Britain not with interest only, but also with a fraternal sympathy, and an earnest hope that they may, while benefiting her new subjects, do nothing to distract her attention from her internal problems, and raise no cloud that can trouble her domestic peace and prosperity.

¹ It must be admitted that the English do not invariably observe this maxim. There have been some instances to show the mischief of deviating from it.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S TOUR OF EUROPE.

IN SPAIN, ITALY, EGYPT, AND TURKEY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.



SOMETIME in the month of August, 1871, I was dining at the Arlington Hotel in Washington with Admiral James Alden and General Belknap, Secretary of War, when the former announced that he was to leave the Bureau of Details of the Navy Department on the 1st of October, to take command of the Mediterranean Squadron; that in November he was going out in the steam-frigate *Wabash*, and he invited me to go along. After a general conversation I asked the privilege of considering the proposition for a reasonable time, and Alden advised me to speak to the Secretary of the Navy, Robeson, who alone had a right to grant the privilege of any person going in a man-of-war.

I spoke to the secretary, and he promptly and frankly not only consented, but actually urged me to accept Alden's invitation. Subsequently I spoke to the President, General Grant, who also consented. All things seeming to favor my trip, I made the matter official. I then formally accepted the offer of Admiral Alden, and began the final preparations. On the sixteenth day of October Mrs. Sherman was summoned to the bedside of her father, the Hon. Thomas Ewing of Ohio, whither I followed. We remained at Lancaster, Ohio, till Mr. Ewing's death, which occurred in his own house, October 23, 1871, in the eighty-seventh year of life. He was a grand old man, of classic taste and wit, and one of the strongest lawyers in our country for many years prior to his death. After his funeral I returned to Washington.

It had been agreed previously that Colonel Audenried of my personal staff should accompany me. The President had also concluded to send his son Fred, a second lieutenant of the Fourth Cavalry, who had been summoned from Colorado, where he was employed on a railroad survey; so that my part of the expedition was to consist of myself, Colonel Audenried, and Fred Grant, and we were to embark at New York on Saturday, November 11. The *Wabash* did not make New York

till Monday, November 13, 1871, and did not actually sail until the following Friday, November 17, when we put to sea. She is a first-rate frigate, with a crew of about five hundred seamen, forty officers, and fifty marines. We passed the fleet of Admiral Rowan near Sandy Hook, waiting the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis, saluted the admiral, and passed directly out to sea. December 5 the *Wabash* dropped anchor at Funchal, in the Madeira Islands, where she remained until December 13, proceeding thence to Cadiz, December 20. The next day the party started on a trip to Seville and Jerez, returning in time to proceed with the *Wabash* on December 23.

GIBRALTAR, Sunday, December 24. About 4:30 P.M., with sails all furled and under steam, the *Wabash* approached the moat in Gibraltar Bay, near which the Channel fleet of six large iron steamers, under Admiral Hornby, had already anchored. A small boat came off with the health-officer, and as soon as he granted pratique, or the formal assent of the proper authority for communication with the shore, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the *Wabash* for the English flag, and was returned by the battery on shore, when Audenried, Grant, and I were hurried into the admiral's barge, and, after hasty adieus, pushed off. When a few yards off, the ship saluted me with seventeen guns, which salute was returned by the English admiral, doubtless in mistake, as a few minutes after it was corrected by a salute to him. We pulled in from the old moat, and had hardly time to get fairly into the town before the drawbridge was raised, which is always done at sunset.

We took up our quarters at the clubhouse hotel, and were given the same rooms which the Empress Eugénie had a few days ago. Soon our consul, Mr. Sprague, came, who had been off to the ship and followed us here, and told us that the *Wabash* was already off; so we had not detained her an hour. Much disappointment is expressed that Admiral Alden made so short a stay, or no stay at all. . . .

Last night was very cold, and I had a pretty bad turn of asthma, but was ready for breakfast at nine o'clock. The day was very beautiful indeed. While we were at breakfast, Captain de Winton of General Williams's staff called with a most flattering note from the general,¹ insisting on our taking luncheon with him at 2 P.M. and dinner at 8 P.M., both of which I accepted. General Bissett² also called, and I accepted his invitation for Christmas. After breakfast the consul took us on a long drive to the neutral ground outside the walls, then down through the town to Europa Point and as far as the road is built on the Mediterranean side, and back to our hotel, a most beautiful drive.

At 2 P.M. we repaired to the residence of General Williams, which he styles the "Convent," it having once been a convent, and were received by him in a very friendly manner, and presented to Mrs. de Winton, wife of his aide, Captain de Winton, who received his guests. A few minutes after dropped in Admirals Hornby and Campbell, both comparatively young men for their rank and command, and General Bissett and one or two others, making about a dozen in all. We sat down to a hot lunch, which might with propriety be called a dinner, in a large dining-room on the same floor with the drawing-room. Conversation was very free across the table, and after the lunch we all walked out into a handsome garden with flowers, oranges, lemons, palms, and other tropical trees, to witness the wreck of a fine old oak that had been blown down by a recent storm. We visited the dairy and poultry-yard, also his stables, and took our leave at 4:30 P.M. General Bissett conducted us by his quarters, and showed us through his house.

December 28. Preparing to return some calls, to wind up with a dinner at Sir Fenwick Williams's at 8 P.M., so as to put off to-morrow for Malaga. Monday, Christmas, we walked about the town of Gibraltar, it being a regular Sunday, rode with the consul, Mr. Sprague, and wound up with a fine dinner-party at Major-General Bissett's. Tuesday we visited the ironclad *Minotaur*, Admiral Hornby, and the *Hercules*, Captain Osborne, and we dined with the former on board the *Minotaur*; also rode with the consul to the village of San Roque, and his farm close by. The country is wonderfully like California near San Francisco. Wednesday, accompanied by Captains de

Winton and Lake, we visited the famous galleries, which are in two or three tiers, excavated out of solid rock like vast casemates. The rock of Gibraltar is nearly precipitous toward the east, or Mediterranean, and north toward Spain, and these galleries were made about the time of the great siege, looking north over the Peninsula, to give a plunging fire over the Spanish approaches. The highest gallery is about seven hundred feet above the water. The original Moorish castle and walls were built to guard the approach from Spain along the western face of the rock, which is less precipitous, whereon are built the town, docks, wharves, etc., and on which side is the harbor. Last night at 8 P.M. we took our final dinner and leave of General Williams, his chief officers, and their ladies. I made a promise to General Bissett to send him from Nice or Malta my Remington rifle, to be given by him to that one of his boys that promises to rival Colonel Gordon-Cumming as a hunter. General Bissett has property in South Africa, and says that some of his boys must eventually reside there.

GRANADA, January 1, 1872. On Friday last at 3 P.M. we rode to the water-port gate and wharf of Gibraltar, and in a heavy sea pulled to the Algeciras ferry-boat, which started punctually; owing to a heavy northwest wind, the boat had to keep along the shore of the bay; but we reached Algeciras, anchored, and went on shore in a small boat.

January 2. Yesterday seemed like a quiet Sunday in Granada, but to-day is the anniversary of the conquest of the city by Ferdinand and Isabella, and is observed as a universal holiday. All the people were flocking to the Alhambra. Audenried and I joined the crowd, entered the Alhambra by another gate, and found the interior court filled with people and a band in full blast. We walked about some time, and then passed into the citadel and to the bell-tower, on top of which we found a good many people, mostly young men and girls, who, by some tradition, assisted in ringing the bell, on the supposition that it will result in their marriage during that year. We watched them for some time, and there was some coquetry as the young girls approached to pull the bell, but all of them did it. There continued a large crowd of people going through the Alhambra and all parts of the interior, and we followed them everywhere, and then came back to our hotel. I now hear the bell ringing away, and out of my window can see hundreds of women and men, boys and girls, promenading the grove outside the Alhambra. The

¹ Governor-General Sir Fenwick Williams.

² Commanding general of the garrison.

ringing of the bell is to be kept up all day and night, by immemorial custom, in honor of the expulsion of the Moors. Everywhere we are besieged with beggars—old and young, sound and deformed. The day is extremely beautiful, just like our finest winter weather in San Francisco. We leave to-night at 2 A. M. for Cordova.

MADRID, January 5. We had telegraphed our coming to our secretary of legation, Mr. Adey, who met us at the depot with a carriage, and conducted us to the Hôtel de Rusia, where we are now quartered. To-day it rains and is otherwise uncomfortable, but we have managed to visit the Museum of Fine Arts, and then paid a visit to the family of our minister, General Sickles. The general himself was recently married in Madrid, and has gone to the United States on a visit, leaving his mother and daughter here in his house. These we saw, and accepted an invitation to dine with them and some of the Spanish grandees on Sunday night.

January 8. Yesterday, Sunday, the weather cleared off, and we walked about the city. As 2 P. M. was the hour appointed for us to visit the King and the Queen, our secretary of legation came for us at our hotel, and promptly at two we entered the palace interior court with our carriage, ascended by a large stairway to an apartment where we left our hats and military cloaks, and passed into a large, handsome room, the ceiling and walls finely frescoed, and some statues and pictures arranged about the walls. There were armed sentinels on the stairways, and officers on duty in the main reception-room. From this central hall we passed along a suite of similar rooms on the main or second floor of the palace, and in the end room were presented to a general who undertook to notify the King of our presence. In a few minutes we were ushered into what seemed his office, with books and a writing-table in the middle of the room. As we entered this room he rose and met me, and I presented Colonel Audenried and Lieutenant Grant. King Amadeo I is about twenty-six years old, plainly dressed, and not looking a bit like the traditional king—no ornament in dress or surroundings, as plain a young man as could be found anywhere. His appearance is not of a strong or marked character, his face and head narrow and high; but his admirers claim for him great intelligence, good morals, and great promise. He could not talk English, but spoke Spanish, in which I made my formal compliments; and since neither party could much

interest the other in conversation, we soon expressed our desire to see the Queen, which he communicated by an inner door, when we left him and passed back into the end hall, whence a door led into the Queen's apartments. We found her in a fine sitting-room, standing to receive us, plainly but neatly dressed, just like any American lady, with a bright, young, cheerful face, and she received us so gracefully that we were really more than pleased. I spoke to her in English, and she replied perfectly, but with that Italian accent that bespoke her nativity. She is spoken of with respect and affection by all classes, Spanish and foreign, and I surely think she must be a most accomplished lady. She told me she had two children, both boys, and I could not withhold the expression of my hearty wish that she and hers should live long in the enjoyment of royalty, or any other course that she might prefer. Of course we did not prolong the visit, but returned to the hotel in the way we came.

In the evening, at 7 P. M., we went to the minister's house, and dined with a most distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen. After dinner quite a company assembled, and dancing was in order. Fred and I remained until after midnight, and then came to our rooms, but Audenried stayed until after two. At Sickles's I met most of the cabinet, Admirals Topeta and Malcampo, the secretaries of state and treasury, and most of the celebrities of Madrid. To-day we propose to visit the armory, make some personal visits, and wind up the day and our visit to Madrid by attending the reception of the British minister, Mr. Layard. Although there is said to be some jealousy of our country on account of Cuba, I have seen none of it, but, on the contrary, the gentlemen speak of affairs in Cuba frankly, and generally critically of the recent shooting of the students at Havana by the captain-general, Valmaseda. To-morrow we will start toward France, spending a part of the day at the palace of the Escorial, about thirty miles from here.

BORDEAUX, Thursday, January 11. On Tuesday morning at eight we left Madrid by cars for the Escorial. The day was windy, but bright and clear. General Gandara, who commands the King's guard, had kindly telegraphed to the person in charge, styled the "conservador" and "administrador," to show us everything at the Escorial.

The railroad from Madrid to Paris passes about half a mile in front of the Escorial, so that we had only to get our tickets for Irun, on the border, and take the train as it

came along, which it did to the minute. It was very dark, and we could see nothing of the country as we passed the Guadarrama range and the valley of the Douro. I was awake at Valladolid, but could see only the depot by gaslight. Daylight broke as we reached Vittoria, one of Wellington's battlefields, where the French army was so badly stampeded.

MARSEILLES, Sunday, January 14. As arranged, we left Bordeaux at 9 P. M., passed up the valley of the Garonne, so dark that I could distinguish nothing but the gaslights at the stations, passed Toulouse at 3 A. M., and arrived at Narbonne at about 8 A. M., by which time we had reached the Mediterranean, and it was light enough to see the country.

NICE, January 19. We were all much pleased with Marseilles, which is a modern city, seemingly very prosperous. The old harbor was completely jammed with warships, and the new harbor well filled. This latter harbor is extensive and artificial—an outer sea-wall parallel with the shore and divided into three rectangular basins. The water seems deep enough in each basin for ships and steamers of the largest class. On Monday at 8 A. M. we all met at the hotel, and took our departure for Toulon, distant about forty miles. We reached it about 10 A. M., went to a beautiful hotel and had breakfast, and then got two carriages and drove all round Toulon, which is noted as having one of the best harbors of the Mediterranean, and has the largest naval arsenal of France. The place, too, is famous as the point where the great Napoleon began his wonderful military career.

About two o'clock permission by telegraph came from Paris for us to see the dockyard, and we spent the rest of the day inside. These docks are very extensive, large enough to hold a hundred ships. There must be forty there now, but all with masts housed, and generally indicating peace and rest. We met Admiral Pufer, who spoke of the inactivity, which is forced on them by the indemnity of about a thousand millions of dollars France is trying to pay Prussia for the expenses of the war.

I do not think many workmen are now employed at Toulon, though we were told that some three thousand convicts were then undergoing sentences of labor. There are some splendid dry-docks, and stores, shops, and wharves whereat an immense amount of work could be done at any time. France is now under the cloud of defeat, and it is a

question if she can ever again rise to the prominence of only two years ago.

The town of Toulon, apart from the government docks, is nothing, having no commerce or business, Marseilles being so near. We spent Tuesday at Toulon, . . . and the next morning at ten we resumed our journey, and reached Nice at 2:30 P. M. Our minister to Paris, Mr. Washburne, and the consul, Mr. Vesey, met us at the depot and brought us to this hotel (Chauvain), where three rooms had been reserved for us. We found that Nice was full of Americans, and that dinners, breakfasts, and all sorts of parties were in waiting, and before an hour we were committed for dinner every day up to Tuesday next: yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Pinchot of New York; to-day with Mr. and Mrs. S— of Pittsburg; Saturday with General and Mrs. Webb; Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams; Monday with Mr. Gaillard; and Tuesday with Minister Washburne. This is as far as I am willing to make appointments, for if we are to be in Rome at the carnival, February 13, we must be going, and I have appointed next Wednesday for our starting for Genoa and Italy.

Yesterday, by invitation, we drove three miles around the point of a hill to the harbor of Villefranche, where the *Wabash* and five other vessels of our squadron were lying. We went on board the *Wabash* and took a state breakfast with Admiral Alden, who had for guests Minister Washburne, Consul Vesey, General Webb, and two other gentlemen. At half-past six we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Pinchot in this hotel, and at night attended a grand ball, given by an American, Mr. Barclay, to Alden and the officers of the fleet. It was a fine affair, and there were so many of our country people present that we thought ourselves at home.

TURIN. We left Genoa Saturday morning, bright, clear, and cold, the first time we had seen the sun rise without clouds for nearly a month. Turin now is of less importance since Victor Emmanuel is established at Rome, and we came here principally to visit the Mont Cenis tunnel, only sixty miles off, on the principal road to Paris. We got up early this morning, breakfasted, and started, the morning being foggy, so that we could see but little. The road for the first twenty miles lay across the well-cultivated plain and valley of the Dora. Ascending this valley, the hills close in till we approach Susa, where the road begins to ascend by a steep grade the hills to the south of the Dora, passing many short tunnels till it reaches Bardonechia,

where the great tunnel begins on the Italian side. The entrance is, like all other tunnels, with facing and wing walls. It is for a double track, walled and arched throughout. The actual length is 12,233 meters, being over seven miles. We were exactly twenty-five minutes in passing, both going and returning, not the least difficulty being experienced in the air or any other way. The cars were lighted as though for night, and on one side of the tunnel was a lantern at every thousand meters. I could plainly see the walls, and about every hundred yards in the wall on each side was a niche for tools. There also seemed to be a sidewalk where men could stand safe from passing trains. From a book I bought at Modena I see that the aggregate cost, divided between France and Italy, is seventy-five million francs, or fifteen million dollars. It surely appears in all respects a perfect tunnel, and reflects honor on all concerned. The approaches on both sides are steep, requiring a double engine, yet passenger- and freight-trains now pass freely on scheduled time. The success of this tunnel has been such that others are projected toward Switzerland and Germany. It is not exactly under the long-traveled road over Mont Cenis, but some miles to the south.

VENICE, Saturday, February 3. On Monday last, January 29, we left Turin by rail for Milan, about a hundred miles. On Thursday . . . we took the morning train for Verona, one of the famous "Quadrilateral," and one of the most noted of the battle-fields of Italy. We reached it about noon, and sent our cards to the commanding general for permission to see the forts. He called at once, and offered every facility, and finally agreed to send us an officer of engineers to conduct us at 10 A. M. the following day. In the meantime we took a carriage and rode about the town, visiting the Roman circus, which is one of the best preserved in existence; also Juliet's grave, which is a marble water-tub, and is a perfect cheat, yet universally visited. The next day, Friday, the officer of engineers called at 10 A. M., and we breakfasted together and started. He was a fine, handsome officer, Captain Capelli, who spoke English very well. He first took us to an earthwork about three miles out of town, which is one of a line to the south and east. It is simply a rectangular field-work of strong profile, never used, and no guns mounted. We then returned to the main line, which is continuous, inclosing the whole place with a high scarp-wall, with ditch and outworks, and takes in a strong hill on the east of the town.

The ridge of which this hill is the beginning is occupied at high points within cannon-range by strong martello towers.

As far as I could see, Verona is valuable as the point where the Adige issues from the Alps into the plain of Lombardy, and all the roads leading north pass up this valley of the Adige. Peschiera, at the southeast point of Lake Garda, is equally vital, and is strongly fortified. Mantua and Legnago, the other two points of the Quadrilateral, are fortified, but are not as essential as Peschiera and Verona. Since Lombardy has become an integral part of the Italian kingdom, these points are not so important as hitherto, and we were told by Captain Capelli that a new line of frontier and new defenses had been planned to the north and east; but it is doubtful if they will ever be undertaken, by reason of their cost.

We left Verona yesterday at 2 P. M., and came to Venice by 5 P. M., passing Vicenza and Padua. On arrival at the depot we took one of the black gondolas and came to our hotel. The whole route from Turin, Milan, and Verona is military ground, fought over since Roman times, and, evidently because of the rich open country, with splendid roads. We passed near enough to Magenta and Solferino to see the nature of the ground, also Lonato, Castiglione, and Arcola, but could not tarry to make critical examination.

ROME, Sunday, February 11. We left Venice at the time appointed. Passing Padua, we crossed the level plain of the Po, passing near some hills evidently of volcanic origin, near which were situated some famous thermal springs. About noon we reached Bologna. At the depot we had a good dinner and took the train for Florence. Our consul, Mr. A. L. Graham, called, and tendered us every possible manner of hospitality, and gave us cards to a grand ball fixed for Friday night. We left Florence February 10, and reached Rome at 9 P. M., an hour behind time—the first time since our arrival in Europe that we have found a train off time. We found our minister, Mr. George P. Marsh, and the secretary of legation, Mr. Wurtz, waiting for us, and they conducted us to Mr. Marsh's house, where dinner was in waiting, and where we are now domiciled. They have the second floor of a large house, No. 8 Via di Basileo, near the Palazzo Barberini, in the northern part of the city. Mr. Marsh for the first few days took us to see the places of most note in Rome, such as the Forum, Colosseum, Pincian Hill, and park; also to the palace, where, in the absence of the King at Naples,

we were received by Prince Humbert, the heir to the throne of Italy; and to the ministers of foreign affairs and of war. The carnival was in progress when we reached Rome, but as it consisted mostly of groups of masked people parading the streets, and carriages making the tour of the Corso, we did not attempt to see it, except on the last day, when we occupied a balcony at the rooms of our secretary of legation, on the Corso. All the windows and balconies along the street were decorated with gaudy colors, and occupied by people engaged in throwing *confetti*, a kind of plaster pill, at one another and at the people passing along the street. This is a custom supposed to have degenerated from a habit of scattering to the poor and children real candy; but this throwing plaster is simply mischievous and without wit. Some threw bouquets of flowers to the balconies and passing carriages; nearly all in the carriages were masked. Just before night a detachment of soldiers marched up the Corso, as a kind of notice to stand aside, and about sundown five horses were turned loose at one end of the Corso, and ran down its whole length, urged on by straps loaded with lead and sharp points. How this custom originated it is hard to say, and surely it is silly enough; but the crowd of people seemed good-natured and easily pleased. Just after night-fall everybody lighted small tapers, and a general scramble ensued, each to put out the other's light, and then call on them to rekindle. This is called *moceolletti* ("after a taper"), and with this ended the carnival proper. The famous carnival of Rome appeared to me less attractive than the Mardi gras of New Orleans.

On Monday last George A. P. Healy, the artist, entertained us at dinner, and after dinner quite a company came in, among them a priest named Chatard, from Baltimore, who presides over the American college for the education of priests. He offered to take us to see the Pope, and appointed to meet us at 11:30 A. M. next day at St. Peter's. Fred Grant was unwell and unable to go, but Audenried and I were there punctually, and were conducted up a high flight of stairs, and through a series of rooms to what is called the throne-room, where some eight or ten persons, mostly priests, were in waiting. Soon the Pope came out of his own apartment, and all in honor knelt. We bowed low with one knee, and saw the others kiss the Pope's hand and foot. As he came to us, Mgr. Chatard mentioned our names and

country, when the Pope asked us to rise, and entered into quite a free conversation with us. He then turned to make his accustomed round through the rooms by which we had approached, occupied by guards or servants, till he reached a gallery where were arranged the visitors of the day, mostly American travelers, and the greater part ladies, who, according to etiquette, had taken off their bonnets and covered their heads with black-lace mantillas. They also knelt as he passed along, some kissing his hand, some merely bowing the head. The Pope made the full circuit, we following, and when he got clear around he turned about and preached quite a sermon in Italian, which, interpreted, was a general benediction of us all, with authority to convey the same to our families and friends. He seemed in a most gracious mood, full of benevolence, and is doubtless a good man. We stopped to talk with our American friends, among whom was Mrs. Pinchot, and then went up another flight of stairs to see Cardinal Antonelli, who is accounted the power behind the throne. He received us promptly, took us into his room, sat down, and talked quite freely of America, with which he seemed familiar. The Pope looked about five feet nine inches and quite heavy in flesh, but Antonelli is tall and slender, and seemed in poor health, though some ten years younger than the Pope. We did not, of course, talk politics, but I was convinced from all I saw and heard there that the temporal power of the Pope is gone.

NAPLES, February 22. In Rome we were kept constantly occupied with social matters—breakfasts, dinners, and evening parties. We were well entertained at the house of Mr. Marsh, but there were two thousand Americans in Rome, all of whom desired to entertain us in some form or other, so that we were constantly on the go. I endeavored to make use of every available hour, and succeeded in seeing most of the objects that remain of ancient Rome; but, on the whole, I must confess I was surprised that a city such as Rome now is could ever have been mistress of the world.

February 25. Vesuvius is visible from all parts of Naples, and is now in a gentle state of eruption, steam issuing from the apex and hanging about it in the shape of a cloud; by night are seen occasionally flames and fire.

March 1. We have now been in Naples ten days and have seen most of the objects of curiosity. . . . We got back from Vesuvius at 5 P. M., in time to dress and attend a

dinner given by the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, a most agreeable lady, who speaks English perfectly, and who has resided for eight years in the Caucasus, of which her husband, the Grand Duke Michael, is a sort of viceroy. He is at this moment at St. Petersburg, but the grand duchess says he and she will return to Tiflis in time to receive us there, if our arrival is not too early. . . . This morning, by appointment, at 10 A. M. we called on King Victor Emmanuel, who received us informally at the palace here in the city. He is quite corpulent, with a full, flushed face, hair combed back from his forehead, and eyes large and rolling—not a pleasant look; but he received us easily and entered into a general conversation as to our regular army and volunteers of the war. He stood, as I thanked him for the polite attentions extended to us during our progress through Italy, and expressed a wish that some representative member of his family should visit our country.

MALTA, March 8. The harbor has been extended, dry-docks and shops built, and now Malta is regarded as second only to Gibraltar as an English outpost. No power can disturb this possession, or even threaten it, unless it be Russia, and being thus impregnable in the very center of the Mediterranean, it makes England almost the mistress of the sea.

Last evening, according to appointment, at half-past seven we dined with Sir Patrick and Mrs. Grant. The company numbered about forty, composed of military and naval officers, and some citizens of the place. There were a prince and a princess present, the claimants to the throne of Spain through Don Carlos; but the prince did not seem to me to be such a person as would be likely to succeed even if his title were more perfect. The princess was a pretty little lady of a Portuguese royal stock. Their residence is in Austria, but they are spending the winter here, and at the table were treated as royalty.

March 9. . . . We have just returned from a visit to the Cathedral of St. John, wherein are buried Lisle d'Adam, La Vallette, and the most famous of the grand masters of the Knights of St. John; but we were beset by such a horde of church beggars that it took away all sense of reverence or decent respect. Many of the churches of Europe seem now to be converted into dens of pestiferous beggars, and I do not wonder that the religious orders are being universally suppressed as intolerable nuisances.

CAIRO, March 19. We reached Cairo the night of the 17th, General Stone and Betts Bey with us the whole time. At the depot we met an officer of the Khedive, with two carriages, and a message that rooms for our accommodation were engaged at the new hotel. I explained to General Stone that I would much prefer to be his guest than to accept the invitation of the Khedive, when he drove us straight to his house. . . .

March 20. Application was made by Mr. Ward, acting consul-general in place of Colonel Butler, who is absent up the river, to the viceroy for our reception, and he fixed noon of Tuesday. We hardly had time to keep the appointment, as it was after eleven when we got the note, and I was actually paying a visit to Mrs. Parsons, the daughter of Judge Swayne, who arrived at Alexandria the same day with us. Still, we hurried to our house, and started for the palace of the viceroy, and got there exactly at twelve. We were received by his chief aide-de-camp or secretary, Mr. Barrow, and conducted up a handsome flight of steps, and met his Highness, as he is universally styled, coming down to meet us. I was in advance, and did not know him, of course, and for a minute or so was not aware that he was the Khedive, but soon realized that I was in "royal presence." He conducted us to a sofa near the corner of a large reception-room, and took his seat in an arm-chair exactly in the corner; Mr. Ward, an accomplished interpreter, was just beyond; Audenried and Grant were near me. Being seated, the etiquette was for him to begin. He is forty-two years old, educated in France, does not speak English, but French perfectly, and is dressed exactly as a European, except that he wears the red fez, the same as all Mussulmans—no turban, robes, divans, or other Turkish symbols to distinguish him from other men. He soon opened the conversation, and showed himself well informed on all matters of current news. He invited my general observations on the Suez Canal, the contemplated enlargement of the harbor at Alexandria and Suez, and generally on all things in his dominion. He seemed to take a special interest in us, and prolonged the conversation fully an hour, when he made the move and actually accompanied us down to the very door of the palace, where our carriage awaited us—an honor which, I was assured, was so rare that it was wonderful. All of us were pleased with his manner, for he not only spoke intelligently, but indulged in a joke with relish. . . .

Tuesday, March 26. Sunday evening

Colonel Butler, United States consul-general, who has recently returned from the Upper Nile, called, and said he had from the Secretary of State some packages of papers for me. I agreed to meet him yesterday on his boat (*dahabiyeh*) to examine them. I went down to the river and found that the papers were interrogations for me to answer under oath, to be used in some cases before the commission for settling claims arising against the United States under the treaty with England. I brought with me the papers in the case of Browne, which involve the history of the "burning" of Columbia, which I answered yesterday, and gave the same in pencil to Colonel Butler, to be transcribed for my signature. To-morrow I will take up the other case of the consul at Savannah.

To-day we purpose to visit the "barrage," some eighteen miles down the river, where an attempt has been made to dam the Nile, so as to control its waters for irrigation.

March 29. Yesterday we dined with his Highness the Khedive Ismail at his palace of Abassieh, which is in the desert, about four miles out from Cairo on the old Suez road. The Khedive was remarkably polite, joined in the conversation intelligently and naturally, and though we indulged in some compliments, I endeavored to avoid any that savored of extravagance.

That he is a man of far more than ordinary intelligence is manifest, and as he is only forty-two years old, we may hear more of him in the future. His position as a sovereign is anomalous, and was the subject of full and free discussion. Egypt is still subject to the Porte, or Sultan of Turkey, pays tribute, and is liable to have laws and orders set aside by that power; but the thing that gives the Khedive most trouble is the fact that all strangers coming to Egypt from England, France, Austria, America, etc., to engage in business, retain their national character, subject to the jurisdiction of their respective consuls-general, and not to the local laws and authorities. It is for this reason that nearly all the enterprises of Egypt must be kept in the name of the Khedive himself; for if a stranger gets an interest in any enterprise, he will pay no tax, and every question that arises must go to his consul-general instead of to the local courts. This grew out of the old mistrust of Christian nations shown by the Mussulmans; but now, at all events so far as we can observe, the old prejudice of religion is gone, and a Christian can go safely through

any part of Egypt without being hooted at and pelted as a Christian dog.

The Khedive announced to us his intention to send one of his sons, now at college in England, to America, via China, to make quite an extended tour, and we all promised to take an interest in him. His name is Hassan, and he is now eighteen years old, but not the heir to the throne, or whatever it may be called. "Khedive" is some title that implies the right of the elder son to inherit. It is a higher title than "viceroy," which implies the right of the Sultan to remove at will, which he cannot do with the Khedive. The relation of Egypt to Turkey is anomalous, and will surely sooner or later be broken peaceably or by war. The present khedive doubtless thinks the same, and prefers the more peaceful way of growing beyond the power of his present master in resources, intelligence, and the good will of strangers.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 9. After we had gone to bed last night, our minister, Mr. Boker, and his son came round and showed me a note he had received from the master of ceremonies, to the effect that the Sultan would receive us at half-past six to-day, *i. e.*, half-past twelve of our time. This morning Mr. Escanyon, who is appointed to look after our comfort, ordered the carriages from the Sultan's stables, and we started in full uniform, with outriders, etc., called for the minister and afterward for Mr. Brown, and proceeded to the palace on the Bosphorus, just above Galata. We were ushered through lines of guards and attendants, and were met at the door of the palace by the minister of foreign affairs, Servia Pasha, and conducted up a flight of steps to the grand reception-room. The Sultan met us at the head of the stairs, and invited Mr. Boker, Fred Grant, Mr. Brown, and me in, leaving Audenried, Mr. Escanyon, and young Boker outside, much to the annoyance of all parties; for it was manifest that the Sultan received Fred Grant, not as an officer of my staff, but as the son of the President, and consequently as a real prince. The Sultan took his seat, and we were all invited to be seated. Soon, after a few general compliments, Mr. Boker arose and read from a paper an address eulogistic of our party, and expressing his great pleasure at having the opportunity of presenting us to his Majesty. After this the conversation was more general and sufficiently pleasant. The Sultan wore the red fez, but otherwise had on European clothes. His beard is full and gray, and he is rather corpulent. We then took our leave, he accompanying us to the

hall and partly down-stairs, a mark of condescension said to be very unusual and highly complimentary.

We were then told that we were to breakfast with him on Thursday. From the palace we crossed the Golden Horn by the floating bridge, and drove to the Sublime Porte, which is simply a group of ancient buildings used for public offices, and here we paid formal visits to the grand vizir, to the minister of foreign relations, and to the president of the council, all of whom received us with marked attention and dispensed the usual pipes and coffee.

Saturday, April 13. Wednesday, according to appointment, accompanied by our minister, Mr. Boker, and attended by Escanyon and others, we drove at twelve noon to the palace of the minister of war, called Seraskier, and entered the main gates between guards; in the inclosure were drawn up six battalions of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. The minister of war received us, taking Fred by the hand, and leading him up two pairs of stairs, lined with men, to an elegant reception-room, where coffee and pipes were served. We then passed down again in front of the palace and saw the evolutions of troops.

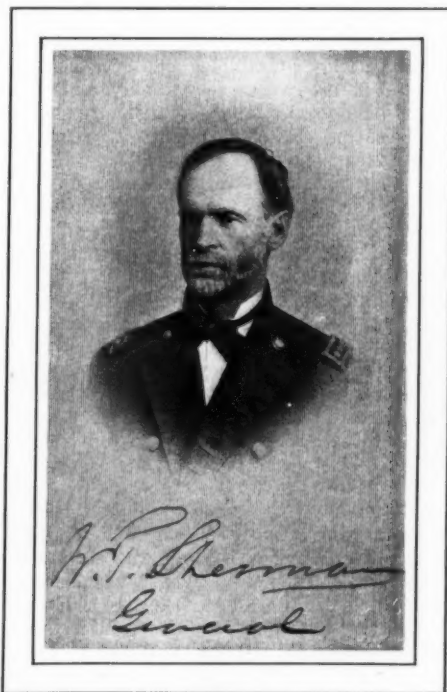
By the way, before this there had joined us a young fellow, sixteen years old, small in person, with effeminate face, black hair and eyes, son of the present sultan, but not the heir apparent, as by Turkish law or usage the eldest son of the whole family succeeds, and it so happens that the son of a preceding sultan will be entitled to the succession. But it is said that the present sultan, Abdul-Aziz, is training this young

fellow as his successor, and has already educated him as an officer, and has commissioned him as a major-general. The minister of war (a very large man) dropped back to me and our minister, and in walking always took our hands as we lead a child.

On Thursday, according to appointment, we breakfasted with the Sultan at a small

but beautiful palace on the Scutari side of the river. He received us and conducted us to a handsome apartment, where we sat, and he conversed with Fred, occasionally asking me how I liked his troops, or his ironclads, etc. When breakfast was announced we followed him in, and there all his cabinet joined him with the most abject signs of obedience. The breakfast was simply a good one, served in French style, but the dishes, glasses, etc., were extraordinarily fine. At dessert we had silver and gold dishes, and gold knives and spoons. After the breakfast was over we took leave, and visited the treasury.

Yesterday it was a rainy, bad day; but just about noon, when I had made up my mind to stay in, we got a message from the minister of state that the Sultan would attend mosque at the Top Khaneh, which is quite near, and it was intimated that he chose this mosque purposely that we might see the display. We hurried down on foot, and were shown into the Sultan's kiosk inside the railing of the arsenal. Troops were drawn up, and all preparations made. About 1 P. M. a gun from one of the ironclads announced that the Sultan had started from his palace. All the troops presented arms, and everything was made ready for his reception. The distance from the wharf to the door of the mosque may have been about eighty yards, but three handsome



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL SHERMAN TAKEN BY REUTLINGER IN PARIS.

gray horses were led down, ready for him to ride from the wharf to the mosque. The distance from the palace to the mosque is less than a mile, and while the Sultan's grand caiques were coming that distance all the ironclads were delivering a salute of twenty-one guns each.

From our position we had a perfect view of the interior of the arsenal, but not of the space from the palace to the wharf. First came a single boat, a man standing up to give notice. That was followed by a longer one. Then came several handsome gilded boats, and at last one with a handsome canopy in the stern. The crew of this boat, in rowing, rose to their feet at each stroke of the oar, and as they pulled, their heads bowed forward and their bodies came to their throats. The whole was executed with great precision, and must be one of the remains of Asiatic servility. The Sultan landed at the wharf, where a carpet was laid for him, and I noticed he paid no attention to it, but, accompanied by one or two members of his household, he walked straight and pretty fast toward the mosque. He was dressed in a frock-coat, and had a small curved sword, and on his head nothing but the red fez. The troops presented arms, bands played, officers bowed low as though to pick up earth and cast it on their heads, etc.

Close behind the Sultan's barge, or caique, followed another of similar pattern, in which the young prince was, who also landed, followed his father at some distance, and entered the mosque. The Sultan is not only the head of the state, but of the church, and pious Mussulmans expect him every Sunday (Friday) to repair to some mosque to say the prayers prescribed by the Koran.

Soon after the Sultan had entered the mosque he sent his chamberlain to me to say how gratified he was to find that we had taken advantage of his invitation. This also was explained to us as an unusual mark of honor, and on the whole it is manifest that the Sultan has intended to do our country great honor through us.

April 16. To-day was the date fixed for our departure for Odessa, and we had engaged passage in the Russian steamer *Vladimir*; but last night, when I was dining with Mr. Rumbold, secretary of the English legation, the master of ceremonies at the palace, Hamde Bey, called to see me, and said he had come from the Sultan, who requested that I would remain longer; that, as he was engaged to breakfast with Prince Frederick Charles to-day, he could not see

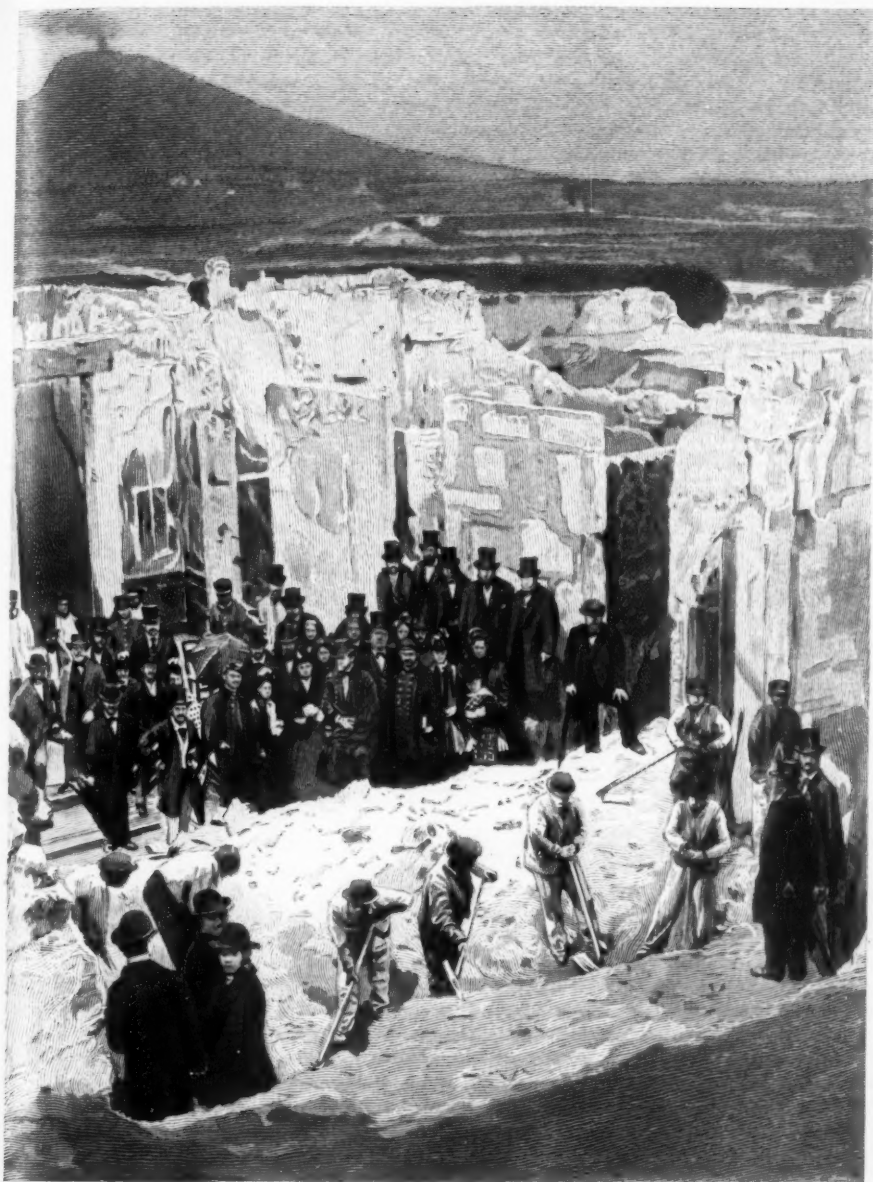
me now, but would the next day, when, if I desired to go ahead, he would provide a special steamer. Of course I could do no less than answer that I would remain. Why he wants to see me again I cannot imagine, but it will come out in due season.

Mr. Curtin, our minister at St. Petersburg, also telegraphed yesterday from Corfu that he would be here Thursday, and I know that he wants to travel with us through Russia, and for this reason I was willing also to remain over another week, though time is passing very rapidly, and we have a great region to traverse before starting back toward home.

April 18. Yesterday was a beautiful day, and, according to appointment, Mr. Boker, Mr. Brown, Fred Grant, and I paid the formal concluding visit to the Sultan. We had the palace carriages, entered the main gateway through guards, were received at the main door by the minister of foreign relations, and by the Sultan at the foot of the stairway. The Sultan shook Grant's hand and then mine, then turned and walked with Grant, as prince, up the stairs, and across the broad hall to the room in the northwest corner, where Mr. Brown interpreted. The Sultan wore the red fez, a full frock-coat with covered buttons, single-breasted, a pair of peculiar brown trousers, and patent-leather shoes. According to etiquette, he first began the conversation by inquiring if we had enjoyed our visit; then asked a few questions as to where we had been; then finally regretted that our visit was short, etc. Each of us made some flattering generalities, and the Sultan then said he had prepared his own yacht to carry us across the Black Sea, saying it was a large steamer fit to cross the Atlantic. We thanked him for the courtesy, though honestly we regretted that he had not allowed us to go in the Russian steamer.

To-night we dine again with General Ignatriff, where we are to meet the Prince Frederick Charles. The courtesy of the Sultan is oppressive, and we learn that we will have to pay two or three prices in bakshish for our passage to Sebastopol.

SEBASTOPOL, Wednesday, April 24. On Friday last we dined at the Russian embassy, with a party chiefly composed of the suite of the Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, whose fame as a general in the late French war was very great. On reaching the embassy we found the company generally assembled, and the prince standing by the side of Mme. Ignatriff. We passed the usual compliments, and after a time Mme. Ignatriff asked us to be seated. Soon we all passed into the



DRAWN BY A. ABENDORCHEIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT POMPEII IN 1872.

The digging shown in the picture was in honor of General Sherman's party.

dining-room, Prince Frederick Charles taking in madame, and General Ignatriff taking the only other lady, Mme. Radowitz, wife of the Prussian chargé d'affaires.

Prince Charles was dressed, as we all were, simply in citizen's dress, with some decorations; seemed stiff and conceited; his head

was quite bald and part of his face very red; he was by no means intellectual or striking in figure, which begins to show corpulency. His age is forty-four, and he is every inch a German, and evidently proud of his country and himself. The dinner was formal and without interest, and afterward we all passed

down to the sitting-room to smoke. There a grand Turkish pipe was served to the prince, but to nobody else, and though I first thought it was accidental, I soon saw that it was etiquette, and that even I must look on a prince as hedged around by some divine rights and privileges. Fred Grant, perceiving this personal slight to me, most courteously came and offered me cigars and cigarettes. I took one of the latter, lighted it, and smoked it in unison with the prince general. As a general, his fame is established; as a prince, he is not the subject of criticism; as a gentleman, he will rank very low, and thus is one of the delusions of my life vanished. I am told that Prussians are elevated beyond limit by their brilliant successes over the French—a great pity, but one that in due time will bring down on them the judgment of the world, if not disasters such as now the French groan under.

On Saturday we went to visit the Sultan's country place over in Asia, about twelve miles back of Scutari. We spent some hours there and had an elegant breakfast served,

after which some of us mounted horses and took a ride to a spring from which the palace is supplied with water. As we were starting—I was mounted on a fine horse with a brand-new slippery English saddle—I got a smart fall, but changed to another horse and continued the ride. We got back just in time to be half an hour too late for the dinner of the French ambassador—a handsome affair. This concluded our visit to Constantinople, and the next day, at noon, Sunday, a splendid day, we embarked on board the Sultan's yacht *Sultanieh* for Sebastopol. Mr. Curtin and his son joined our party. By one o'clock we were all on board. Mr. Boker and Mr. Brown left us, the anchor was weighed, and we slowly steamed up the Bosphorus, past all the Turkish fleet, with their crews on deck, ships dressed up with their colors, and the flagship saluting with twenty-one guns as we passed—royal honors. The day was perfect, and on the whole it was one of the most splendid sights I ever beheld.

"THE CENTURY'S" AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES.

MARY CASSATT.

BY ARTHUR HOEBER.

THERE are few things more interesting to study in art than the development of individuality. As a rule, the artist passes through many stages of experiment, and shows traces of influence all the way along the career. From the very beginning at the schools, in the preference for certain casts, through the painting classes, biased by clever comrades, to the final choice of subject material and the inclination toward certain technical methods, there are few painters who are not seriously affected by the work of others.

Admitting this, however, the artist's profession is, after all, a lonely one, and the end must be attained with little outside aid. The law student has the benefit of numberless volumes to which reference may be made; the embryo physician can rely on the experience of his professional brethren, carefully set down in comprehensible print; while the other callings to which men and women find themselves drawn all have their libraries of books and their traditions to guide the novice. But in matters artistic the worker walks

virtually alone, or, frankly admitting himself an imitator, forfeits claim to serious recognition.

No one may give a formula for painting, for it is impossible to make rules applicable to color, or to have every eye see nature in the same way. Tone is so delicate and fugitive, so affected by circumstances, time, and surrounding conditions, that its diagnosis is hopeless. Drawing is more or less a matter of feeling; it is impossible to describe, and has no known laws by which to establish precedence.

But if the artist, though fascinated by the methods of a Velasquez or a Rembrandt, of Manet or Whistler, may not copy servilely, it is still comprehensible that the works of these men may have a deep and lasting impression, and their influence may shape a career that, but for them, might have found its vent in totally different directions.

Nevertheless, it is for the painter, accepting the good in the canvases he is privileged to study and rejecting the bad, yet to retain his own originality, and so to translate nature



BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. DURAND, RUEL & CO.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"SUPPER-TIME." BY MARY CASSATT.

as to give the absolute personal impression. Otherwise the picture is relegated to the great majority of commonplaces that annually fill the galleries, to the despair of the critic and the apathy of the public.

Of the colony of American painters who for a decade or two past have made Paris their home, few have been more interesting, and none more serious, than Miss Cassatt. From her canvas "Dans la loge," sent to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists some years ago, to her more recent contributions to the Durand-Ruel galleries in New York winter before last, this artist has gone through various stages of experiment and study that have all been entertaining, and have all, in the end, conduced to her advancement in art.

The influence of the impressionists has been scarcely less apparent than that of the art of Japan. Time was when Miss Cassatt gave strong evidence of her predilection for the curious group of Frenchmen who, sacrificing line and form, composition and harmony

of arrangement, even beauty itself, concerned themselves solely with problems of light, air, and the effort to produce scintillating color. Then came her leaning toward those Oriental workers in the land of chrysanthemums, and Miss Cassatt produced many delicately conceived etchings, drawings, and paintings, betraying her affiliations with a wonderfully decorative race. Through all the efforts, however, there were seriousness, intelligent searching, and always individuality.

It would seem, however, that Miss Cassatt has found her true bent in her recent pictures of children and in the delineation of happy maternity. Here she has caught with great fidelity the beauty of child life and the dignity of motherhood, fitting subjects for the artist's brush, ennobling material for intellectual investigation. These she has portrayed with delicacy, refinement, and sentiment. Her technic appeals equally to the layman and the artist, and her color has all the tenderness and charm that accompanies so engaging a motif.

PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



"NOTICE the girl on your right, Elsie. That is the thing! You have to see it to understand. Do you understand, dear? Do you see the difference?"

► A middle-aged little mother, with a sensitive, care-worn face, leaned across the Pullman section and laid a hand upon her daughter's by way of emphasis—needless, for her voice and manner conveyed all, and much more than, the words could possibly carry. Volumes of argument, demonstration, expostulation were implied.

"Can you see her? Do you see what I mean? What, dear?"

The questions followed one another like beads running down a string. Elsie's silence was the knot at the end. She opened her eyes and turned them languidly as directed, but without raising her head from the back of the car-seat.

"I will look presently, mother. I can't see much of anything now."

"Oh, never mind. Forgive me, dear. How is your head? Lie still; don't try to talk."

Elsie smiled, patted her mother's hand,

and closed her narrow, sweet, sleepy blue eyes. Mrs. Valentin never looked at them, when her mind was at rest, without wishing they were a trifle larger—wider open, rather. The eyes were large enough, but the lazy lids shut them in. They saw a good deal, however. She also wished, in moments of contemplation, that she could have laid on a little heavier the brush that traced Elsie's eyebrows, and continued them a little longer at the temples. Then, her upper lip was, if anything, the least bit too short. Yet what a sweet, concentrated little mouth it was—reticent and pure, and not over-ready with smiles, though the hidden teeth were small, flawless, and of baby whiteness. Yes, the mother sighed, just a touch or two,—and she knew just where to put those touches,—and the girl had been a beauty. If nature would only consult the mothers at the proper time, instead of going on in her blindfold fashion!

But, after all, did they want a beauty in the family? On theory, no; the few beauties Mrs. Valentin had known in her life had not been the happiest of women. What they did want was an Elsie—their own Elsie—perfectly trained without losing her naturalness, perfectly educated without losing her health, perfectly dressed without thinking of clothes, perfectly accomplished without wasting her time, and, finally, an Elsie perfectly happy. All that parents situated on the wrong side of the continent for art and culture, and not overburdened with money, could do to that end, Mrs. Valentin was resolved should be done. Needless to say, very little was to be left to God.

Mrs. Valentin was born in the East, some forty-odd years before this educational pilgrimage began, of good Unitarian stock—born with a great sense of personal accountability. She could not have thrown it off and been joyful in the words, "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves."

Elsie had got a headache from the early start and the suppressed agitation of parting from her home and her father. Suppression was as natural to her as expression was to her mother. The father and daughter had held

each other silently a moment; both had smiled, and both were ill for hours afterward.

But Mrs. Valentin thought that in Elsie's case it was because she had not sent the

the introduction of her grown-up daughter, the impression she would make, the beginning of life all over again in a strange city. (She had known her Boston once, but that was twenty years ago.) She foresaw the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"A GIRL AS WHITE AS A WHITE CAMELLIA."

girl to bed earlier the night before, and insisted on her eating something at breakfast.

Herself,—she had lain sleepless for the greater part of the night and many nights previous. She had anticipated, in its difficulties, every stage of the getting off, the subsequent journey, the arrival, their reception by Eastern relatives not seen for years,

mistakes she would inevitably make in her choice of means to the desired ends—dress-maker, doctors, specialists of all sorts, the horrible way in which school expenses mount up, the trivial yet poignant comparisons of school life, from which, if Elsie suffered, she would be sure to suffer in silence.

After this fatiguing mental rehearsal she



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

ELSIE.

had risen at five, while the electric lights were still burning and the city was cloaked in fog. It was San Francisco of a mid-summer morning, with fog-whistles groaning, sidewalks slippery with wet, and the gray-green trees and tinted flower-beds of the city gardens emerging like the first broad washes of a water-color laid in with a full brush.

She had taken a last survey of her dismantled home, given the last directions to the old Chinese servant left in charge, pre-ided haggardly at the last home breakfast—what a ghastly little ceremony it was! Then Mr. Valentin had gone across the Oakland ferry with them and put them aboard the train, muffled up as for winter. They had looked into each other's pale faces and parted for two years, all for Elsie's sake. But what Elsie thought about it—whether she understood or cared for what this sacrifice of home and treasure was to purchase—it was impossible to learn. Still more what her father thought. What he had always said was, "You had better go."

"But do you truly think it is the best thing for the child?"

"I think that, whatever we do, there will be times when we'll wish we had done something different; and there will be other times when we shall be glad we did not. All we can do is the best we know up to date."

"But do you think it is the best?"

"I think, Emmy, that you will never be satisfied until you have tried it, and it's worth the money to me to have you feel that you have done your best."

Mrs. Valentin sighed. "Sometimes I wonder why we do cling to that old fetish of the East. Why can't we accept the fact that we are Western people? The question is, Shall we be the self-satisfied kind or the unsatisfied kind? Shall we be contented and limited, or discontented and grow?"

"I guess we shall be limited enough, either way," Mr. Valentin retorted easily. He had no hankering for the East and no grudge against fate for making him a Western man *malgré lui*. "I've known kickers who did n't appear to grow much, except to grow cranky," he said.

Up to the moment of actual departure, Mrs. Valentin had continued to review her decision and to agonize over its possibilities of disaster; but now that the journey had begun, she was experiencing the rest of change and movement. She was as responsive as a child to fresh outward impressions, and the hyperbolical imagination that caused

her such torture when it wrought in the dark hours on the teased fabric of her own life could give her compensating pleasures by daylight, on the open roads of the world. There was as yet nothing outside the car-windows which they had not known of old: the marsh-meadows of the Lower Sacramento, tide-rivers reflecting the sky, cattle and wild fowl, with an occasional windmill or a duck-hunter's lodge breaking the long sweeps of low-toned color. The morning sun was drinking up the fog, the temperature in the Pullman steadily rising. Jackets were coming off and shirt-waists blooming out in summer colors, giving the car a homelike appearance.

It was a saying that summer, "By their belts ye shall know them." Shirt-waists no longer counted, since the ready-made ones for two dollars and a half were almost as chic as the tailor-made for ten. But the belts, the real belts, were inimitable. Sir Lancelot might have used them for his bridle:

Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy.

Mrs. Valentin had looked with distinct approval on a mother and daughter who occupied the section opposite. Their impedimenta and belongings were "all right," arguing persons with cultivated tastes, abroad for a summer spent in divers climates, who knew what they should have and where to get it. A similarity of judgment on questions of clothes and shops is no doubt a bond between strange women everywhere; but it was the daughter's belt-buckle before which Mrs. Valentin bowed down and humbled herself in silence. The like of that comes only by inheritance or travel. Antique, pale gold—Cellini might have designed it. There was probably not another buckle like that one in existence. An imitation? No more than its wearer, a girl as white as a white camellia, with gray eyes and thin black eyebrows, and thick black lashes that darkened the eyes all round. There was nothing noticeable in her dress except its freshness and a certain finish in lesser details, understood by the sophisticated. "Swell" was too common a word for her supreme and dainty elegance. Her resemblance to the ordinary full-fleshed type of Pacific-coast belle was that of a portrait by Romney—possibly engraved by Cole—to a photograph of some *reina de la fiesta*. This was Mrs. Valentin's exaggerated way of putting it to herself. Such a passionate conservative as she was sure to be prejudiced.

The mother had a more pronounced individuality, as mothers are apt to have, and

looked quite fit for the ordinary uses of life. She was of the benignant Roman-nosed Eastern type, daughter of generations of philanthropists and workers in the public eye for the public good; a deep, rich voice, an air of command, plain features, abundant gray hair, imported clothes, wonderful, keen, dark eyes overlapped by a fold of the crumpled eyelid—a personage, a character, a life, full of complex energies and domineering good sense. With gold eye-glasses astride her high-bridged nose, knees crossed, one large, well-shod foot extended, this mother in Israel sat absorbed like a man in the daily paper, and wroth like a man at its contents. Occasionally she would emit an impatient protest in the deep, maternal tones, and the graceful daughter would turn her head and read over her shoulder in silent assent.

"How trivial, how self-centered we are!" Mrs. Valentin murmured, leaning across to claim a look from Elsie. "I realize it the moment we get outside our own little treadmill. We do nothing but take thought for what we shall eat and drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. I have n't thought of the country once this morning. I've been wondering if all the good summer things are gone at Hollander's. It may be very hot in Boston the first few weeks. You will be wilted in your cloth suit."

"Oh, mammy, mammy! what a mammy!" purred Elsie, her pretty upper lip curling in the smile her mother loved—with a reservation. Elsie had her father's sense of humor, and had caught his half-caressing way of indulging it at the "intense" little mother's expense.

"Elsie," she observed, "you know I don't mind your way of speaking to me,—as if I were the girl of sixteen and you the woman of forty,—but I hope you won't use it before the aunts and cousins. I shall be sure to lay myself open, but, dear, be careful. It is n't very good form to be too amused with one's mother. Of course there's as much difference in mothers as in girls," Mrs. Valentin acknowledged. "A certain sort of temperament interferes with the profit one ought to get out of one's experience. If you had my temperament I should n't waste this two years' experiment on you; I should know that nothing could change you—spots. But you will learn—everything. How is your head, dear—what?"

Elsie had said nothing; she had not had the opportunity.

At a flag-station where the train was halted (this overland train was a "local" as far as

Sacramento) Mrs. Valentin looked out and saw a colored man in livery climb down from the back seat of a mail-cart and hasten across the platform with a huge paper box. It proved to be filled with magnificent roses, of which he was the bearer to the ladies opposite. A glance at a card was followed by gracious acknowledgments, and the footman retired beaming. He watched the train off, hat in hand, bowing to the ladies at their window as only a well-raised colored servant can bow.

"The Coudert place lies over there," said Mrs. Valentin, pointing to a mass of dark trees toward which the trap was speeding. "They have been staying there," she whispered—"doing the west coast, I suppose, with invitations to all the swell houses."

"Is your daughter not well?" the deep voice spoke across the car.

As Elsie could not ride backward, her mother, to give her room, and for the pleasure of watching her, was seated with her own back to the engine, facing most of the ladies in the car.

"She is a little train-sick; she could not eat this morning, and that always gives her a headache."

Elsie raised her eyelashes in faint dissent.

"She should eat something, surely. Have you tried malted milk? I have some of the lozenges; she can take one without raising her head."

Search was made in a distinguished-looking bag, Mrs. Valentin protesting against the trouble, and beseeching Elsie with her eyes to accept one from the little silver box of pastils that was passed across the aisle.

Elsie said she really could not—thanks very much.

The keen, dark eyes surveyed her with the look of a general inspecting raw troops, and Mrs. Valentin felt as depressed as the company officer who has been "working up" the troops. "Won't you try one, Elsie?" she pleaded.

"I'd rather not, mother," said Elsie.

She did not repeat her thanks to the great authority, but left her mother to cover her retreat.

"The young girls nowadays do pretty much as they please about eating or not eating," observed the Eastern matron, in her large, impersonal way. "They can match our theories with quite as good ones of their own." She smiled again at Elsie, and the overtures on that side ceased.

"I would have eaten any imaginable thing she offered me," sighed Mrs. Valentin, "but

Elsie is so hard to impress. I cannot understand how a girl, a baby, who has never been anywhere or seen anything, can be so fearfully *posée*. It's the Valentin blood. It's the drop of Indian blood away, 'way back. It's their impassiveness, but it's awfully good form—when she grows up to it."

After this, Mrs. Valentin sat silent for such an unnatural length of time that Elsie roused herself to say something encouraging.

"I shall be all right, mother, after Sacramento. We will take a walk. The fresh air is all I need."

She was as good as her word. The cup of tea and the twenty minutes' stroll made such a happy difference that Mrs. Valentin sent a telegram to her husband to say that Elsie's head was better and that she had forgotten her trunk-keys, and would he express them at once to the ticket office at Ogden.

So much refreshed was Elsie that her mother handed her the letters which had come to her share of that morning's mail. There were four or five of them, addressed in large, girlish hands, and exhibiting the latest and most expensive fads in stationery. Over one of them Elsie gave a shriek of delight—an outburst so unexpected and out of character with her former self that their distinguished fellow-travelers involuntarily looked up, and Mrs. Valentin blushed for her child.

"Oh, mammy, how rich! How just like Gladys! She kept it for a last surprise! Mother, Gladys is going to Mrs. Barrington's herself."

The mother's face fell.

"Indeed!" she said, forcing a tone of pleasure. "Well, it's a compliment—on both sides. Mrs. Barrington is very particular whom she takes, and the Castants are sparing nothing that money can do for Gladys."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Elsie, her face transformed. "Poor Gladys! she'll have a perfectly awful time, too, and we can sympathize."

"Are you expecting to have an 'awful time,' Elsie,"—the mother looked aghast,— "and are you going to throw yourself into the arms of Gladys for sympathy? Then let me say, my daughter, that neither Mrs. Barrington nor any one else can do much for your improvement, and all the money we are spending will be thrown away. If you are going East to ally yourself exclusively with Californian girls, to talk California and think California and set yourself against everything that is not Californian, we might just as well take the first train west at Colfax."

"But am I to be different to Gladys when we meet away from home?" Elsie's sensitive eyes clouded. Her brows went up.

"Of course not. Gladys is a dear, delightful girl. I'm as fond of her as you are. But you can have Gladys all the rest of your life, I hope. I'm not a snob, dear, but I do think we should recognize the fact that some acquaintances are more improving than others."

"And cultivate them for the sake of what they can do for us?"

In Elsie's voice there was an edge of resistance, hearing which her mother, when she was wise, would let speech die and silence do its work. Her influence with the girl was strongest when least insisted upon. She was not wiser than usual that morning, but the noise of the train made niceties of statement impossible. She abandoned the argument perforce, and Elsie, left with her retort unanswered, acknowledged its cheapness in her own quick, strong, wordless way.

The dining-car would not be attached to the train until they reached Ogden. At twilight they stopped "twenty minutes for refreshment," and the Valentins took the refreshment they needed most by pacing the platform up and down—the tall daughter, in her severely cut clothes, shortening her boyish stride to match her mother's step; the mother, looking older than she needed, in a light-gray traveling-cap, with Elsie's golf-cape thrown over her silk waist.

The Eastern travelers were walking, too. They had had tea out of an English teabasket, and bread and butter from the buffet, and were independent of supper-stations. With the Valentins it was sheer improvisation and want of appetite.

"Please notice that girl's step," said Mrs. Valentin, pressing Elsie's arm. "'Art is to conceal art.' It has taken years of the best of everything, and eternal vigilance besides, to create such a walk as that; but *c'est fait*. You don't see the entire sole of her foot every time she takes a step."

"Having a certain other person's soles in view, mammy?"

"I'm afraid I should have them in full view if you came to meet me. Not the heel quite so pronounced, dearest."

"Oh, mother, please leave that to Mrs. Barrington! Let us be comrades for these few days."

"Dearest, it would be the happiness of my life to be never anything but a comrade. But who is to nag a girl if not her mother? I very much doubt if Mrs. Barrington will condescend to speak of your boot-soles.

She will expect all that to have been attended to long ago."

"It has been—a thousand years ago. Sometimes I feel that I'm all boot-soles."

"The moment I see some result, dear, I shall be satisfied. One does n't speak of such things for their own sake."

"Can't we get a paper?" said Elsie. "What is that they are shouting?"

"I don't think it can be anything new. We brought these papers with us on the train. But we can see. No; it's just what we had this morning. They are preparing for a general assault. There will be heavy fighting to-morrow. Why, that is to-day!" Mrs. Valentin held the newspaper at arm's-length.

"Is there anything more? I can only read the head-lines."

The girl took the paper and looked at it with a certain reluctance, narrowing her eyelids.

"Mother, there was something else in Gladys's letter. Billy Castant has enlisted with the Rough Riders. He was in that fight at Las Guasimas, while we were packing our trunks. He did badly again in his exams, and he—he did n't go home; he just enlisted."

"The foolish fellow!" Mrs. Valentin exclaimed. A sharp intuition told her there was trouble in the wind, and defensively she turned upon the presumptive cause. "The foolish boy! What he needs is an education. But he won't work for it. It's easier to go off mad and be a Rough Rider."

"I don't think it was easy at Las Guasimas," Elsie said, with a strained little laugh. "You remember the last war, mother; did you belittle your volunteers?"

Mrs. Valentin listened with a catch in her breath. What did this portend? So slight a sign as that in Elsie meant tears and confessions from another girl.

"And did you only hear of this just now, from Gladys's letter?"

"Yes, mother."

"You extraordinary child—your father all over again! I might have known by the way you laughed over that letter that you had bad news to tell—or keep to yourself."

"I don't call that bad news, do you, mother? He does need an education, but he will never get it out of books."

"Well, it's a pretty severe sort of education for his parents—nineteen, an only son, and to go without seeing them again. He might at least have come home and enlisted from his own State."

They were at the far end of the platform, facing the dark of the pine-clad ravines.

Deep, odorous breaths of night wind came sighing up the slopes.

"Mother, there was something happened last winter that I never told you," Elsie began again, with pauses. "It was so silly, and there seemed no need to speak of it. But I can't bear not to speak now. I don't know if it has made any difference—with Billy's plans. It seems disloyal to tell you. But you must forget it; he's forgotten, I am sure. He said—those silly things, you know! I could n't have told you then; it was too silly. And I said that I did n't think it was for him or for me to talk about such things. It was for men and women—not boys who could n't even get their lessons."

"Elsie!" Mrs. Valentin gave a little choked laugh. "Did you say that? The poor boy! Why, I thought you were such good friends!"

"He was n't talking friendship, mother, and I was furious with him for flunking his exams. He only passed in five out of seven. He ought to have done better than that. He's not stupid; it's that fatal popularity. He's captain of this and manager of that, and they give him such a lot of money. And they pet him, too; they make excuses for him all the time. I told him he must do something before he began to have feelings. The only feeling he had any right to have was shame for his miserable record."

"And that was all the encouragement you gave him?"

"If you call that 'encouragement,'" said Elsie.

"You did very well, my dear; but I suppose you know it was the most intimate thing you could have said to him, the greatest compliment you could pay him. If he ever does make any sort of a record, you have given him the right to come back to you with it."

"He will never come back to me without it," said the girl. "But it was nothing—nothing! All idleness and nonsense, and the music after supper that went to his head."

"I hope it was nothing more than—" Mrs. Valentin checked herself. There were things she said to her husband which sometimes threatened to slip out inadvertently when his youthful copy was near. "Well, I see nothing to be ashamed of, on your side. But such things are always a pity. They age a girl in spite of herself. And the boys—they simply forget. The rebuke does them good, but they forget to whom they owe it. It's just one of those things that make my girlie older. But oh, how fast life comes!"

Elsie slipped her hand under her mother's

cloak, and Mrs. Valentin pressed her own down hard upon it.

"We must get aboard, dear. But I'm so glad you told me! And I did n't mean quite what I said about Billy's 'going off mad.' He has given all he had to give, poor boy; why, is his own affair."

"I hope—what I told you—has made no difference about his coming home. It's stupid of me to think it. But hard words come back, don't they, mother? Hard words—to an old friend!"

"Billy is all right, dear; and it was so natural you should be tried with him! 'For to be wroth with one we—'" Mrs. Valentin had another of her narrow escapes. "Come, there is the porter waiting for us."

"Mother," said Elsie, sternly, "please don't misunderstand. I should never have spoken of this if I had been 'wroth' with him—in that way."

"Of course not, dear; I understand. And it would never do, anyway, for father does n't like the blood."

"Father does n't like the—what, mother?"

Elsie asked the question half an hour later, as they sat in an adjoining section, waiting for their berths to be made up.

"What, dear?"

"What did you say father does n't like—in the Castants?"

"Oh, the blood, the family. This generation is all right—apparently. But blood will tell. You are too young to know, all the old histories that fathers and mothers read young people by."

"I think we are what we are," said Elsie; "we are not our great-grandfathers."

"In a measure we are, and it should teach us charity. Not as much can be expected of Billy Castant, coming of the stock he does, as you might expect of that ancestry." Mrs. Valentin nodded toward the formidable Eastern contingent. (Elsie was consciously hating them already.) "The fountain can rise no higher than its source."

"I thought there was supposed to be a source a little higher than the ground—unless we are no more than earth-born fountains."

"Out of the mouth of babes," said Mrs. Valentin, laughing gently. "I own it, dear. Middle age is suspicious and mean and unspiritual and troubled about many things. A middle-aged mother is like an old hen when hawks are sailing around; she can't see the sky."

"Yes," said Elsie, settling cozily against her mother's shoulder. "I always know when

mammy speaks as my official mother, and when she is talking 'straight talk.' I shall be so happy when she believes I am old enough to hear only straight talk."

"I've got a surprise for you, Elsie," said Mrs. Valentin, a day and a night eastward of the Sierras. They were on the Great Plains, at that stage of an overland journey which suggests, in the words of a clever woman, the advisability of "taking a tuck in the continent."

Elsie's eyebrows seemed to portend that surprises are not always pleasant.

"I've been talking with our Eastern lady, and imagine! her daughter is one of Mrs. Barrington's girls, too. This will be her second year. So there is—"

"An offset to Gladys," Elsie interrupted.

"So there is a chance for you to know one girl, at least, of the type I've always been holding up to you, always believed in, though the individuals are so rare."

Elsie's sentiments, unexpressed, were that she wished they might be rarer. Not that the flower of Eastern culture was not all her mother protested she was; but there are crises of discouragement on the upward climb of trying to realize a mother's ambitions for one's self, when one is only a girl—the only girl on whom the family experiments are all to be wreaked. Elsie suffered in silence many a pang that her mother never dreamed of—pangs of effort unavailing and unappreciated. She wished to conform to her mother's exigent standard, but she could not, all at once, and be a girl too—a girl of sixteen, a little off the key physically, not having come to a woman's repose of movement; a little stridulous mentally, but pulsing with life's dumb music of aspiration; as intense as her mother in feeling, without her mother's power to throw off the strain in words.

"Well, mother?" she questioned.

"She is older than you, and she will be at home. The advances, of course, must come from her, but I hope, dear, you will not be—you will try to be responsive?"

"I never know, mother, when I am not responsive. It's like wrinkling my forehead; it does itself."

Mrs. Valentin made a gesture expressive of the futility of argument under certain not unfamiliar conditions.

"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." I am leading my Pegasus to the fountain of—what was the fountain?"

Elsie laughed. "Your Pegasus is pretty heavy on the wing, mammy. But I will drink. I will gorge myself, truly I will. The money shall not be spent in vain."

"Oh, the money! Who cares about the money?—if only there were more of it."

They stopped overnight in Chicago, and Mrs. Valentin bought some shirt-waists; for the heat had "doubled up on them," as a Kansas farmer on the train remarked.

Elsie trailed about the shops with her mother, not greatly interested in shirt-waists or bargains in French underclothing.

The war pressure seemed to close in upon them as they left the mid-West and drew toward the coast once more. The lists from El Caney were throbbing over the wires, and the country, so long immune from peril and suffering, was awakening to the cost of victory. There was a terrible flippancy in the irrepressible spirit of trade which had seized upon the nation's emblems, freshly consecrated in the blood of her sons, and turned them to commercial account—advertising, in symbols of death and priceless devotion, that ribbons or soap or candy was for sale. The flag was, so to speak, dirt-cheap. You could wear it in a hatband or a necktie; you could deface it, or tear it in two, in opening an envelop addressed to you by your bootmaker.

Elsie cast hunted eyes on the bulletin-boards. She knew by heart that first list after Las Guasimas. One glance had burned it in forever. It was become one of the indelible scars of life. Yet those were the names of strangers. If a whiff from an avalanche can fell trees a mile away, how if the avalanche strike you?

They returned to their hotel, exhausted, yet excited, by the heat; and Mrs. Valentin admonished herself of what our boys must be suffering in that "unimaginable climate," and she entered into details, forgetting to spare Elsie, till the girl turned a sickly white.

It was then that the bishop's card was sent up—their own late bishop, much mourned and deplored because he had been transferred to an Eastern diocese. There could be no one so invariably welcome, who knew so well, without effort, to touch the right chord, whether in earnest, or in jest that sometimes hid a deeper earnest. His manner at first usually hovered between the two, your own mood determining where the emphasis should rest. He had brought with him the evening paper, but he kept it folded in his hand.

"So you are pilgrims to Mecca," he said,

looking from mother to daughter with his gentle, musing smile. "But are you not a little early for the Eastern schools?"

"There are the home visits first, and the clothes," said Mrs. Valentin.

"And where do you stop, and for how long?"

"Boston, for one year, bishop, and then we go abroad for a year, perhaps."

"Bless me! what has Elsie done that she should be banished from home for two years?"

"She takes her mother with her."

"Yes; that is half of the home. Perhaps that's as much as one girl ought to expect."

"The fathers are so busy, bishop."

"Yes; the fathers do seem to be busy. So Elsie is going East to be finished?—not hard-finished, I hope. And how old is she now? How does she presume to account for the fact that she is taller than her mother and nearly as tall as her bishop?"

Elsie promptly placed herself at the bishop's side and "measured," glancing over her shoulder at him in the glass. He turned and gravely placed his hand upon her head.

"I thought of writing to you at one time," said Mrs. Valentin, "but of course you cannot keep us all on your mind. We are a 'back number.'"

"She thought I would have forgotten who these Valentins were," said the bishop, smiling.

"No; but you cannot keep the thread of all our troubles—the sheep of the old flock and the lambs of the new. I have had a thousand minds lately about Elsie, but this was the original plan, made years ago, when we were young and sure about things. Don't you think young lives need room, bishop? Ought n't we to seek to widen their mental horizons?"

"The horizons widen, they widen of themselves, Mrs. Valentin—very suddenly sometimes, and beyond our ken." The bishop's voice had struck a deeper note; he paused and looked at Elsie with eyes so kind and tender that the girl choked and turned away. "This war is rather a widening business, and California is getting her share. Our boys of the First, for instance,—you see I still call them our boys,—what were they doing a year ago, and what are they doing now? I'll be bound half of them a year ago did n't know how 'Philippines' was spelled."

Mrs. Valentin became restless.

"Is that the evening paper?" she asked.

The bishop glanced at the paper. "And who," said he, "is to open the gates of sun-

rise for our Elsie? With whom do you intend to place her in Boston?"

"Oh, with Mrs. Barrington."

Mrs. Valentin was watching the bishop, whose eyes still rested upon Elsie.

"She is to be one of the chosen five, is she? The five wise virgins—of the East? But they are all Western virgins this year, I believe."

"If you mean that they are all from the Western States, I think you are mistaken, bishop."

"Am I? Let us see. There is Elsie, and Gladys Castant, perhaps, and the daughters of my friend Mr. Laws of West Dakota—"

"Bishop!"

"Of West Dakota; that makes four. And then the young lady who was on the train with you, Miss Bigelow, from Los Angeles."

"Bishop! I am certain you are mistaken there. If those people are not Eastern, then I'm from West Dakota myself!"

"We are all from West Dakota virtually, so far as Mecca is concerned. But Mrs. Barrington offers her young ladies those exceptional social opportunities which Western girls are supposed to need. If you want Elsie to be with Eastern girls of the East, let her go to a good Boston Latin school. Did you not go to one yourself, Mrs. Valentin?"

Mrs. Valentin laughed. "That was ages ago, and I was at home. I had the environment—an education in itself. Won't you dine with us, bishop? We shall have dinner in half an hour."

"In half an hour I must be on the limited express. You seem to have made different connections."

"The error was, we started wrong," said Mrs. Valentin, lightly. "We took the morning instead of the evening train. But I was convinced we should be left, and I preferred to get left by the wrong train and have the right one to fall back on." She ceased her babble, as vain words die when there is a sense of no one listening.

Elsie stood at the window looking back into the room. She thought: "Mother doesn't know what she is saying. What is she worried about?"

The bishop was writing with a gold pencil on the margin of the newspaper. He folded it with the writing on top.

"If you had consulted me about that child,"—he looked at Elsie,— "I should have said: 'Do not hurry her—do not hurry her. Her education will come as God sends it.'

With experience, as with death, it is the prematureness that hurts."

His beautiful voice and perfect accent filled the silence with heart-warmed cadences.

"Well, good-by, Mrs. Valentin. Remember me to that busy husband."

Mrs. Valentin rose; the bishop took her hand. "Elsie will see me to the elevator. This is the evening paper."

He offered it with the writing toward her. Mrs. Valentin read what he had written: "Billy Castant was killed in the charge at San Juan. Every man in that fight deserves the thanks of the nation."

"Come, Elsie, see me to my carriage," the bishop was saying. He placed the girl's hand on his arm and led her out of the room. At the elevator grating they waited a moment; the cold draft up the shaft fanned the hair back from Elsie's forehead as she stood looking down, watching the ascent of the cage.

"It would be a happy thing," said the bishop, "if parents could always go with their children on these long roads of experience; but there are some roads that the boys and the girls will have to take alone. We shall all meet at the other end, though—we shall all meet at the end."

Elsie walked in the hall awhile, dreading to go back to the room. A band in the street below was playing an old war-song of the sixties which had been revived this battle summer of '98—a song that was sung when the cost of that war was beginning to tell: "We shall meet, but we shall miss him." Elsie knew the music, but she had not yet learned the words.

Next morning Mr. Valentin received one of his wife's vague but thrifty telegrams, dated at Chicago, on Sunday night, July 3: "We cannot go through with it. Expect us home Wednesday."

Mrs. Valentin had spent hours, years, in explaining to her husband the many cogent and crying reasons for taking Elsie East to be finished. It needed not quite five minutes to explain why she had brought her back.

Strangely, none of the friends of the family asked for an explanation of this sudden change of plan. But Elsie envies Gladys her black clothes and the privilege of crying in public when the bands play and the troops go by.

"Such children—such mere children!" Mrs. Valentin sighs.

But she no longer speaks to Elsie about wrinkling her forehead or showing her boot-soles. It is eye to eye and heart to heart, and only straight talk between them, now, as between women who know.

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

PART IV. PRISON LIFE IN SANTIAGO AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE SIEGE.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U. S. N.

THE TRAMP FROM THE MORRO TO SANTIAGO.

BY sunrise next morning (Tuesday, June 7) we were off for Santiago. I found my men waiting in the entrance archway, and I formed them in column of twos, and we marched out with military step, a guard of about thirty soldiers with us, under the command of a lieutenant, one third in front and the rest behind. We broke step on the hillside, and filed down the same path by which we had come up. I had already decided which features of the harbor defense I would observe with special care as we passed; but upon arriving at the head of Estrella Cove, to my surprise and disappointment, the leaders turned inland. It was evident that we were not to be taken up by boat through the harbor, as I had expected, but were to tramp up by dirt road. I asked Murphy if his hip gave him any trouble, and whether he thought he could stand a long tramp. He was sure he could, and the whole party started ahead, single file, up the ravine that runs into Estrella Cove.

One can hardly imagine the exhilaration we felt. It is true that we had been in prison only four days, but it had been weeks since any of us had been ashore, and it was our first tramp in Cuba. The tropical vegetation had special interest. There were shrubs and trees that we had never seen before, and we picked flowers of rich color from the pathside, to the amusement of the soldiers, who seemed themselves to have no interest in life, nature, or anything else. However, they kept a keen eye on their prisoners. I measured the chances of an attempt to break away. We had the advantage of greater vigor, and I felt we could make a dash and overpower and disarm an equal number, or perhaps the ten ahead; but twenty more behind, with bayonets and magazine-guns, were too many. I took careful note of the directions of the path, taking bearings by the sun, which could be seen, though screened with clouds, and examined the approaches on the right and left.

The path would admit of the passage of artillery, and would serve either for an advance on the city from the south or an advance on Morro from the north. The heights on both sides of the ravine, however, would have to be controlled by advance infantry. For several miles the sides were almost perpendicular, presenting remarkable aspects of erosion by water, vast caverns having been cut out like those under Morro. One thought what lodgings they would make for ambush. While passing through the ravine we could see nothing beyond the steep, rocky banks for about fifty yards on each side; but finally the mountains back of Santiago loomed up ahead, and soon the ravine drew to a gentle rise on each side, and we caught a glimpse of the waters of the bay. We had covered probably five miles without seeing a sign of fort, blockhouse, trench, or pit; but as the path turned westward, near the railroad, there ahead of us, on the left, a detachment of pioneers was constructing works to bear upon the path and railroad; and across on the right, beyond the railroad, was a detachment of cavalry mounted on ponies—the first cavalry I had seen, so I studied them closely. The officer in charge apparently had something to say to the officer in command of our guard. We came to attention, caught step, column of twos, and came to a halt, right face, as the guard halted. My men held their heads up, marched with a fine sailor swing, obeyed orders with precision, and made an excellent appearance, well brought out by contrast with the Spanish soldier. I felt proud of them, as indeed I did all through the imprisonment. I noted the critical looks of the Spanish officers and soldiers—looks that told of their interest in coming events. While the officers conferred, the water-bucket was passed around; for though the sun had remained screened, walking was rather hot work.

We started off as we had come up, and the looks of interest from the Spanish followed till we turned out of sight up the railroad-



A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY CECILIA BEAUX, NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1888.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

VOL. LVII—96.

track. Clearing a cut, the bay burst upon us; and there, quietly moored, in dark dignity lay the fleet, the *Colón*, distinguished by her single mast, seeming to have a special dignity of her own—at least, to my fancy, that pictured below the surface her wonderfully distributed armor and her remarkable machinery, combined with an equally remarkable battery. A launch was alongside of the *Vizcaya*, in front of the spot where the projectile had struck the day before, and it seemed to me that they were repairing damages. A fine merchant vessel lay farther up, and beyond her a number of smaller craft. The shore and approaches were attractive, with hillocks and valleys of cocoanut-palms and a rich growth of grass; but above the keen sensation of the beauty of the picture was the pervading thought that the enemy held control, and I looked at everything as though I were on a reconnaissance. The hillocks each had a blockhouse, but there seemed to be no trenches or earthworks. I thought what magnificent vantage-ground the hillocks would furnish for artillery to reduce the city.

The railroad soon turned to the left toward the bay, and numerous dumping-cars showed that it was used principally for ore. But the cars seemed not to have been used for a long time, and there was a general air of depression. We continued turning away from the railroad, and began to pass huts, from which half-dressed children peered with frightened faces. I was making some inquiries about the inhabitants from the officer in charge of the guard, when a cavalry detachment appeared ahead under a large tree, the troopers in the saddle, and an officer standing near a carriage. The officer came forward to meet us, and announced that he had been sent by the commanding general with an escort to conduct us into the city. He was a major on the staff of General Toral, I understood, and the troopers must have belonged to the body-guard. One can scarcely imagine a more picturesque group, or one with more color. Blue predominated, but bright red set it off on borders, wristlets, etc. The colors might have been called gaudy but for a very artistic arrangement in blending. The major asked if I would be kind enough to join him



FROM A PHOTOGRAPHY MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

VIEW NEAR MORRO CASTLE, LOOKING TOWARD SANTIAGO.

This was the route over which the *Merrimac* prisoners were taken. The road turns to the left to Estrella at the point where it narrows into a path. The telegraph line here was made of barbed wire.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

FIRST VIEW OF SANTIAGO FROM THE MORRO TRAIL.

in the carriage, where another officer of the staff was waiting. I asked if he would allow one of my men who had been wounded to ride with the driver. He consented, and Murphy jumped up on the driver's seat. The guard from the Morro was dismissed, the officer in charge of it shaking hands with me heartily.

I put Montague in charge of the little squad, with directions to keep step and preserve military bearing, and we started for the city, the carriage being followed by the squad, the troopers riding along on each side, with carbines on their hips.

THE NEW PRISON.

We flanked the city toward the east, skirting it on the south side. I could look down the streets for some distance without seeing any building of importance, the houses being more or less alike—small one-story structures with high windows and doors, the windows covered with iron bars outside, all of a kind of stucco, and the roofs of tile. Here again blue predominated, but there was the general light or white effect that I had noticed in Latin provincial towns and cities.

At last we came up to the long two-story barracks known as the Cuartel Reina Mercedes, situated on the eastern edge of the city beside the large military hospital. We passed along the front of the barracks, and stopped at the door in the middle, the major saying that this was to be our new quarters. A major whom I took to be in command of the barracks met us. The major of the staff in the carriage introduced me, and turned over the prisoners, saying that our effects were on the way and would soon be brought up, I having expressed solicitude on the subject, as a storm had caught us just before reaching the barracks, and my men were wet. A guard conducted them through the entrance into the courtyard beyond, where they turned to the left, while the major showed me into the room of the officer of the day on the right. The two officers bade me a kind and courteous farewell, and the escort left. The major introduced the officer of the day, and ordered drinks for three, being rather surprised at my choice of a thirst drink, insisting that they had superior brands of cognac and rum.

Luncheon was being served, and the major

ordered mine to be served on the table of the officer of the day, giving special direction to bring table-cloth, napkin, etc., with a bottle of claret; and the two officers sat by to entertain me as I ate. The major was called away soon, leaving the officer of the day and me alone. I did not know at the time, but learned afterward, that General Toral passed about that time, and observing the scene, had the officer of the day put in solitary confinement in the Morro. I was astonished to learn this, for my host, as I soon saw, was waiting only till my room should be ready. It was opposite his room, beyond the first room, which was occupied by the sergeant of the guard, and I could see soldiers sweeping and washing up, while furniture was being taken in, among which I noticed with satisfaction a kind of cot-bed, an iron frame with canvas stretched across, the frame rising up to hold a mosquito-net. A Sister of Charity came with it, and I knew that it had been brought from the hospital.

THE WRITER'S COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

WHEN we were through luncheon, the officer conducted me across to my room. Over the entrance were the words, "Sala de la Justicia," which indicated a court-martial room.

It was large, airy, and bright, with a big window looking across the road over the country toward the mountains to the east and north-east. It was freshly whitewashed, with an asphaltum coating at the bottom of the walls that, drying, gave a wholesome odor. As we entered, the sister was giving the last touches to the linen. She had evidently been detailed to see the room fitted up with the regular furniture of an officer's room at the hospital, and it was a beautiful sight to see the pains she took to have everything dainty and orderly. As she left, she slipped a little package on the table, a cake of guava jelly. Of all the kindnesses and attentions I received, none touched me more deeply. The jelly lasted a long time, for I husbanded it, taking only a very little after each meal. It kept before me the picture of these devoted sisters ministering in hospitals and prisons, and wherever else there is human suffering upon the earth.

The officer of the day withdrew, with assurances that he would be at my service, near at hand, for anything I might wish. When the sister left, the sentry closed and bolted the door, and placed himself on the outside, abreast a round hole cut at about the height of the eye; then came the peculiar



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

ENTRANCE TO THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES, SANTIAGO, WHERE THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS WERE CONFINED.

The lower window on the extreme left is in Mr. Hobson's room.

sensation, to which I could never become accustomed, of having an eye watching me all the time. This surveillance proved the greatest of all impediments in my plans for escape.

to contribute to cheerfulness and comfort. But the fine view from the window could not make up for the loss of the sight of our ships and the majestic sea horizon.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

MR. HOBSON'S ARRIVAL AT HIS ROOM IN THE CUARTEL.

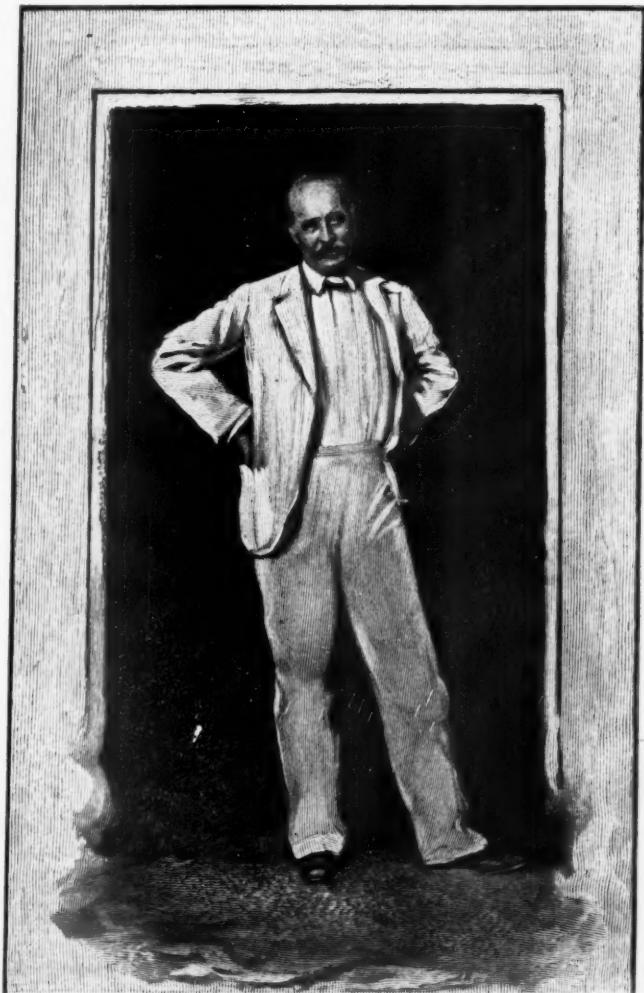
It was not long before the cart arrived bringing our effects from the Morro. The cot was no longer required, so it was folded and put against the back wall. The small table which I had used as a wash-stand now served for a dressing-table, while the larger table answered for a sideboard. Chairs had already been provided, and with those from Morro there were enough for a reception—two rockers and four or five others. The room was so large that there was no necessity for removing anything. My quarters were certainly in marked contrast with the cell of the Morro, and there was everything

A VISIT FROM THE BRITISH CONSUL.

I WAS still walking up and down when a carriage drove up, and a fine-looking gentleman of superb build alighted and came into the barracks. Soon the officer of the day opened the door and announced the British consul. Mr. Ramsden met me with a hearty though undemonstrative greeting, and I soon perceived in this man the finest flower of human kindness. He said he had received my letter of the previous day relative to the prisoners being kept in the Morro, and had gone at once to see General Linares; that he had

seen General Toral, who gave assurances of removal, but did not know of the flag of truce referred to; that the matter had been

him, as he had told Captain Bustamante, that he would not visit me for fear that he might not afterward be able to do his official duty.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

THE LATE FREDERICK W. RAMSDEN, BRITISH CONSUL AT SANTIAGO.

settled upon the return of General Linares, who had been down at the Morro during the bombardment. "Ah," I thought, "General Linares, then, had been in the Morro, and had left us exposed when he knew Morro was being fired on—had left me up in the most exposed of all positions when by a word and without any difficulty he could have had us all placed in a position of complete safety!" He went on to say that General Linares told

SAD NEWS OF ACOSTA.

Mr. RAMSDEN said he had just come from a funeral, which had detained him somewhat. "A very sad funeral," he added, "a Spanish commander—a fine fellow, who had been mortally wounded in the bombardment, the executive officer of the *Reina Mercedes*." "Not Captain Acosta!" I exclaimed, and a great rush of pain and grief swept over me.

Acosta, who was so kind to me! Yes, it was he. The gallant fellow was forward on the *Mercedes* when a shell entered and exploded, killing five men and wounding a number of others—probably the very shell which I had remarked. The surgeon ran at once to Acosta, whose right leg had been cut off at the hip; but Acosta put him away, directing him to attend first to the groaning seamen. There was no hope for him; he lived about two hours, and died with the fortitude of a brave man who had done his duty. I felt a void, a great personal loss, as for a dear friend. It is strange how short a period is necessary in war-time to make a place in the heart for one who has the fine traits of the true soldier. With the thought of Acosta's death, I could scarcely enter into the spirit of the subsequent conversation. We talked chiefly about the bombardment. Mr. Ramsden had seen it from his country house, between the city and the Morro, and had been most impressed, like myself, with the thirteen-inch shells and their manifestations of power, being particularly interested in the sound of those that, striking, proceeded on, tumbling, and making pulsating, puffing sounds like a switching locomotive. He said the *Mercedes* had received the greatest punishment, having been three times set on fire; that men had been killed at the Morro, but that, though some of the guns of the sea batteries were literally buried, the batteries had not suffered material damage. To Mr. Ramsden's inquiries as to my wants I replied that about everything required for comfort had been supplied, but that I should be very much indebted if he would use his good offices to help bring about our exchange, requesting him to call attention to the many prisoners at Manila. He assured me that everything possible on his part would be done. I requested that application be made for my men to have the same privileges as at the Morro in the matter of cleanliness and health, and the consul said he was on his way to see them. He made a cheerful atmosphere, and I knew from his first visit that we should receive the benefit of all his influence, personal and official.

FIRST TIDINGS FROM HOME.

MR. RAMSDEN had been gone only a short while when the officer of the day brought in a cablegram, sent in care of Admiral Cervera. The sight of it made my pulse quicken, as I divined that it came from the United States. It was a message of kindness from the Southern Society of Brooklyn, the first that reached me; and I felt then that we were not being

forgotten by our countrymen, and my hopes for an early exchange rose.

I sat down in the rocker in front of the window, and looked out at the lengthening shadows and the softening light as the sun sank lower. There was a pervading stillness, and a sadness seemed to overhang nature. Kind and noble Acosta, to be cut off so soon!

Soldiers came and went, passing my window, which I soon saw was a vantage-ground of observation for all movements and operations to the east and northeast of the town. From time to time small groups of infantry and cavalry came up to the entrance. Some came in, others stopped only for a while; all were only a few yards from where I sat, and admitted of the closest scrutiny. Many officers and privates came regularly, and day after day I would study these groups.

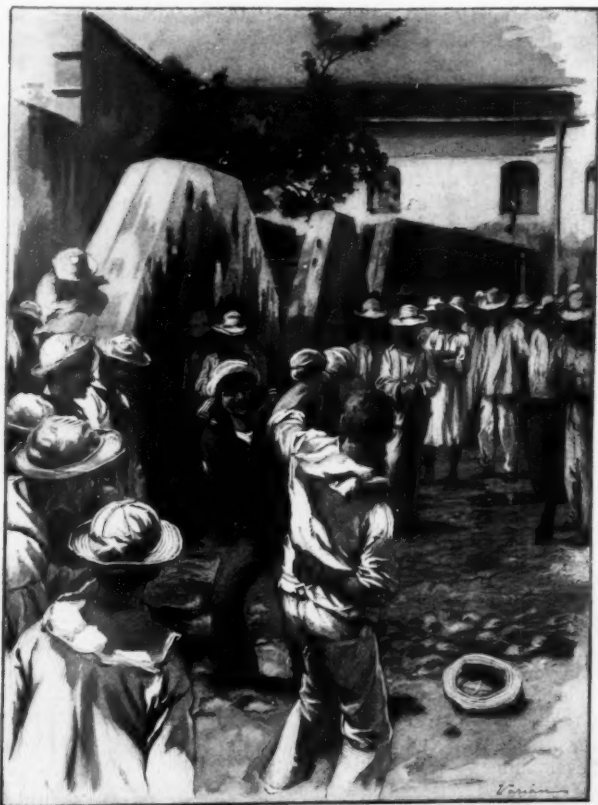
Along toward five o'clock soldiers set out from the entrance, carrying large tin buckets; usually two went together, with a pole between them, resting on their shoulders, carrying two buckets. Leaves lay over them, but it was not long before some of the contents spilled over, and I discovered that they contained boiled rice and boiled frijoles. The barracks, I saw, was being used to supply provisions for troops round about. Later, after the arrival of our troops, cart-loads of boxed provisions were sent out. I was not long in discovering that the barracks was being used also to confine military prisoners, there being seventy-five or eighty in confinement at the time, and that there was a hospital service in one portion, perhaps for the overflow from the military hospital. These services seemed to be more important than the barrack service proper, the number of troops coming and going varying from time to time.

THE FIRST MEAL IN THE NEW QUARTERS.

PROMPTLY at five o'clock a soldier came with my dinner, and in a well-trained manner spread a tidy table-cloth, placed a napkin, and arranged knives, forks, and spoons for a regular course dinner. I had him place the table in front of the window, so that I might look out while eating. He put the Morro table to the rear, using it for a side-table, and stood up behind me, changing the plate as required. It seemed rather strange to have a course dinner in prison. There were seldom fewer than three courses: frijoles, rice, and beef, and sometimes sardines; then, for a long time, a bit of the guava jelly; and for a while fruit, which the British consul sent. When the courses were through,

the attendant cleared the table and served a small cup of hot black coffee. I would change my chair, take a rocker, and sip the coffee, looking out over the landscape, and for the time only the double row of bars told of prison. Those bars were a great nuisance. One series is bad enough, but two were

the service of the meals, and was most attentive and efficient. He was in the hospital service, and had had excellent training. He seemed to take pride in his assignment to look out for me, saying that he had been able to get it because he knew the British consul — "And a fine man that," he added, with an



MEMBERS OF THE "MERRIMAC" CREW BOXING IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CUARTEL.

utterly exasperating, as the eyes and head had to go through a course of gymnastics before a clear-away channel of sight could be had, and even then the slightest movement set a bar across one eye, and the effort to clear it threw a bar of the other series across the other eye; and all the while an enticing landscape lay beyond.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

AFTER carefully clearing up, the attendant left, asking at what time "señor" desired his coffee in the morning. He had henceforth entire charge of the room, as well as

emphatic shake of the head. He was, in fact, an interesting character in many ways, as I afterward found out. He was rather small and somewhat shriveled, and showed all his thoughts in his face. He had been instructed not to communicate to me anything of a military nature, and was faithful to his instructions; but he was as tender-hearted as an Irishman, and after the fighting began, I could tell each morning from the length of his face how matters had gone the previous day.

Just before dark the officer of the day brought in his relief and presented him, the

new officer of the day asking if there was anything that I needed, saying that he would be always at hand, and trusted I would call upon him without reluctance for anything whatsoever. Thus for thirty days each officer on duty would bring in and present his relief. They were all first lieutenants of infantry, and though a different one came every day, they were, with but one or two exceptions, kind, courteous, and considerate.

The lamplighter came and brought a lamp; but I preferred a candle, which I screened so that it would not be in my eyes as I walked up and down, which I did till about nine o'clock, thinking over the change in the situation and the problem of entering the harbor and destroying the enemy's fleet, indulging in vain pictures of early release and restoration to duty. My sleep was sound, and I awakened with a start at daybreak, hearing rumbling sounds like peals of great guns in the distance. It proved to be only the rumble of a cart in the courtyard. This noise, like the waves in the caverns at Morro, so resembled the roar of cannon that even to the end of our imprisonment I would start up at night and require some little time to distinguish the effect of the slow wheels on the cobbles. The barracks was like a great sounding-board, and generally sleep was out of the question after daybreak.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE TREATMENT OF THE CREW.

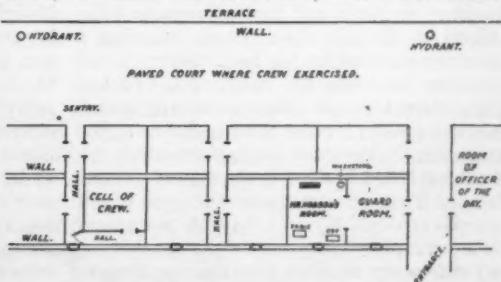
AFTER early breakfast I asked the officer of the day to request permission for me to go with the attending surgeon to see my men in their quarters. The request was granted, with the understanding that communication would be allowed between myself and the men only when specially required. I found them all together in one room of moderate size only, with a small barred opening in the door, which was kept closed, locked, and bolted, and guarded by a sentry on the outside. There was no other opening for light or air, and I feared these conditions would endanger their health if there should be any considerable delay in exchange, and spoke of this to Mr. Ramsden when he called next day. He was of the same opinion, and placed the matter before General Linares, but without effect, the general saying that there was absolutely no other place to put the men, and that his own soldiers were living under the same conditions.

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BOXING-GLOVES AND READING MATTER.

THE men were cheerful, however, saying that the food was even better than at the Morro, a portion of beef having been added. Murphy had suffered no ill effects from the tramp, and none had caught cold from the shower. I impressed upon them the absolute necessity of taking every precaution for cleanliness, and directed them to go through the setting-up exercises, a kind of Delsarte, twice a day. They did this throughout, much to the amusement of the Spaniards, to whom the value of such exercise seemed never to have occurred.

Even with these precautions, I was not much surprised when, two days later, Phillips was taken ill and sent for me. He had stomach trouble, with low fever, and I wrote a letter to General Linares urgently requesting that amelioration be made—that if the men could not be given better quarters, they should be allowed at least an hour each day in the courtyard. The British consul supported the request, and after three or four days' delay the order was issued allowing them to go out from twelve to one, the least desirable hour of the day, with a vertical sun; but this was better than continuous confinement. It was interesting to see them, as I had occasion to, in crossing the yard, with a cordon of sentries all around on duty, yet admiring spectators. They made a great reputation for strength, the officers commenting on it. But what seemed most interesting was the boxing, taken up later. The British consul found two boxing-gloves in town, and though they were both for the left hand, the men managed to get first-rate exercise and fun from them. It was rather amusing when the gloves came. I sent them out to the officer of the day to give to the men. He did not know what they were, and sent them to General Linares's office, where the British



THE QUARTERS IN THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.
DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.
PLAN OF THE QUARTERS IN THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.

consul found them two or three days later; and it was only after assurances that the men would be less dangerous with the gloves on than without them that the general reluctantly consented to their use. The same thing occurred in connection with reading matter. The consul, who was forbidden to send newspapers, sent in a good supply of old magazines, chiefly the "Strand Magazine" and THE CENTURY, and a number of novels, and I sent out a portion of them to the men. Mr. Ramsden found them several days later on the desk of General Toral, and no amount of persuasion would bring him to let them go to the men. "You can't tell me anything about such matters," he said. "I have been in prison, and tried it myself—marking certain words here and there which, combined, made up a message." He could find no words marked, but that did not make any difference; so the consul had to send a new batch direct to General Linares, who then sent them to the men.

PLANS FOR ESCAPE.

AFTER coming from the men's cell that first morning, I proceeded to arrange a program of my time so as to realize a maximum advantage from the situation. My thoughts were chiefly occupied with our release, the enemy's defenses, and our health and welfare. A methodical routine was made out that continued in effect, with but slight modification, till our troops landed, when the observation of active operations took up most of the time.

Regarding it as very desirable that we should get back to the fleet with our knowledge of the defenses at the entrance, I set to work upon the question of escape. The system of sentries made escape look hopeless from the first. There was a sentry at my door looking at me all the time, a second at the entrance, and at night-time a third at my window, besides the sergeant of the guard between my room and the entrance, and the officer of the day just across, carrying a revolver chained to his belt. When I had occasion to cross the courtyard, two and sometimes three sentries followed behind. All the guards for the seventy-five or eighty prisoners inside were available against me. Nothing could be done in the way of excavation or filing of bars under the eyes of the special sentry. My plan had to be reduced to one simply of perpetual vigilance, holding myself ready to seize any chance, keeping special lookout for the possibility of reaching a horse at the entrance, where horses were frequently hitched. In case of a suc-

cessful dash, I studied out my subsequent movements, whether by daylight or darkness, whether I should be afoot or mounted, and with reference to the topography. I felt that if I could once get into the high grass in the valley about three hundred yards away, I could, by throwing pursuers off the track, finally get to the mountains, and then, by making a long detour, seeking guides among the Cubans, could make my way to the coast, and there get off to the fleet in a small boat. I studied and arranged all the details to the minutest: how I might dash upon the outer sentry with body bent forward, seizing a chair or chairs to shove or throw, or else knocking him down by butting or tripping; then dodge the first shots by dropping behind a bank and a mulberry-tree; crawl on all fours across a small open space; rush with body bent forward to the fence beyond; take the fence and the barbed wire; and then follow up the valley in one direction and afterward turn about. But I watched for a chance in vain. When our troops finally arrived in front of the city, and I knew how valuable to them would be my knowledge of the defenses, particularly the location of the artillery, which I knew so well, the situation grew desperate, and I watched for even the faintest shadow of a chance. But no; the Spanish are passed masters in guarding prisoners, and I was doomed to see the pieces of artillery make their locations known by hurling death at our brave troops.

DESPAIR OF BEING EXCHANGED.

It was not long before the hope of an exchange also began to decline. At my repeated request the British consul brought the matter up with General Linares again and again; but each time the general said he could do nothing—that he looked for directions from the captain-general, and that the matter would probably be decided in Madrid. I asked the consul to urge the matter upon the State Department at Washington, and he did so by a cipher cablegram to the British consul-general at Havana; but no reply came. Finally, on the 15th of June, I requested him to send another cablegram to the State Department, again urging the matter, and requesting in my name information as to what was being done and what hope we might have; but not a word came in reply. Reason argued that everything would certainly be done, that the authorities must appreciate that I had valuable information; but the human feeling would rise, "Why can they not tell us if they are doing anything

or not?" Day after day still passed, and not a word came. In spite of reason, a bitterness began to set in—a kind of deep-seated resentment: "It is not right for our countrymen to forsake and forget us in this way." Little did we suspect what a kindly interest they were really taking. On the 18th the British consul came to say that Paris despatches stated that the Spanish government declined to exchange for the prisoners taken on the *Argonauta*. This at least gave the satisfaction of knowing that efforts had been made, though it portended gloomily for the chances of success. Finally, on the 23d, the consul said that Paris despatches stated that the Spanish premier, Sagasta, had refused entirely to make the exchange on account of

artillery, with a large force of engineers. The colonel of artillery at the Morro had told me that he had eight hundred artillerists at the entrance, and the outer defenses doubtless occupied a large force; but it became clear to me before very long that there could be scarcely more than forty-five hundred or five thousand troops of all arms actually in the city.

The conclusions drawn at the Morro concerning the appearance of the Spanish soldiers were confirmed by the larger observation from the barracks. What impressed me most, however, was the lack of vigor, the languid, tired look, and the sickly complexion. The clothing, too, seemed altogether inadequate against the changes of temperature

and humidity. On board ship we were careful to shift into blue wool at sunset, while the Spanish soldier wore the same thin checked-cotton stuff day and night, without underwear. It was, therefore, not surprising that many had colds and throat and lung troubles. About daylight there was a regular barking all over the barracks, and the cough of the consumptive was easily distinguishable. And during the day, if a group stopped for any length of time, I could perceive that a large part of the men had coughs. The endurance of these troops, however, was something to marvel at. When the city was finally invested,



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. C. ROSE.

ENTRANCE TO THE CELL OF THE CREW, FROM THE COURTYARD.

the information that the prisoners must have gathered. He gave this gloomy news in a call in the afternoon; but that morning I had heard firing down the coast, and I knew it meant the debarkation of our troops, and felt that a new phase was close at hand.

THE SPANISH SOLDIER AND HIS HORSE.

DURING this two weeks' period, however, the greater part of my observation and study had been given to the enemy's defenses. I would jump up at night to see any piece of artillery pass, or any squad or body of troops making noise enough to awaken me, and during the daytime not an officer or a private passed without my close scrutiny. It soon appeared to me that in the city there were only three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of

I saw them come in after being drenched in the trenches all night, utterly broken down, and scarcely able to get to barracks, and at once, upon an alarm, go out again without food, and remain on duty for hours longer. It was the same with the mounts. One would think them utterly used up—nothing but ponies, poor, half starved, stiff, many of them with sores; yet they would go off on a canter for hours, and never break down. When flour gave out, and bread became scarce, and the corn was reserved for meal, the horses were fed on the long grass, each trooper taking two bundles behind his saddle. Yet the poor animals endured to the end, after more than three weeks of such severe conditions. Probably no breed but the mustang can equal the en-

duration of the Cuban pony. I was early struck by the harsh treatment of these ponies by their riders, but soon came to see that all the lower animals received the same treatment.

STUDYING THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE observation of the troops soon showed that, though the men and animals were run down and were in more or less wretched condition, the arms and military implements were of the best kind. I estimated that at least two thirds of the infantry were armed with the Mauser, with sword-bayonet, the remainder, to my great surprise, carrying the Remington, with specially long, keen bayonets. The moment firing began I saw that they had smokeless powder and apparently plenty of ammunition. What most attracted my attention, however, was the activity of the engineer force and the artillery. They must have known very early of our preparations for invasion, and seemed to expect that we would select the northeastern approaches, for long before our troops arrived they entered upon an extended system of works along the whole northeast front. Day after day the detachments with intrenching implements would pass out by my window early in the morning, returning late in the afternoon; and I saw trenches, rifle-pits, and artillery-pits growing under my eyes, this inner line of defenses passing not more than two hundred yards from the barracks. The locations were carefully chosen, and I noted with intense feeling the clever way in which earth, brush, and grass were utilized, and felt that there would be an awful sacrifice of life if we should attempt to take the positions by assault.

The observation of these military features added intensity to my study of plans by which the fleet might be destroyed and the city taken from the water side. The working hours, so to speak, of each day were given to this topic, and the plans were elaborated in detail. They consisted essentially in sweeping the channel ahead of the fleet by the use of small craft and auxiliaries. The study of the auxiliaries and their use brought out many features of inadaptability in the craft we had at hand, and emphasized the need of special craft, which should require only a short time in construction. The type of craft finally evolved was virtually the "unsinkable" spoken of at the beginning of this narrative in connection with a plan suggested for clearing Havana harbor for the entrance of the fleet—a species of vessel

armed with indestructible submerged spar-torpedoes.

THE QUESTION OF HEALTH.

THOUGH the conditions of health in the case of my men were not satisfactory, it seemed that nothing further could be done. It was with uneasiness, therefore, that I received report, on the 26th, that Montague was down with fever; and being allowed to visit the cell, I found his temperature high, while all the other men had grown pale, and I saw plainly that there was a general condition of low and ebbing vitality. When Mr. Ramsden called that day, we conferred on the matter, and he again made application for changes, which General Linares again declined. However, the surgeon consented to take Montague up on the next floor, and sent me reports three times a day as to his temperature; but when, on the 28th, Phillips too was taken down with fever, I became alarmed. The general's statement that no other place was available left only one other course practicable. I sent for Mr. Ramsden, and wrote an official request to General Linares that the men should be paroled, and carried out, under flag of truce, to the hospital-ship of our fleet, and placed aboard, without communication with any one but the surgeons and nurses, assuring him that the admiral would guarantee the parole. The consul was requested to inform our government of the condition of the men, and to request in my name that effort be made to have the parole measures carried out, if possible. The consul went to the general, who declined to consider the measure. The consul then told him in plain words that something had to be done. The final result was that two days later the crew were transferred to the regular hospital and placed in one of the best wards. I was not allowed to visit them, but the consul reported that the sanitary conditions were excellent, and assured me that the men were in no wise exposed to contagion or infection. Sure enough, they all began to improve. Montague and Phillips were soon well, and no one else was taken down. The main difficulty was an impairment of the digestion, due to want of exercise, lack of variety in food, and bad cooking. It was several months after our exchange before some of the men were entirely well.

My own conditions for air, light, and exercise were good from the beginning. I was not allowed to exercise outside, but the room was large, and I took exercise with the regularity of meals—going through setting-up exercises, fencing, broadsword, and boxing,

using the mosquito-bar for a pliable antagonist, a penholder for a small sword, and a broom-handle for a broadsword. The chairs answered for Indian clubs, and I would close with several minutes' double-time, remaining in place, and a rapid walk up and down the room. Mr. Ramsden had been able to get me a bath-tub, and a cold douche twice a day, with this exercise, kept my system in fine tone. As a matter of fact, the conditions were better than those on board ship, and I had more muscle and was in better form when I came out than when I went in; so that, on the day of our exchange, the ride from Santiago to Siboney, most of the way at a brisk trot, did not stiffen a muscle.

NATURE FROM A PRISON WINDOW.

EVEN if I had not been engrossed by observation and study of the situation, made keen by both the novelty of the Spanish soldiers and Spanish methods, and the ever-present thought of the impending struggle, it is difficult to conceive how time could have become oppressive with such a wealth of nature as spread out before my window. Tropical vegetation and long grass, spotted with trees, the stately palm in clumps being most conspicuous, stretched down the slope from the barracks, and up the slope across the meadow to an encircling ridge, that grew steep and wooded to the north and south ends—a ridge that I was to see wrenched from the enemy by the sheer individual valor of our troops. Beyond this ridge the tropical growth continued, but could be seen over the ridge only here and there, till it reached the base of the mountains. And such mountains! Rugged and furrowed as by the centuries, partly wooded, but with vast areas that seemed like lawn, which I found to be the same high growth of grass. The sky-lines of the tops were broken with peaks that made shapes suggesting huge creatures, one a crouching lion, as at Gibraltar, another a great alligator. One of the large palm-trees had its fans arching up on two sides, making the perfect form of an eagle alighting.

Nowhere have I ever seen a landscape so companionable. It was as much so as the sea, and had as many moods, varying throughout the day under the changing conditions of light, sky, and clouds: in the morning bright and animated as for work; as the afternoon advanced, growing thoughtful, listening, gentle, poetic; at nightfall reserved, mystic, even weird. The sounds, too, seemed to have the same moods, particularly

at night, when unknown insects and swamp animals were to be heard.

What delighted me most, however, were the storm effects, which came almost every day, usually in the late afternoon, but not infrequently at night, and sometimes in the morning. Then the mountains were at their best. They seemed to generate the storms, or, if formed elsewhere, they seemed to draw them. And what manifestations of power! What a tragic combination of the great storm background, steady black, muttering and menacing beyond the mountains, and the bright, mellow stretches of light breaking through the turmoil of the clouds and shifting on the mountain-sides! The whole environment was so interesting that, though confined in the same room for thirty days, I scarcely felt the need for books. After my study of the plans of attack was well along, I took up a novel, and finally finished it, more because of having begun it; but I did not care to take up another. It was more satisfactory to give an hour or two of the uninteresting part of the day, just after luncheon, to the magazines, and I probably finished the best parts of a dozen—all of the numbers of *THE CENTURY*, and most of the numbers of the "*Strand*," and several issues of the "*Ilustración Artística*" of Barcelona.

THE BRITISH CONSUL'S ATTENTIONS.

AMONG the brightest features of the imprisonment, however, were the visits of the British consul, which occurred about every three days. If the prisoners had been his own countrymen, even his own children, Mr. Ramsden could not have been more attentive to their wants, more thoughtful in a hundred delicate ways. Finding we needed fruit, he had the market searched, and kept a lookout to get us bananas and pineapples, though these had been almost entirely cut off. When the bread gave out, he shared with us the crackers he had saved for his own family; and long after the bakeries were closed and no flour could be had, his own cook made us bread from the small quantity of his flour that still held out, though he could not tell how much longer the severe conditions would continue. One day, when he had been inquiring about my fare, and I was telling him what we ate aboard ship, the major came in.¹ Mr. Ramsden made a reference to my having been accustomed to eggs, and asked if they could not allow me some for breakfast. "Oh,

¹ This was the major who had met me upon our arrival, and who, I found, was not the governor of the barracks, but, I think, the governor of the hospital.

certainly," said the major; "I will attend to it to-day." Accordingly, next morning the attendant brought two eggs; for luncheon he brought two more, and for dinner two. Six a day, in addition to the regular ration, at a time when eggs were twelve and a half cents apiece! This continued several days, when, as I understand, the hospital steward made an official report that the American officer was eating up all the eggs, that the supply was being cut off, and that soon there would not be enough for the sick. I thereupon told the attendant to inform the cook that I had had enough eggs for the present.

HIS NOBLE CHARACTER.

PART of Mr. Ramsden's visit was always spent with the men. He looked to all their wants—kept them supplied with coffee, sugar, and tobacco, sent them two packs of cards, and contributed in other ways to their health and comfort. We all owe him an immeasurable debt of gratitude. Upon being released, I made the matter the subject of an official letter to the admiral, to be transmitted to the Navy and State departments, and conferred with the chief of staff, Captain Chadwick, as to making some recognition of these courtesies. It was arranged that after the first opening of the channel I should take a steam-launch and get a load of the best things from the supply-ship, such as fresh beef and vegetables, canned asparagus, etc., and take them in to Mr. Ramsden at Santiago, and invite him and his family off to dinner on the *New York*, along with the British naval and military attachés. Alas! it was not to be. When the city fell, the consul was in the midst of his last great sacrifice, ministering to the wants of the wretched at El Caney. The day the channel was cleared, I was ordered North in connection with the efforts to save the Spanish wrecks, and was destined never to see him again. It was one of the bright expectations of going back to be able to see Mr. Ramsden and let him know the depth of our gratitude. But while I was still in the North news came of his death. His unceasing work week after week, night and day, under the severest conditions, was more than human strength could stand. He remained at his post of duty, refusing even the strongest appeals of his family, till the work was done. It was then too late; his strength was exhausted. He had given his very life in the service of others. With the sadness of personal bereavement, I hold sacred among my prison experiences the

privilege of having known this noble and splendid character.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THE operations of the army and navy were, of course, of the keenest interest. I noted the fire of every gun from the fleet, and as far as practicable tried to judge of its caliber, location, and objective. With a small clock which had come in my box from the *New York* I noted the very minute of the opening gun. The various firings up to the 23d were evidently only bombardments of the entrance, none of them exceeding an hour, and all less animated than the three-hour bombardment of the 6th observed from the Morro. But on the 22d the firing to the southeast, opening at 9 A. M., convinced me, after a short while, that troops were being landed under cover of the fleet. Moreover, I observed couriers to and from the eastward during the day, and on the 24th I was not surprised to hear musketry-firing, more or less obstinate, far away to the southeastward. There could no longer be any doubt: we were invading with an army, and our advance-guard had made contact with the enemy. I decided that the firing, however, came from our cavalry, not thinking that the infantry could have advanced so quickly, and I formed a picture of our superb horsemen, such as I had seen drilling at Fort Myer, near Washington, and our cow-boy riders engaging the Spanish troops. The firing did not seem to recede as it closed, and I was sure, though the atmosphere was not very clear, that the Spanish flag on a building where the firing had taken place had been replaced by the Stars and Stripes. My heart leaped with exultation, though I knew that pain and death must be there. It was the initial action at Sevilla.

I would have given a great deal for a sight of the special edition of the local papers which a newsboy brought in that afternoon. It made the soldiers about the entrance look serious. But I knew the story next day when a regiment of infantry came slowly down the road from Sevilla, and I saw a brigadier shake his head as he met an officer from the city. On that day there was artillery-firing to the southeast closer than on the day of the landing. I could not make it out, but learned afterward that it was the shelling of Aguadores, accompanied by the retreat of the Spaniards and the partial blowing up of the railroad-bridge. If there had been any doubt about Sevilla the day before, it was removed that

night when I saw our camp-fires spreading out, some of them nearer than the first flag.

For several days no further action took place, but our camp-fires continued to spread out to the foot of the mountains, and I knew that the army was coming up. The Spanish troops, on their part, were working like beavers on their intrenchments, and artillery passed which I concluded was being transferred from the entrance and from defenses in other directions. What gave me most concern was a pack-train of big mules with machine-guns. My intense anxiety to escape with the information I had made me almost desperate. The Spaniards seemed to know this, and watched me like a hawk. Before I would start to cross the courtyard, the officer of the day would call up two or three extra sentries. It was on the day of the landing that Mr. Ramsden had brought me news of the refusal to exchange, and then I knew that unless a chance to escape should occur we should have simply to await developments, in the attack on the city.

TWO RUSES.

I LOOKED for this attack to be from artillery, and planned, in the case of bombardment, to place my tables in front of the window, very much as at Morro, and to demand that my men be allowed to go into the courtyard to be clear of falling walls or roofs. When I went in to see Montague, I took the opportunity of informing the men of the situation while still appearing only to be inquiring about their health, in this fashion: "You still have some fever, Montague, and they have refused to exchange us, lads." The two clauses being spoken without pause, the officer suspected nothing. "None of you others have any, but our troops have landed." "Does your coffee keep well in that box, and if shells strike the building look out for the walls and for fire from above?" "Do you get enough air from the door here, and I shall ask for you to be allowed to go into the courtyard?" "Let me see your tongue, Montague. It is not so bad, and in the courtyard look out for brick and debris; take shelter by the stone steps." The men understood perfectly, and nodded their heads or answered without any sign of surprise and without a question.

I was rather surprised later to see the Red Cross flag hoisted on the barracks, one flag at each corner and one over the portal. "Do they imagine," I thought, "with troops going back and forth from the entrance, and the nature of the building evident, that the flag

is going to protect it from our fire?" I was interested to see what the abuse of the flag would amount to, and after our exchange I found that the guns of our artillery had been trained on the barracks from the beginning of the investment, while the flag was hoisted on almost every building of importance in the city. The barracks was close to the line of artillery-pits—was, indeed, the nearest structure, and would have been the first building to crumble. Our artillerists had seen the abuse, and had made out the hospital and other places to be spared, independent of the flag.

There was a sense of relief in the knowledge that the men were safe in the hospital before the fighting began.

THE BATTLES OF JULY 1 (EL CANEY AND SAN JUAN).

PREPARATIONS continued, apparently, on both sides until June 30, when a balloon ascended from our lines and remained high up for reconnaissance. I took this as indicating that active work was close at hand. Escape with information had continued impossible, and I waited with anxious mind, never doubting for an instant as to the issue, but fearing for our losses.

Sharp at half-past six next morning our artillery opened. I jumped to the window, and scarcely left it again all day, and being anxious to follow accurately every movement, took a pencil to jot down items. Mr. Ramsden had sent a note-book and stationery, but the authorities had declined to let them be delivered, fearing that they might be used to communicate with the Cubans. Whenever I wished to write a letter to the general or to the consul, an orderly would bring in one envelop and one sheet of paper, and that envelop and that sheet of paper had to go out or be accounted for. Paper was therefore lacking, as in the daily items I had used up the spare part of a sheet left in the Morro by the judge. Fortunately, I had put the draft of my reply to his questions into my pocket, and the back of the page was blank. On this blank side I jotted items of the battle, keeping the paper folded twice, in front of my body, and using a very short lead-pencil, to escape the notice of the sentry, who kept his eye on every movement, and doubtless wondered why I would turn so often to look at the clock. The items are scarcely more than words, and though making pictures to my own mind, they can hardly be intelligible to others, but as far as they are intelligible they may be taken as accurate.

July 1, 6:30. Heavy artillery opened on *fuerte* eastward and northward. Contains 3 pieces. Infantry fire soon afterward in same direction. Brisk for hour or two. Balloon reconnaissances.

About 9, General Toral and officers, apparently all infantry officers, meet at Cuartel Reina Mercedes. Draw over to houses to southeast, in rear.

Musketry at distance to southward and eastward opened about 9:45. Became general. Approaching. Enemy's artillery on flank opened. Enemy retreating. Advance upon his artillery. Either captured or retired about noon. Pause about 11 o'clock.

About 1, enemy rallied. Two small cavalry charges. First returned at once; second never returned.

About 2, fire with machine-guns to eastward began. Continued rest of day. Seem to engage men in bunch of palms.

Fire to northward and eastward again about 2 P. M.; off and on rest of day. Supported by heavy artillery fire.

Flank movement about 2. Heavy. Continued rest of day till about 6:30. Machine-guns firing. Pause about 4:40. Started again about 5:15. Heavy—close at outer fork of road. Machine-gun fire and artillery. Ended at dark.

The artillery fire that began the engagement came from a hillock out toward the base of the mountains. I jumped to observe the fall of the first shell, which, to my surprise, exploded far to the northeast, near a blockhouse dominating the village of El Caney. It was followed by another shot, then another, each one nearer, till one struck the blockhouse square. It was excellent target practice. I estimated the pieces to be about three miles from the barracks, and the range about a mile and a half. It was a fine sight to see the billows of smoke dart out of the hillock, and then, after an expected pause of five or six seconds, see the puff-balls of gas at the blockhouse; then came another pause of ten or twelve seconds, then the peal, followed shortly by a sharp, strong echo from the mountains behind, then another echo from the mountain behind El Caney, and then a series of echoes from mountains at greater distances. It was not long after the artillery opened that I heard the distant crack of a rifle, then another, then several in rapid succession, all in the direction of the village. I then knew that the artillery fire was preparatory to an advance of infantry. Some shells seemed to be directed farther down the slope, apparently ahead of the infantry, though the blockhouse still received attention. The musketry fire became general and drew toward the village. It continued unrelentingly till it all came from the village, when it slackened. It had been a hotly contested advance, but I felt

that the village was ours and the north flank was secure, though firing continued off and on during most of the day and was very hot again in the afternoon. I felt all the while, however, that the movement on the village would be only a part of the advance, expecting the heaviest fighting to take place out to the east and southeast, in the direction of the road that led toward the building on which our flag had supplanted the Spanish flag, where the camp-fires showed our troops to be in force.

I was not surprised, therefore, when the balloon rose up in that direction, even before the firing died out at El Caney. Then, when there was a conference of officers—a general whom I took to be Toral, and twenty or thirty others—at the barracks in front of my window, and troops began to pour out from the city along the southeast road, I was certain that a general engagement was impending. The officers seemed to have misgivings as to the balloon, and drew over to some buildings about a hundred yards away, where they were screened from its view. The balloon came lower and began to change position. Musketry fire started up in its direction, and soon became general, and the artillery began to open. Before long I was convinced that the firing was coming closer. Soon there was no doubt of it. Our troops continued to advance until finally the fire became quicker and more concentrated, and I knew they were charging. Then came a cloud of smoke and the crash and explosion of shrapnel, followed by a sudden pause. I knew what the pause meant. Our men, who probably had never been under fire before, had felt the shock and for the moment forgot their firing. But almost instantly it started up again, faster than ever. Again the artillery crashed. Again there was a pause, and then again the fire started up with greater fury than before. Then the enemy began a series of volleys with their magazine-rifles, while their artillery crashed again, now from the flank as well as from the front, and a fearful machine-gun fire set in from a house on the flank. Our artillery seemed not to be in force. My heart sank as I thought of the unequal conflict with an enemy intrenched and supported by artillery. The victory seemed beyond human power. But still they came. Volley followed volley. The machine-guns swept the air with their keen swish. The artillery belched. A longer pause ensued. I felt the moment to be supreme. Had we fallen back? The question was soon answered by fire hotter than ever. It was the final charge. The fire slackened; the artillery ceased. The impos-

sible had been done! As sure as fate our unsupported infantry had taken the works, against intrenched infantry with magazine-rifles, supported by machine-guns and artillery.

Though the firing had been hottest in the direction of the road, it had extended more or less along the front to the eastward, and I knew when night set in and stillness came that we had advanced all along the line; and though no camp-fires told of our positions, I felt that we held the ridge encircling the city, and were working with all the energy left from an all-day fight to strengthen our new positions, while we would be ready to advance from the north flank. The matter of artillery had puzzled and disappointed me, as I had expected it to do the bulk of the fighting, believing that in the preceding days it was continually coming up. That night I thought surely it would be up before daybreak, and from the commanding ridge would shell the inner works in the morning. The inner works had been developed by our fire during the day only on the southeast; on the east and northeast they were still unrevealed; and I looked forward to the opening of an artillery duel at daybreak between our artillery on the ridge and the artillery-pits circling the barracks. To my disappointment, the fighting started up with musketry. Sure enough, we had intrenched ourselves along the ridge; but apparently no new artillery had come up.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHTING OF JULY 2.

FOLLOWING are my notes of the second day's fighting:

July 2, Saturday. Opened fire 5 A. M. Inner works. Brisk till 6. Pause, and then again—seem to fall back. General musketry and artillery both sides; continues. Turns to flank toward 7. Continues hot in flank—Spanish artillery opening on hillside on flank.

7:45, pause. 8:10, again in flank. Pause, 8:15. 8:30, again in flank in volleys of machine-guns. Artillery on hillside. Troops assembling near

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fuerte—disperse. Desultory on flank. General pause. Major and boy orderly. Vessels' heavy guns at 6 A. M. till about 8 A. M. Lost calf. Captain and lieutenant, stragglers. Volleys about 9:20 in flank road. Machine-guns. Few shots artillery previous. Desultory. Seem to desist from heat. 9:45, up again. Desultory till 10:25. Few shots, Spanish artillery.

11:30, terrific onslaught in flank road—lasted 5 or 6 minutes. Then pause. Mocking-bird. Desultory. Scattering. Refugees. 12:15, another—lasted about 2 or 3 minutes. 12:30, general firing in road out to eastward—not last long.

12:50, another—hot, general. Lasted 20 minutes—then out to eastward in palms. Pause general after 1:35. Heat. Buzzards. Desultory firing at intervals. 2:40, more or less general—farther out to southeastward and to eastward. Desultory in flank ditch till 2:45. Then Spanish artillery opened on southeast and caused pause, 2:50. Nature's artillery. Desultory firing, flank road. 3:15, heavy thunder-shower. Driving wind from northward, and Spanish artillery. 3:30, firing to eastward. 3:40, in heavy rain, firing in flank road and to eastward and more or less general. Then increased. Raining moderately. 3:45, terrific in flank road. Spanish artillery opens. Bullets buzz—lasted about 8 minutes. Then silence. 3:50,

firing to northward continues. Close—volleys. Spanish artillery. 3:58, 2 pieces in northward pit and 2 pieces in eastward pit. Pause, 4:03. Rainbow to eastward—clearing. 4:11, opens to northward again. Movement. Partridge. Light on mountains. 4:20, opens to northward. 4:25, ditto.

4:35, general to southeast and flank—artillery. 4:45, rifle reply in pit to northward. General silence. Artillery desultory firing at a distance. 4:55, rifle reply in pit to northward. 5, ditto, and light firing in flank road. 5:05, transfer of 100 infantrymen to northward. Dead pig and smiling soldier. 5:20, horse and bullet. 6, rifle-firing in pit to northward. Echo to southward and eastward. 6:20, ditto. Spanish artillery. Silence. Sharp-shooters.

9:45, magnificent assault.

"Flank road," as used in the notes, refers to the road leading out to San Juan, the portion that runs very nearly eastward making the southeast flank before turning. "Flank" used by itself refers to the southeast flank,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAIRZ.

J. E. MURPHY, MEMBER OF THE "MERRIMAC" CREW.

For portraits of the other six members of the crew, see page 435, JANUARY CENTURY.

Cuabitas. Suñío, sugar-mill and blockhouse.

El Caney, between ridge and mountain.



DRAWN BY C. M. RILEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.

In nature a considerable gap exists between the country covered by this view and the one opposite. They were taken at slightly different angles from about the same point.

or San Juan side. The fuerte is the blockhouse where the road forks.

This second day's fighting puzzled me very much. It extended virtually all the way around from the north flank to the southeast flank, and seemed to go by impulses, some of them violent, but all of them short. The use of smokeless powder made it extremely difficult to make out movements unless they were very pronounced, as in the first day's fighting. The advance down upon the north flank was clear enough, as many of our troops used smoke powder; it was not, in fact, until this advance set in that the artillery-pits close in front and to the north first showed themselves and demonstrated their excellent combination with the rifle-trenches, which gave out well-executed volleys. This movement stopped with the completed occupation of the ridge. But the firing along the eastward and southeast seemed incomprehensible. At first I thought we were advancing to the assault of the inner trenches, but I felt we would not be so scattering or so intermittent. Afterward I learned that the movements were efforts on the part of the Spanish to dislodge us from our positions. I cannot help believe, however, that in some of the repulses our troops pursued till it somewhat resembled an assault on the inner trenches, for the firing came close at hand in the flank road, only a few hundred yards away. Unfortunately, a row of houses cut off my view of this road.

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It was singularly interesting, just after the terrific firing in the sally of half-past eleven, to hear a mocking-bird filling the interval of battle with its joyous trills. Along in the afternoon I heard quail calling, as usual, in the meadow between the positions of the two armies, and two doves flew by, apparently much frightened. In the very midst of the firing, a little calf not a week old came wandering along the road all alone, stopping here and there, and looking about with that stupid, awkward look that only a new-born calf has. It was pathetic to see it, unable to make out the situation, as it finally wandered off to the northeast, heading straight for the Spanish trenches. Later I saw a soldier coming along with a piece of pig meat, and then another, beaming with smiles, with a whole pig under his arm.

Though the day's fighting was not entirely comprehensible, it left me in a condition of expectancy. This was particularly the impression from the action on the north flank, where our troops came with the thunderstorm. The moment the driving rain cleared, the artillery in the two upper pits opened on the ridge to the north and northeast. But it was too late. A force of our daring fellows had arrived and had come down to the slope of the ridge with the storm, and the moment it cleared they opened on the pits and trenches at short range. Apparently the artillery prevented the reinforcing of this detachment, but the brave fellows remained.

Blockhouse
at fork of road.

Surrender-tree.

San Juan
blockhouse.

Direction of Siboney.



Left road to El Caney.

Right road to San Juan and Siboney.

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

VIEW FROM THE WINDOW OF MR. HOBSON'S CELL IN THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.

It seemed to me that they were lying down on their faces in the gully of the ravine, and, as far as I could see, the artillery of the pits under fire could not be depressed enough to reach them, and seemed to depend more on the volley-firing by the riflemen in the pits and flanking trenches. The third pit, the one just in front of my window, fired over the others, trying to drop on them; but the fuses of the shell in this pit seemed defective, as scarcely more than one out of two exploded. It was most interesting to watch their firing, all the details of which could be seen. I was looking intently when a bullet cracked in the masonry just under my head, and a horse hitched at the entrance reared and plunged. One of our men, probably a sharp-shooter, had seen the Spanish officer who had galloped up a few moments before, and not getting a chance at the officer before he dismounted and went in, probably thought he would take a shot at the horse. During the firing of both days, bullets would come rather thick at times, particularly in the firing down toward the flank road. Some would buzz as they passed over; others would strike the side of the building and tear out little lumps of masonry; I thought two entered the window above mine. It was not long before I adopted the plan of using my pillow to soften the floor, and stooping down so as to have only my head above the window-sill, thus reducing the amount of exposure without losing any of the view.

When darkness finally set in, and our men had not been dislodged, I concluded it was

the prelude to a general assault—that our forces on the east and southeast had been only creating a diversion while the advance was coming from the north, and that then all was ready. I could not help thinking, however, of the trying condition the men must be in after two days' fighting and the drenching rain; for the Spanish soldiers who came in were utterly exhausted and forlorn, pitiable to look upon, though most of their work had been only defensive from stationary positions. But it is in such conditions that superiority tells.

Soon a bright light of large proportions shone from the mountain-side behind El Caney, then another, and I took them to be general signals, and went to bed with the full expectation of witnessing an assault before daybreak. I made all my preparations to leave, and thought over the best method of action, when our troops should reach the barracks, for the care of infantry or cavalry, as the case might be. I had been asleep only a short while when musketry fire set in on the south flank, and the artillery in that quarter opened. No pause, however, followed the artillery blasts, as in the day fighting, and the musketry fire became terrific. I had learned to distinguish between the crack of our rifles and that of the Spanish rifles, and now the two were all together, as if from the same spot. Fire opened on the north flank too, and I thought the assault was general. Soon the south-flank firing began to draw nearer, and it appeared to reach the flank road itself, when machine-guns began to

swish their showers, and a supreme effort seemed to come, like a great wave of firing. The machine-guns stopped, and I thought we had entered and were crossing the flank road, and had taken the machine-guns. I thought the clashing sounds indicated hand-to-hand conflict. The Spanish troops began to fall back. Many stragglers came running toward the barracks, individuals and squads retreating in confusion, and soon a whole company came back and sought refuge in the barracks. The firing continued to advance from the flank, and followed up the line of the inner trenches. The pit in front of my window belched up, it seemed, straight into the air. The moon had risen, and it was a glorious sight. Soon the firing ceased, except on the north flank, where, to my surprise, the men who had come down the slope had not been reinforced, and the firing was only a continuation of the firing that had stopped at dark. In addition, volley-firing out to the eastward continued for some time longer, as though one set of trenches had not been broken. Still, I did not doubt that the most of the inner trenches were ours, and though somewhat surprised by our stopping, I thought it was done to spare lives that might be lost in the tumult of a night occupation. I went back to bed with the full expectation of seeing our troops take possession in the morning. Twice during the night I got up to see two pieces of artillery being transferred to the north flank, and thought it rather strange that our troops in the captured pits and trenches took no action in the matter. I was utterly surprised and disappointed to be awakened, on the morning of the 3d, by musketry fire that soon showed we did not hold the inner works. Even the men who had come over the hill on the north flank slowly withdrew. "Why in the world," I thought, "have we abandoned the results of such magnificent work last night?" This was one of the first questions I asked after exchange, and I could scarcely believe that it was the enemy who made the attack in a sally and were repulsed. I am sure some of our troops must have pursued in the retreat. The Spanish themselves thought so, for, just after the retreat of the company that took refuge in the barracks, an officer galloped back from the mêlée, and came into my cell—a major, the real governor of the barracks (not the major whom I had taken for the governor), who, indicating the firing, said it looked as though our army had taken the place. He asked me, with great concern, if I thought our troops would kill the men found in the bar-

racks. He proceeded to assure me that it contained wounded and other prisoners, and that he had put up the Red Cross flag, and had given specific orders to the officer of the day to observe the regulations governing it. He sent that officer to get the order, and he read it to me. I assured him that he need have no fear provided no resistance were shown, that I had only to suggest that he see that none of the troops inside should appear with arms. He lingered in my room, and I invited him to join me in the interesting observation from behind the window-sill, as I did not wish to miss anything; and it was at that moment that the pit just in front belched up into the air, which I took to indicate its capture. The major withdrew with the understanding that the first American officer or petty officer to arrive would be sent direct to me. He did not come back, and before I went to sleep the refugees in the barracks went out again.

JULY 3: HEARING THE GUNS OF THE FLEETS.

It was with disappointment and depression that I watched the movements of the next day, July 3. My notes read as follows:

5:20, firing middle and southern pit and to E^d—S^d pit hot—volleys. Silence, 5:30. 5:40, again S^d pit. Silence, 5:45. 5:50, middle pit, then S^d pit. Machine-guns. Silence, 5:58. Soldiers cutting corn in private garden. 6, again in E^d and SE^d pits. Silence, 6:07. 6:10, same. Silence, 6:12. 6:18, same. Silence, 6:20. Enemy's central rifle-pits were not assaulted. 6:37, scattering—general about 5 minutes. 7, quickened, especially toward flank—2 shots of field-pieces against hillside—about 10 minutes' firing out to S. E. 7:35, to N^d and N. E.—hot. Artillery and volleys from N. E. pit cease, 7:53. Again, 7:55 till 7:59, and to S. E. Field-pieces went out down S. E. road. Again firing 8, for 10 minutes. 8:12, slight. 8:15, heavy for 3 minutes to N^d. 8:22, general to S. E., 3 minutes. Wounded men passing. Shell S. E. pit fail often to explode. 8:35, general to S. E. for 15 minutes. Silence, 8:55 to 9, then desultory at 9:03, 9:05, 9:10, and 9:12. Shots from field-pieces on flank to S. E. Soldier with piece of hog flesh. The bullet from N^d came great force.¹ Partridges to E^d—good schooling for next sporting season. 10, vessels firing. 10:25, seemed

¹ Soldiers had come out and were picking up bullets along the road and sidewalk that had hit the wall and dropped or bounded back. I thought of the bullet that singed the horse, and looking close in front of the window, saw it. The officer of the day kindly sent out and brought it. Coming obliquely, the nose had rebounded, but the rear had struck with great force, tearing open the nickel casing and spreading the lead inside. I put it with the fragment of shell that came to my door in Morro.

to cease. 10:25 to 10:30, light firing to N^d and to S. E. 10:30, firing out to E^d died down, desultory, and ceased toward 11. Afternoon. Stillness. Cart with provisions, as before. To E^d seem to be burying the dead. Appearance of cross. Cart goes out with rags, bandages, etc., some with blood on. Overcast. Continuous. Forces out on horizon E. and S. E. of palms. Growing—look ominous. Distant "pops" about 3:50 to the N. E. To S^d of palms look like cavalry—to the N^d like infantry. Ours look dark—Spanish light. Careful of rifles goes out. Stretcher-men, like firemen, 5, 5:30,

ceased, I decided it could not be the fleets, since, on so calm a day, when the water would not wash above the low armor-belt, it would be impossible, I estimated, to sink the Spanish vessels inside of two hours, unless they should come at once to close quarters; in fact, I considered two hours and a half a small time for the destruction of the *Colón*, and finally entirely put aside the idea that the fleets had engaged. No one suspected that we should be able to set upon the Spanish ves-



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS LEAVING THE CUARTEL TO BE EXCHANGED, JULY 6.

etc. Thunder-storm rolling from N. E. Expectancy. Manœuvres of cavalry, apparently preparation for advance with rain. Rain begins 5:45. Nothing [disappointment]. Mother comes to inquire about her son. Full moon. Some firing away to N. E., as though troops moving. Company of Spanish traverse to S^d.

Thus passed Sunday, and on the whole the day seemed barren of incident. I did not know that it marked an event of the first magnitude that virtually decided the issue of the war. When the firing from the vessels began, which was a short time before ten o'clock (my entry above being made at the time when I came to the conclusion that the firing was from vessels), I paid, as usual, the closest attention, and soon knew that it was changing location. After a while I concluded, with all the sense of ill luck at being absent, that the fleets were engaging; but when in about twenty-five minutes the firing

ceased, in the element of fire, an enemy quicker and more terrible than the water of the sea.

THE FOURTH: DEPARTURE OF THE NON-COMBATANTS.

MONDAY, the Fourth of July, passed uneventfully, but with a deeper meaning as I thought of the work of liberation in which my country was engaged, and her mission in the cause of freedom and humanity. My notes for the day read:

Fourth of July, Monday. Quiet, clear. 7:30, troops out on palm plain—drilling? Another woman to ask about her son. Work on palm plain seems to be intrenching. Small movements of troops. Rain, 4:40. Flag of truce about 5:10 P. M. Gathering of troops at fuerte. Heavy smoke, 2 columns, in camp to N. E. Twilight. Transfer of troops to S^d. About 11 P. M., heavy gun-firing. About 11:45 to 12:30, continued firing at intervals—apparently siege-guns and blank charges.

I inferred that the flag of truce that went out was connected with a purpose to bombard the place, and when the guns opened about midnight, apparently with blank charges, I concluded that it was a warning for non-combatants to withdraw within a given time. Sure enough, when I looked out at day-break, a vast train stretched far out across to our lines. Nothing ever appealed to me more. Then I saw in all its force that cruel side of war, the suffering inflicted on the non-combatants—women, children, old men, invalids, almost all afoot, struggling to take along some needed article. Not till later did I see that other, most remarkable of all sights, the feeding of this population by our army, when the conditions for its own food-supply were of the most difficult. When, in all the history of the world, has a besieging army ever before relieved a beleaguered city of its hunger,—one of the strongest factors in a siege,—taking upon itself in a distant and invaded land the burden of relief? War is harsh, and must remain harsh; the righting of wrong will always entail harshness: but we have surely turned a new page in the methods of warfare.

An incident occurred in connection with the flight that stirred the very depths of my heart. The sergeant of the guard was married, and instead of receiving his ration cooked he apparently drew it uncooked, for his wife brought his meals. When she came with his breakfast that morning, he met her in front of my window, and nodding over to those withdrawing, told her it would be well for her to leave without much longer delay, giving some directions as to taking care of herself. She looked at him earnestly. The warning guns had shaken the whole city to its foundation. "No," said she; "I shall come and remain here and die with you." Since the world began, I thought, it has always been thus. Man may be devoted, man may have courage, but what are his devotion and courage to the devotion and courage of woman!

A BOLD REQUEST, AND EXCHANGE AT LAST.

My notes for the 5th—the last I made—read:

Daybreak. Flight of non-combatants to eastward. Vast trains. Sergeant's wife wishes to remain and die with husband. Soldiers tearing down fences and outhouses; officers' effects being hauled to barracks. Squad at fuerte with Red Cross flag. Request for binoculars and to go to place to see bombardment.

The request for binoculars was made in the

morning, after it became certain from the flight of the non-combatants that bombardment was at hand. From my window the warning guns could not be seen; they sounded as though from the south flank. Up to this time I had seen all the artillery, and knew the location of all pieces mounted on the inner works, and I was anxious not to miss any of the bombardment. In the previous fighting it had been very difficult to see the troops with the naked eye, and I had followed their movements principally by ear. It seemed rather a bold request, but I finally decided to make it, and wrote to General Linares asking if he would allow my position to be changed to one commanding the view of the artillery that would make the approaching bombardment, and added a request that he would do me the personal favor to return the binocular glasses which I had surrendered when captured. In the afternoon Major Yrlés, General Linares's chief of staff, came on an official visit, to ask on the part of the general if I would not accept compensation for the glasses. I replied, by no means; that they were a perfectly legitimate capture as part of my military equipment, and that I had ventured the request only as a personal favor. "The truth is," continued the major, "the general has not been able to get the glasses,"—I looked surprised,—"for you remember you were captured by the navy, and the glasses were taken by the navy, and the general does not know if they have been lost or not. As to the other part of your request, to be allowed to take a position to observe the firing, it will doubtless be settled by negotiations now pending looking to your exchange." I made no remarks, and the conversation turned upon other subjects till he left, saying that he intended to visit my men. His information produced mixed emotions. The thought of exchange was gratifying, and I should be able to tell our general (I was in ignorance of the name of the general to whom our operations had been intrusted) about the inner works; but was it too late for work with the fleet? "My glasses were in the possession of the navy," I thought, "and General Linares does not know whether they have been lost or not!" It flashed upon me that the Spanish ships had left the harbor, and that the firing on Sunday had been between the fleets. I felt there could be only one result, but was in no wise prepared for the news of the marvelous victory which I received after reaching our lines.

As to the glasses, two months later, while we were working on the *Teresa*, they were

found ahead of her bow between the vessel and the shore, by the merest accident. I was passing around the bow in a surf-boat on an unusually calm day, and the man at the steering-oar saw an object on the bottom in about twelve feet of water. Our curiosity was excited. A diver went down, and I was utterly surprised to find that it was my own excellent new glasses, that had been "expended" from the *New York* for use in the *Merrimac* manœuver. As Captain Bustamante was not aboard the *Teresa* in the fight, it must have been either Admiral Cer-

of emotion, and I thought I detected the glisten of tears. I closed my own teeth hard, for a leaden feeling gathered in my chest, as when Mr. Ramsden had told me of Acosta's death. Captain Bustamante had climbed Morro hill three times to see me, and had been most kind, cordial, and considerate. I saw in him a fine type of the gallant and accomplished officer and charming gentleman.

GOOD-BYS.

WHEN Major Yrlés left, I asked for paper, and wrote parting letters of acknowledgment



DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE SURRENDER-TREE, FROM THE SPANISH LINES. SAN JUAN HILL IN THE DISTANCE.
Ceiba-tree near San Juan road, under which the *Merrimac* prisoners were exchanged, and the articles of surrender of Santiago were prepared and signed.

vera or his son who kept them, and discarded them before swimming ashore.

A LAMENTED ENEMY.

It was during this visit of Major Yrlés that I learned that Captain Bustamante had been grievously wounded in the groin, while gallantly commanding the naval battalion ashore in the battle of the 1st. Just before going North on the 17th, I heard again that he was very low. Three weeks later I learned from Admiral Cervera, at Annapolis, that he was dead. The admiral spoke of him in the tenderest terms, and looked out of the window meditatively, as if seeing distant scenes with Bustamante. His voice had a tremor

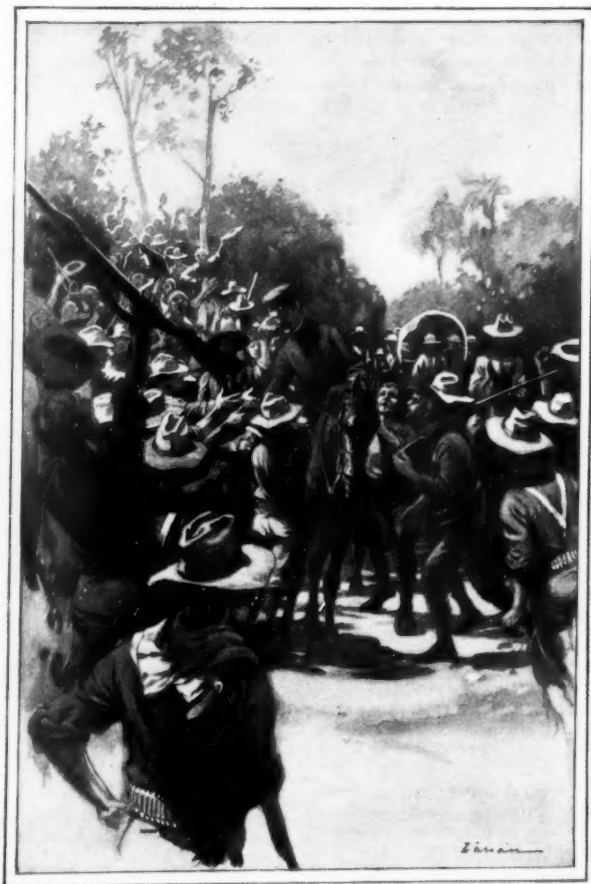
to Mr. Ramsden (whom there was no chance of seeing, as he had gone to El Caney), to General Linares, General Toral, and the governor of the barracks, and made the few preparations necessary for leaving. The major called again next morning, to ask whether I preferred a carriage or a horse,—the latter was my choice,—saying that we should leave probably in the early afternoon. The surgeon came for a perfunctory visit to make sure that I was well. The attendant served luncheon, the last meal, with a face long and glum, saying, "It is terrible in the hospital." The faces of all seemed more gloomy than usual. I understood afterward that the news of the destruction of the fleet had been passed

about. I could see the look of hopelessness—the feeling of being sacrificed without any possible result. The sergeant still looked resolute.

A SINGULAR CAVALCADE.

THERE was a pair of leggings in my box, and I had them on and was ready when Major Yrlés came in, about one o'clock,

the same way. The sergeant brought forward a pack of silk handkerchiefs, neatly folded. The major, with words of apology for the necessity, blindfolded me, and the sergeant and the corporal blindfolded the men. The major guided me out of the entrance, giving careful warning of the uneven places, and a soldier guided each man, with a guard bring-



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

RECEPTION OF MR. HOBSON AND THE CREW OF THE "MERRIMAC" BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

followed by my men and a guard. The men stopped and lined up in the guard-room. I came out and greeted them. The bright, buoyant look of regained freedom was in their eyes. Major Yrlés asked in a formal way if I was well and was content with the treatment received. I replied in the affirmative, and he asked if I would ask the same question of my men. They all answered in

ing up the rear. I mounted the horse, after feeling over him a little to make him out, and a soldier led him by the bit. The major and several other officers mounted and led the way, a soldier going ahead with a white flag, and we started off at a slow walk, rather a singular cavalcade.

It seemed a little tame, and I was disappointed at being blindfolded; but I kept the

bearing and knew just where we were for some time, for the handkerchief, raised up by my nose, permitted me to see straight down, and I had been studying the topography for weeks. As we crossed the trenches I had a good view of the ingenious way in which they had placed trees, limbs, etc., for barriers; but the most striking feature was the vast abundance of ammunition, all ready for the magazine-guns, piled up high every five or six yards along the rear bank. After exhausting the supply in their belts, the soldiers had only to turn to an almost inexhaustible supply. We had scarcely gone four hundred yards when we came upon the carcass of a dead horse, and a little farther on another, and another. Apparently the Spaniards had made no effort to remove or bury even those in the road, while the number was far beyond the capacity of the vast flock of vultures that swarmed on the battlefield. It was an initiation into the gruesome side of battle, as I felt that in the high grass in both directions there were doubtless many unrecovered corpses, each with its particular tale of death-agonies.

We must have proceeded a half-mile or more when the major said we might remove the handkerchiefs. We were between the lines. Ahead on the ridge were our troops, the tops of the ridges dark with them. We turned out and dismounted, while the white flag continued on down the road. We waited some time for its return. It was a fine, wild, rugged country. My heart leaped as I looked over it. The ridge, across the ravine just in front, was steep, and I thought, looking up at our fine fellows, almost within hail, that, intrenched in that position, nothing could dislodge them. The major introduced the other officers, and we chatted. Soldiers held the horses while they grazed. Finally word was brought that the other party was waiting for us a short distance off. We got under way again, the major and I spurring on ahead. Turning through an opening in the hedge on the side of the wood, there before us, under a majestic ceiba-tree, stood two American officers with Spanish prisoners—three officers and a group of privates. We passed close at hand the squad that came as escort—magnificent-looking fellows! I saw at once that we had recruited from the very best manhood of the country, and all along, in my subsequent ride, marveled to see men with muskets whose faces spoke indubitably of the higher walks of life. But it was not until my subsequent mission to the front, when privation and hardship were at their

worst, that I came to appreciate fully the depth of their patriotism.

The two officers, who proved to be Lieutenant Miley and Lieutenant Noble, aides of General Shafter, came forward with a hearty greeting. I introduced them to Major Yrlés, and some pleasant words were spoken on both sides before the articles of exchange were drawn up, which was done by the official interpreter of General Shafter, under the direction of Lieutenant Miley and Major Yrlés. The articles were drafted in both Spanish and English, and during their preparation I plied Lieutenant Noble with questions as to the operations that had taken place, and it was only then that I learned of the naval victory of July 3 and heard that General Shafter was in command of our forces.

The two parties made an interesting group under this great ceiba-tree. Vultures were perched here and there on the branches, and sat motionless, seemingly looking with indifference upon this insignificant incident, sure of their due, whoever should win. What was most striking, however, was the contrast between the Spaniards and the Americans, whether officers or men. There was a wide discrepancy in stature and build, and a still wider difference in looks and general appearance. Three Spanish lieutenants had been brought, and Major Yrlés was requested to make his choice, which he did, having, in effect, instructions from General Toral to select a particular one. Lieutenant Miley told me afterward that he had brought all three to give in exchange, but as he found that the Spaniards were disposed to ask for only one, the single exchange was effected. This Spanish lieutenant was wounded in the upper arm or shoulder, and had on the same uniform in which he had bled. The men who were to be exchanged seemed much downcast. Apparently there was no vision of a happy return in their minds. Doubtless what they had seen of our strength and morale had convinced them that their fight was hopeless. In fact, I was informed that, excepting the one wounded lieutenant who was selected, they preferred to remain with us. It was impossible not to feel sympathy for these men in their dejection. The evidences of meager fare and hard service were plainly visible on their faces and through their dilapidated clothing, for, like all the Spanish rank and file, they wore no underclothing, but simply a calico or cotton suit. Their feeling was in great contrast to that of our

men, who were on the tiptop of exultation, with beaming faces.

The articles, when drawn up, were signed by Lieutenant Miley and Major Yrlés, and good-bys were said. The arrangement was concluded at about four o'clock, and it was agreed that the truce should end an hour later. An ambulance had come out to take our men, and I now exchanged horses with the Spanish lieutenant.

We started up the road, the two lieutenants and myself abreast. Ahead of us a vast throng of soldiers stood in the road and along both sides of it. A band started up a national air, then "When Johnny comes marching home," and a great hurrah went up such as we had never heard before. Such a welcome! It made our hearts thrill. We saw that we had not been forgotten, and felt as though we owed an apology for ever having entertained such an idea. The generous fellows pressed upon one another to greet us with hearty smiles and kind words. We had scarcely passed through the first press of men when, turning to the right, we stopped and dismounted, and started for a little fly-tent just under a hill. A white-haired officer came forward with a greeting that could not have been kinder had it been to his own son. It was General Joseph Wheeler. He asked me into his tent, which lay virtually under our trenches, astonishingly simple and unassuming, a small cot to sleep on, and a box, not even a camp-stool, to sit on. His son, Joseph Wheeler, Jr., came up to greet me. I had known him as a young artillery lieutenant at Fort Monroe, and was not surprised to find him on his father's staff. I soon found that the younger brother, an undergraduate at the Naval Academy, was on the *Columbia*, off Siboney, and learned also that the general's daughter was there with the sick and wounded. It was a remarkable picture of devotion, one of the most remarkable in history. This general, who with so much gallantry had led Confederate cavalry, was now in the front rank of the Union forces, and with him almost his entire family, all in trying positions, and braving the worst hardships. I had felt all the time that there was in the Southern heart nothing but the truest loyalty; the occasion for proof had at last come, the fulfilment of a long-felt desire, and henceforth the fact must be recognized by all parts of the country.

We started on, Colonel Astor joining us, and proceeded to General Shafter's headquarters, two or three miles farther back, receiving the same hearty welcome all the

way. It was indeed touching to see the kindly manifestations of the soldiers during this greeting. Some would have words and expressions; others would ask to shake hands; many would say, "I belong to such and such a regiment."

As we passed along, Lieutenant Miley told me of the heavy fighting that had been done at El Caney and San Juan, as seen from our side, and pointed out the positions where our losses had been heaviest. The devotion and heroism there displayed came home to me deeply as I saw a succession of graves along the roadside. Officer after officer, as we passed along, came up to give a hearty hand-shake. Not far on we met Captain Chadwick and Lieutenant Staunton of the *New York*, on horseback, on their way to the front. They gave us, if possible, even greater cordiality of greeting. Captain Chadwick was accompanied by Captain Paget of the British navy, whose pleasure seemed almost as great as that of our countrymen.

We finally reached General Shafter's headquarters, and found him seated under a tree. After saluting, I told the general that I had extensive information of the enemy's positions and force, and proceeded to tell him about the inner trenches and their strength on the north and east sides.

The Spanish fleet having been disposed of, the increased advantage of taking the city by vessels and, in general, of advancing from the south and weaker side had become more and more impressed upon me, and I ventured to suggest to General Shafter the advisability of refraining from assault on the stronger side and of advancing from the southern side after the army had reduced the batteries at the entrance, so that the mines could be raised and the vessels come in for coöperation. My words, however, seemed to make but little impression on the general, and I concluded that it would be best to urge the matter through the admiral.

The ambulance with the men came up just before we left, and I directed them to come out, line up, and salute the general. Lieutenant Miley and Lieutenant Noble remained at headquarters, but Colonel Astor continued with me to Siboney. We rode at some speed to make the landing before dark, and the ride was most delightful. We followed near the base of the mountains. They no longer had the veil of mystery worn at a distance, but their ruggedness was in full view. The tropical vegetation was magnificent, particularly along the streams. After the long confinement the vigorous riding through this

picturesque country, under such conditions, was exhilarating in the extreme.

We arrived at Siboney just before dark. Rounding a bluff, I saw the sea spread out, animated with transports and vessels of all descriptions. Colonel Astor had despatches to General Duffield, and I went with him to the general's headquarters, we being scarcely able to make our way because of the press of soldiers who came up with greetings and cheers. Having completed his mission, the colonel was free, and went off with me to the *New York*. We went in a boat from the *Harvard*, the midshipman in charge kindly offering its service. The ambulance had not yet arrived, and word had been left that the steam-launch would come in for the men.

By the time we reached the flagship, darkness had set in, and there was supreme silence on board as the boat pulled alongside. What was my surprise, on reaching the deck, to find the whole ship's company and all the officers assembled aft! The men covered the superstructure and the bridge and the top of the turret and every conceivable point close by the sea-steps, and the officers, who were standing on the quarter-deck, pressed about me. Three cheers went up, and my heart leaped. Everything looked so natural, and the faces were so full of kindness; there was a feeling as of the home-coming of one long absent. To be with

them once more was a supreme happiness to me. I inquired for the admiral; they told me he was ill in bed, but had sent word for me to come down to see him in his cabin. As soon as the hand-shakes were through on deck and I had introduced Colonel Astor to the officers, I went down to the admiral's cabin, where I found him in bed. He gave me the kindest welcome—a welcome that was like the parting in its nature, with few words, but those few meaning volumes. The admiral asked in a few general terms about the incident of the *Merrimac*, and I told him briefly all there was to say. I reported myself as ready for duty, and spoke of the magnificent conduct of my men, their absolute discipline in the face of trying conditions, and their excellent deportment during imprisonment. Without waiting for the question of a written report, I recommended that measures be taken to recognize the men's conduct, and that they be relieved from duty for the present until their strength could be restored. The admiral replied that this had been attended to; that every man had already been promoted in the highest degree practicable, and that their promotions were waiting to be delivered, adding that the greatest care would be taken of their health; and he added, "There is a letter for you." It was an appreciative letter from the Secretary of the Navy.



SCENES IN THE SPANISH CAPITAL.

BY ARTHUR HOUGHTON.

THE PATRIOTIC BENEFIT NIGHT AT THE
OPERA-HOUSE, MARCH 31, 1898.

NOTHING can be imagined more genuinely typical of Spanish life than the patriotic benefit night at the Madrid royal opera-house. War-clouds were on the horizon; public spirit had been much stirred by the press. A national subscription had been started to collect funds for the increase and improvement of the armada, upon which many hopes were then centered. Some artists and society leaders started the idea of a benefit at the Teatro Real. The suggestion was warmly taken up in literary

and artistic circles. The most popular actors of both sexes in the principal theaters volunteered to represent historical characters in the grand closing scene, and the singers promised to form unprecedented choruses. Well-known painters took charge of the stage-setting, working with zest many hours a day. There was much rivalry in all classes in purchasing seats for this benefit. The nobility mustered strong, led by men like the Marquis de Villamejor, who sent fifty thousand dollars for his box, and several grandees from ten to twenty thousand dollars each. The great banks followed in the wake of the Bank of Spain, which gave nine thou-

sand dollars. The clubs paid from five hundred to one thousand dollars for a single orchestra stall, and the Madrid Athenæum sent a veteran of the first Cuban war, one of its footmen, to occupy a seat worth one thousand dollars. The Queen sent ten thousand dollars for her royal box, and the ministers gave handsome contributions. It was not easy, when the day came, to find even an entrance ticket, for which one pays, on an ordinary night, thirty cents to be able to stroll about the opera-house and visit the boxes of one's friends. The Madrid opera-house, in a way, is a social institution, and has been so since it was opened in the days of Queen Isabella in the fifties. There the élite of society and politics, the world of fashion and the world of letters and art, the musical dilettanti, the financiers, and even the middle class, congregate five days out of seven in the week, Mondays and Fridays excepted, from the end of October until the week before Lent. Almost all the artists of fame in Europe have appeared in turn for forty-five years on this stage, before audiences that take pride in being severe and competent critics. Hitherto the call for seats, surpassing the supply, has obliged the amateurs to be content, unless they can pay a very exorbitant price, with what the natives call a *turno*, one of every three nights. This explains why a patriotic benefit was sure to cause an unusual application on the part of the many who wished to be present, or fancied it was "the thing" not to be absent on such an occasion.

It was a glorious sight. The whole of the floor of the house was full of well-dressed women and men in evening dress or uniforms, and the four tiers of boxes were closely packed. In the lower boxes and the great dress-tier over them there was a dazzling display of women in beautiful toilets, their faces beaming with pleasure and excitement, rivaling one another in a remarkable show of diamonds and precious stones. Most of the ladies wore the national colors on their dresses, or in sashes, waistbands, or rosettes. A few caused murmurs of approval by appearing with the national mantilla, with flowers matching the gold and red of the Spanish ensign. A glance about the house sufficed to show that the Spanish peerage had determined to be conspicuous in the demonstration.

When the Queen Regent entered her box with her eldest daughter, the Princess of Asturias, a fair and pretty girl of seventeen, with the same distingüé Austrian carriage as her mother, followed by the Infanta Isa-

bella and the lords and ladies in waiting, the orchestra struck up a few bars of the Spanish "Royal March." Her Majesty had waived the etiquette of the court to be present at this national celebration, though the royal family were in mourning.

The concert began immediately after the arrival of royalty. The audience from the first showed the suppressed patriotic feeling brewing under the surface. As the concert proceeded the splendid strains of Gounod's "Gallia" sent a thrill through the house, both the orchestra, led by the maestro Goula, and all the leading singers who composed the chorus, admirably executing their respective parts. Seldom had that grand and solemn musical dirge and patriotic lamentation, composed for the darkest hours of the history of a neighboring country, gone more to the hearts of another people.

This was an excellent preparation for the imposing finale. The curtain rose slowly, revealing at the back of the stage, in the distance, the three caravels, *Pinta*, *Niña*, and *Santa María*, that had taken over to the New World Christopher Columbus and Pinzón. In front was a monument surmounted with a sitting figure representing Spain, and guarded by a couple of sailors with rifles and fixed bayonets. Below, in the center, on a pedestal, was a large lion rampant, with his paw extended over the top of the escutcheon of Spain, that rested below on a trophy of arms and national standards. Right and left were, arrayed in the picturesque garb of many provinces or in historical costumes, the best actors and actresses of the Madrid theaters. Two hundred soldiers in heavymarching order formed a guard of honor to the principal group, and five military bands were on the sides of the vast stage. The artists had combined admirably everything that could exalt the enthusiasm of a sensitive, proud nation—recollections of military and naval glories of the past, recollections of the discovery, conquest, and colonization of the New World, souvenirs of campaigns in two hemispheres, the representation of that army and navy upon which they yet rested their hopes and illusions, the provincial records that are so popular with all Spaniards, associated as they are with their literature, the grand old flag that had floated for centuries over the empire, and, lastly, a touching homage to their widowed Queen Regent.

The audience almost immediately burst into loud applause. The maestro Goula gave the signal for the orchestra of the opera,

eighty musicians, and the five military bands to strike up the "Marcha de Cádiz," the modern national military air of Spain, and at the same time at the back of the stage a beautifully and curiously designed inscription appeared with the magic words "Viva España" flashed out by electric light. The whole audience rose to their feet with ringing cheers, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the men applauding, the people in the upper galleries shouting themselves hoarse. The Queen herself, deeply moved, rose and stood for a while, with her daughter and her sister-in-law, and all their suite. On seeing this act of royalty, the chief of the orchestra made his bands play the "Royal March," upon which all the people in the house turned toward the royal box and gave the Queen and the princess a very hearty and loyal demonstration of sympathy. Her Majesty bowed again and again, her pale, fatigued face lighting up with satisfaction, until, overpowered with emotion, she carried her handkerchief to her eyes. By her side, the Princess of Asturias showed quite as much emotion, tears coursing down her youthful cheeks. Only the Infanta Isabella kept her composure. The audience then called once more for the "Cádiz March," and a voice came from the uppermost gallery asking for *la bandera nacional*. One of the sailors caught up a flag from the group near the emblematic Lion of Castile, and all the actresses of the stage rushed forward to seize it, and bore it to the footlights amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The bands saluted the flag with the "Royal March," and everybody stood until the curtain slowly dropped, just as her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses retired from the front of the royal box.

THE OPENING OF THE CORTES ON THE EVE OF THE WAR.

A ROYAL pageant always attracts a Spanish crowd, but the opening of the Cortes on April 20, 1898, had more than usual fascination for Madrileños of every rank. They congregated in thousands on the Plaza del Oriente before the royal palace, in the streets near the opera-house, where the cortège was expected to pass, and all along the short way to the square where the Senate-House stands. The troops lined the route, the infantry in dark blue, with their colors uncased, their hands ready to play the "Royal March" as soon as royalty came in sight; the cavalry in bright red or blue with gold facings; the Hussars of the Princess and the Hussars of Pavia, the two crack corps, the officers

of which are all noblemen and hidalgos of ancient descent; the artillery in handsome dark blue, with their splendid teams of six mules to each gun and gun-carriage; and here and there the civil guards, or the gendarmes, like the rest in gala full dress. The task of the latter is not always easy, as Spanish crowds, though good-natured, docile, and well behaved, are so much accustomed to being treated in a paternal, free-and-easy way by their police that they push, jostle, joke, and break through the lines of soldiery and guards to catch a nearer glimpse of the show. They really behaved well on this occasion, and were less noisy and turbulent than usual. There was a singularly strange preoccupation, a touching anxiety, on many faces, as if not a few were haunted with the idea that their country and their monarchy were entering upon a critical stage of their annals. This was quaintly put in pithy exclamations about what would happen before another Cortes opened, and whether, indeed, they would ever witness such a scene again—a bright sky overhead, the balmy air of a lovely afternoon, and the splendor of this striking and solemn state ceremony.

I happened to select the square before the Senate to see the cortège arrive. The first to appear were the royal horse-guards; then came the royal carriages, with lackeys in glittering liveries, and filled with a host of ladies in waiting in beautiful toilets, and a crowd of grandees, chamberlains, and lords in waiting, all wearing gold-embroidered coats, knee-breeches, and buckle-shoes—the very costumes one sees in the pictures of the National Gallery or on the tapestries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. No court in Europe except Austria has kept up so much stately etiquette as that of the Bourbons of Spain. The very body-guard, the halberdiers who form the guard of honor at the door of the Senate, wear the full uniform of the old musketeers of Versailles and La Granja in the last century. The army bands massed in the Senate square struck up a lively march called "Marcha de las Infantas," when the carriage of the Infanta Isabella slowly wheeled into a small cleared space, and her Royal Highness stepped out, looking queenly and handsome, though her hair has turned gray. She stood in the doorway, close to the presidents, secretaries, and deputations of both houses, whose duty it is to meet royalty and conduct the royal personage across the floor of the house to the throne, placed on a raised platform at the far end

under a canopy. Once more the bands struck up, this time the solemn, slow strains of the "Royal March," the troops presented arms, the officers raised their swords, a thrill of curiosity ran through the immense crowd, and the guns of a royal salute were heard in the distance. A field-officer's escort of horse-guards preceded the magnificent royal carriage, surmounted with a globe and a crown, and drawn by eight fine cream-colored horses, flanked by footmen in gorgeous liveries. Right and left of the royal carriage rode the captain-general of Madrid, General Daban, and the general commanding the guards, followed by a numerous staff, and in the rear came a full squadron of the horse-guards. As their Majesties passed, the regimental colors were inclined, which Alfonso XIII recognized by a military salute to each flag. He wore the uniform of a cadet of the Toledo military academy, with the Golden Fleece collar about his neck. Though of slender frame and pale, delicate features, the boy-king looks well in uniform, and is developing decidedly Bourbon features—the heavy lower jaw, the large forehead with hair far back and curly, and the active, inquiring eyes, reminding one of the portraits of his ancestors in the Aranjuez and Madrid palaces. He does not resemble his mother as much as his sisters do.

It was toward the pale, care-worn, thoughtful face of María Christina that all eyes turned not unkindly, and from many women's lips went forth a respectful, touching word of sympathy for the widowed mother of their sovereign, that meant more, perhaps, than all the official greeting and bowing of courtiers inside the Senate-Hall.

There, too, the sight was grand and imposing. Every gallery was densely packed. Tickets had been in great demand, and officials of the Senate were harassed for days by the many who wished to be present at this famous meeting of Parliament. The display of toilets was exceedingly elegant, and most of the men wore evening dress or frock-coats. The floor of the house and the benches were occupied by senators and deputies in uniform or evening dress, and their breasts covered with crosses and bands. The courtiers and royal household officers slowly walked to their places near the throne, and, preceded by their ministers and the presidents and deputations of both houses, the King and the Queen Regent passed slowly up the whole length of the hall to the throne at the far end. The Queen's face looked grave and weary, but

she bowed graciously to her son's lieges, and to the ladies and the members of the corps diplomatique, who formed a picturesque cluster of exquisite toilets and white-lace mantillas in front of the various uniforms from many lands, including such contrasts as the Pope's nuncio, the Chinese and Japanese ministers, and the more military-looking representatives of the European powers. The American minister, General Woodford, had very properly abstained from appearing when the war-cloud was ready to burst over Spain.

Indeed, one could see in the faces of all, in the peculiar solemnity of this gathering, that there was something unusual in the air. Nevertheless, there was a marked determination in the gallant way in which the regent raised her head and glanced about calmly as she received from the hands of her prime minister the last speech from the throne that she was destined to read in the Cortes before the war with the United States. She read it in a slow, clear tone, now and then putting a natural earnestness in certain passages that went to the hearts of her hearers. Her voice trembled a little when she uttered the words: "In acting thus in unison with the nation I not only perform the duty which I swore to fulfil when I accepted the regency, but I also seek to strengthen my mother's heart with the confident belief that the Spanish people will display a force which nothing can shake, until the time when it will be given to my son to defend in person the honor of the nation and the integrity of its territory."

Everybody noticed the anxious side glance that she cast toward the child-king. He once looked up askance at her, and she drew herself up, and went on with her speech. The young King had listened intently to the speech.

As their Majesties rose with the Infanta Isabella and their suites to leave the hall, the senators and deputies, no longer restrained by severe etiquette, cheered them all, and several times, "Viva Cuba Española!" The brilliant gathering in the Senate was more demonstrative in its loyalty than the people in the streets, who welcomed the royal cortege with weak vivas on the way back to the palace. The whole ceremony was over in less than an hour and a half.

LIFE IN MADRID DURING THE WAR.

AS long as the popular demonstrations in the streets of the capital and other great towns were limited to patriotic expressions of opin-

ion, the government looked on and did not care to interfere actively. It dawned upon the authorities at last that these demonstrations were being used by wire-pullers for other than patriotic purposes. The civil governor of Madrid, Señor Aguilera, whose mission it was to race about the capital every evening from nightfall until a couple of hours or so after midnight, noticed unmistakable symptoms of mischief in the would-be leaders of the noisy and riotous crowds careering about the streets. He himself saw in several places noted Carlists, men who had been conspicuous partizans of the pretender in past civil wars and in the Cortes and the press, urging the mobs of students, workmen, and middle-class people to make violent protests against the powers that be. In other parts of the city he recognized advanced Republicans in the van of the street demonstrations, and, last but not least, persons that he considered most dangerous—friends of General Weyler and Señor Romero Robledo, unscrupulous political free-lances, the very condottieri of Spanish politics, whose aims any one could guess. The civil governor very pluckily captured most of these birds of prey, and safely landed them in the dark, dingy cellars of his official residence, whence he had them marched next day—noblemen, gentlemen, journalists, political agitators, in couples with harebrained students, lively workmen, gambling-house supporters, and other scum of Madrid society—to the prison of common criminals. Señor Aguilera was successful at first with his good-humored dash and his paternal and familiar way of addressing the mobs and dispersing them after a few kind, warm, patriotic appeals that often elicited cheers and cleared the streets better and quicker than files of policemen or mounted civil guards.

But matters came to a climax when the war actually broke out, and the government could no longer let the capital of Spain be night after night under mob-law for hours, street traffic suspended in the main arteries of communication, shops and cafés hurriedly closed for fear of disturbance, and theaters nearly empty since the patriotic mobs had got into the habit of forcing their way into them to insist upon the bands playing the "Cádiz March," while all the audience stood and cheered in self-defense. The mobs grew nasty one night, and in the Sevilla and Alcalá streets, the Madrid Broadway, demanded that the American emblems be torn down from the fine offices of the Equitable Life Assurance

Society. Their cries were complied with. Everything American was taken away, and a notice put up warning all trespassers that the land and buildings were mortgaged as a guaranty specially for Spaniards whose lives were insured by this foreign company. The rioters then smashed the windows of the former offices of the late American dentist Tinker, whose successor, by the by, is an out-and-out Castilian, who will not get therefor a cent of damages. The New York insurance office in the Puerta del Sol fared no better, and all outward signs of nationality had to be removed instantly. The papers, far from condemning these excesses, coolly said that the ire of the mobs ought not to be spent on American offices, but would far better be aimed at the well-known residences and persons of representatives of the American press in Madrid.

The government at last thought that the demonstrations might become very troublesome for the regency and for its ministers. It elected to put a stop to them one evening when, singularly enough, the mobs had not been so violent as usual; only they had thought fit to cheer themselves hoarse under the windows of General Weyler, the advocate of war to the knife, who boasted of having asked Cánovas del Castillo to let him remain in office long enough to exterminate the rebel Cubans and then invade the United States with fifty thousand veterans. From Weyler's home they attempted to go to the corner house of the Carrera de San Gerónimo, opposite the Cortes, where Sagasta had been living for some time. They hissed and yelled to their hearts' content at some distance, kept back by the police and the civil guards, who charged them with drawn swords. The mob made by side streets for the Calle de Sevilla, where they hooted Señor Aguilera. He had just left Sagasta, after obtaining the assent of the cabinet council to surrender his powers into the hands of the military authorities, as he confessed that he could no longer control the turbulent elements of the capital.

I went to the Puerta del Sol some minutes after the governor had been so roughly welcomed by the crowd in the Carrera de San Gerónimo. Right across the Sevilla street were fifty mounted civil guards like motionless statues, flanked by companies of foot-police, and beyond I could see the mob surging about the Cuatro Calles, where four streets meet. Hisses, whistles, and hooting rose on the night air. Every balcony was full of people. My tramway-car

soon pulled up opposite the Casino behind seven others, all whistling vainly for free way. The crowd of well-dressed people and better-class workmen would not disperse, and sulkily exclaimed: "Get out of the cars, and join us in showing your patriotic feelings against these governments." At last, when many of the occupants of the cars were looking nervous, a tramway conductor happily cried out, "The guards are coming!" and away rushed the patriots. I got down into the Puerta del Sol, and just as I neared the great red-brick building used as Home Office, I noticed that the people were staring at large bills that men were posting on the walls. It was the customary proclamation of the civil governor telling the inhabitants of the capital that, in consequence of the conduct of unruly disturbers of the peace, he considered the time had come to place the power in the hands of the military authorities. When I had finished reading this proclamation I saw standing a few paces off Colonel Morera, chief of the Madrid police, with two other officers of the force. I went up and asked him what the proclamation meant, and with a strange, grim smile and a military salute, the former Carlist officer replied curtly: "State of siege and martial law, señor. And look yonder." He pointed in the direction of the Arenal street, where the military governor of Madrid, in full uniform, with six staff-officers, appeared, followed by a squadron of Pavia Hussars in red jackets and blue trousers, their drawn swords in their hands. A trumpet sounded clear in the night; a staff-officer mumbled what was supposed to be the proclamation of the captain-general of Madrid, Lieutenant-General Antonio Daban, intimating that he had taken over from the civil authorities the management of the capital of his Catholic Majesty, and warning all loyal subjects of the consequences of aiding or abetting in any way the would-be disturbers of the tranquillity of Madrid. The Puerta del Sol and the streets so crowded an hour before were quickly deserted, and the Madrileños went home, thinking discretion the better part of valor from the moment that the military had sallied from their barracks to patrol the street.

Strangers and foreigners entering the capital of Spain of course fancied that there would be something peculiar in a city of half a million inhabitants under martial law, particularly so since they knew that the city was the capital of a country sorely tried by three years of colonial rebellions, and had been led into a great war with a powerful nation. They were

not a little surprised to see the busy and thronged streets of Madrid, the shops as brilliant as ever, the traffic not in the least diminished, the middle and lower classes attending to their business as of yore, and the governing classes more engrossed in purely domestic politics, rivalries, and local matters than in the great contest where imperial and national interests were so gravely at stake. This comparative indifference and self-possession of the majority of Madrileños were most striking after the hours of the day generally devoted to business and politics. The promenades and places of entertainment were as crowded as in the heyday of prosperity before foreign and colonial wars. At the beginning the theaters, the circus, and the popular places of entertainment were frequented by quite as many as in former years, and, it was noticed, by even a better class of audiences, as the war and the Cortes kept more of the upper classes in town. This was the case when the Jardín del Buen Retiro was opened, and became night after night, especially on Thursdays, the rendezvous of the world of fashion and politics, side by side with the middle classes and the *demi-monde*, that has become a feature of Madrid life of late years. From nightfall until a couple of hours after midnight your average Madrileño turns night into day from June 15 to September 10, when the thermometer averages from 35° to 41° C. in the shade every afternoon. Then all indulge in siestas of several hours, and government, municipal, and many private offices are closed from noon until twilight, the officials and clerks being kept at their desks from eight to twelve or one only in the mornings. Except on great and exciting occasions, these skeptical, light-hearted Southerners seldom allowed events to turn them away very long from their evening amusements and pastimes. This was particularly striking on fête-days, when bull-fights attracted the usual rush. No visible symptoms of the present crisis were perceptible on the surface of Madrid life during the war and the state of siege, except in the complaints of tradesmen, the despondency, panics, and anti-warlike feelings of the business men and Bourse people, and a decided lack of great social entertainments, balls, and theatricals in the houses of the nobility, gentry, plutocracy, corps diplomatique, and official world. Yet this lull was not absolutely due to the war with the United States, for it had begun about eighteen months before, in consequence of the colonial insurrections.

THE CAPTURE OF MANILA.

I. CROSSING THE PACIFIC AND LANDING NEAR MANILA.

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V.



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S orders were to proceed to the Philippines and "capture or destroy Spanish fleet." These orders were carried out to the letter. Every vessel in the Spanish fleet was destroyed. It is to be hoped that Admiral Dewey will tell in his own language the story of this naval engagement, which, whether judged by the completeness of the victory or by its far-reaching political consequences, stands almost unique in naval history.

The close of the engagement left him master of Manila Bay, with the city at his mercy; but it also left him seven thousand miles from the nearest harbor in America, and almost without ammunition. He had barely sixteen rounds per gun left in his magazines. His instructions did not go beyond the destruction of the fleet, and he had wisely cut the cable, thus isolating the Spaniards in Manila, but at the same time cutting off direct communication with his own government. It was open to him, having completely carried out his instructions, to go to Hong-Kong for orders; but he decided to remain, anchored on the battle-field. On the day after the battle he sent the *McCulloch* to Hong-Kong with telegrams asking for more ammunition, stating that the city was at his mercy, but that he had not sufficient men to occupy it.

On receipt of his telegram, the President and the War Department, with that well-directed energy which, notwithstanding all criticisms, marked their entire conduct of the war, immediately made arrangements to send a land force to complete his victory and take possession of the Philippine Islands. So little did any one, either in or out of official life, at the beginning of the war dream of the possibility of our acquiring islands on the other side of the globe, that the Department of California was virtually stripped of all its military resources. General Shafter, who was in command at San Francisco, on the outbreak of the war had been sent across the continent to Tampa,

and had taken with him not only his entire staff, but everything connected with his headquarters which could by any possibility be of service in the campaign. The regular troops had all been ordered East, and on the entire Pacific coast, including Alaska, there was only one regiment, the Fourteenth Infantry. The colonel of this regiment, Thomas M. Anderson, was stationed in Alaska. He was immediately ordered to San Francisco. Two regiments of volunteers, the First California and the Second Oregon, were hastily collected in San Francisco, together with six companies of his own regiment, and with these he sailed for Manila on May 25, just three weeks after the news of Dewey's victory had reached Washington.

Meanwhile Major-General Wesley Merritt, the second general by seniority in the army, whose brilliant successes in the Civil War and in Indian campaigns naturally led to his selection, was directed to proceed to San Francisco, organize an army-corps composed mainly of volunteers from the Western States, transport it across seven thousand nautical miles of ocean, attack and defeat the Spanish army at Manila, and take possession, until further orders, of the Philippines in the name of the United States. It was the most novel, and in some respects the most interesting, enterprise in which United States troops were ever engaged.

It was my good fortune to command the expedition which sailed next after that of General Anderson. I was in camp at Lakeland, Florida, in command of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, when on the afternoon of May 29 I received a telegram from the adjutant-general stating that I had been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and directing me to report immediately to General Merritt in San Francisco. I left by the first train, and arrived in San Francisco six days later. At that time there were already encamped in the outskirts of San Francisco ten or twelve regiments of volunteers,—all, with one exception, from States west of the Mississippi,—two batteries of volunteer artillery, one troop of volunteer

cavalry, and parts of two regular infantry regiments. They were being organized into brigades and equipped as rapidly as possible under the immediate direction of General Otis. The government was woefully short of supplies of all kinds. In one company of regulars there were no less than six different kinds of tents. Every tent, every pair of shoes, and every poncho on the Pacific coast had been purchased, and telegrams had been sent to the East to hurry forward more of these, as well as of other classes of supplies, and rations and ammunition. Our shipping on the Pacific was limited in quantity, and the owners were reluctant to break up their commercial traffic and part with their ships at any price. It was only with threats of seizure that ships could be obtained. The force designated for the Philippines was twenty thousand men, or nearly as great as the entire strength of the regular army a few weeks previous. There was a prodigious amount of work to be done, but on the whole it was done systematically and effectively. Every transport was inspected by a board containing a line officer, a quartermaster, and a medical officer. The cubical air-space was computed, and the number of men for each ship limited accordingly. Extra galleys, sinks and wash-rooms, bunks, and electric lights were put in each ship. Summer clothing, underclothing, and helmets were purchased for the greater portion of the men. Each expedition took wall or common tents, and, in addition, shelter-tents, four months' rations, and four hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Undoubtedly in some respects the outfit was deficient. Some of the ships were too small, and none of them had been constructed with a view of being used as transports. Some articles of clothing and equipment were lacking, but they were not to be had. Such shortcomings are inseparable from a system of maintaining an army of twenty-five thousand men and attempting to expand it to ten times that number in the space of a few weeks. The wonder is not that there were some deficiencies, but that it was possible to accomplish the task at all. Whatever resources there were on the Pacific coast were fully utilized, and whatever human energy could accomplish was done. Many of the regiments had had little or no drill or organization before reaching San Francisco, and while awaiting their turn to sail the time was fully occupied in military exercises, as well as in organizing and equipping. Finer material for an army never existed, and what

the men lacked in military knowledge was in a large measure made up by superb enthusiasm. Every man was keen to go on the first expedition, and such influence, political or other, as was possessed by any one in a regiment, from colonel to drummer-boy, was fully utilized to secure its early departure. Sometimes this enthusiasm was misdirected, as in the case of a dozen men in one regiment who escaped from the contagious hospital, where they were sick with the measles, the night before our departure, and managed to conceal themselves on the ship with their regiment, spreading the disease throughout the ship, and partly throughout the fleet, during the entire voyage.

About the 14th of June four ships were ready, one of them a fine large ship (the *China*) which ordinarily carried passengers from San Francisco to Hong-Kong. Another ship was taken from the Australian trade, and the remaining two from the coast trade. The troops were selected from among those most thoroughly organized and equipped, and consisted of the First Colorado, the First Nebraska, the Tenth Pennsylvania, one battalion of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, one battalion of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, two batteries of Utah light artillery, and twenty men from the regular battalion of engineers; in all about thirty-five hundred men. Of these the *China* carried about thirteen hundred, the *Senator* about nine hundred, and the *Zelandia* and the *Colon* nearly seven hundred each.

We sailed from San Francisco on the morning of June 15, and eight days later reached Honolulu, where we stayed two days to coal the ships, and received a most hearty and generous welcome. In the beautiful grounds of the President's house, under the tropical trees, tables were set out, and a bountiful lunch spread for every man in the command. From Honolulu we kept on our westward course, stopping a few hours on July 4 to examine Wake Island, a diminutive desert which lies almost in the route from Honolulu to Guam (or Guajan), and which I thought might possibly be useful as a coaling-station or cable-landing on the long journey across the Pacific. On July 9 we ran along the coast of the little island of Guam, in the Ladrões, whither I had been directed to look for a convoy which might possibly be sent out from Manila. Finding nothing there, we continued our journey, and on the 15th of July reached the head of Luzon. Two days later we anchored off Cavite, in the midst of Dewey's squadron, and with the

wrecks of the Spanish vessels in view on all sides.

It was a stately procession as we moved across the calm and deserted Pacific, day after day, without seeing ship or land or sign of life. The fleet was formed in a double echelon, with the *China* in the lead, and the other vessels slightly astern of one another, and about twelve hundred feet apart. The speed was regulated by the slowest ship at about nine and a half knots, and the relative positions were maintained day and night. Signaling was kept up incessantly by flags during the day and incandescent torches at night, so that whatever occurred on one ship was promptly known on the others. The easterly trades followed us at about the same speed as the ships, and the weather was hot, the thermometer keeping quite constantly between 80° and 85°. Ample awnings, however, protected the men from the sun. The sea was remarkably smooth, and this made it possible for a great number of the men to sleep on the decks. The ship's routine was established after we were a few days out, and the meals, as well as reveille, retreat, and tattoo, and two drills per day, were all held at regular hours. Owing to limited space on the decks, the only drill possible was the setting-up drill. Target practice, both with field-artillery and with infantry, was carried on at frequent intervals, the superior speed of the *China* enabling her to run forward in the morning, place the target, allow the ships to fire at it as they passed, then pick up the target and rejoin the fleet before dark, all without diminishing the speed of the slowest vessel.

The monotony of the voyage was at last broken when, off the north end of Luzon, on July 15, being twenty days out from Honolulu, without having seen a sail, a man-of-war appeared on the horizon. If a Spaniard, there was nothing to do but to try to ram it; if an American, as there was every reason to believe it was, there was no occasion to stop: so the *China* went ahead at full speed, and the stranger proved to be the *Boston*, Captain Wildes, which had been sent up from Manila to meet us.

Leaving her to convoy the slower vessels, the *China* went ahead, and arrived at Manila Bay the following day, shortly after noon. The *Olympia* was anchored in about the middle of the battle-ground, and it was a rare pleasure that afternoon to sit under the awning on her quarter-deck and hear the admiral describe the fight, pointing in turn to each of the Spanish wrecks, and

describing how that particular vessel was destroyed.

We had been thirty days without news from the outer world. The *Boston* brought us the latest information by way of Hong-Kong, which was dated July 2, and consisted of a few brief telegrams, to the effect that Admiral Camara's fleet had passed through the Suez Canal, was coaling in the Red Sea, and as soon as this was completed would continue its voyage to Manila; and that General Merritt had sailed from San Francisco in the steamer *Newport* on June 28.

These telegrams showed that a most interesting race was in progress on two sides of the globe, each of the contestants with about seven thousand nautical miles to go. Camara was coming east, and Merritt was coming west; and the monitor *Monterey*, which we had left coaling at Honolulu, and the arrival of which was of such vital importance to Dewey, was also coming west, all having the same objective, Manila Bay. As we steamed down the coast of Luzon, I spent several hours figuring on a time-table to see who would come in first. Allowing the *Monterey* six knots, Camara's fleet ten knots, and the *Newport* twelve knots, I figured out that Camara would reach Manila July 26, Merritt July 28, and the *Monterey* August 4. Would Camara come straight to Manila? Would he sail east to intercept Merritt? Would his arrival be delayed beyond August 4? Would he come at all?

I handed the time-table to Admiral Dewey, and he spent most of the night and the following day studying over it. On the morning of the third day (July 19) he came to the *China* in his barge, and asked me to go ashore with him to see General Anderson, who, with the twenty-five hundred men of his expedition, was quartered in the barracks at Cavite. The admiral was convinced that if Camara continued his voyage he would reach Manila before the *Monterey*. Having no battle-ship in his command, he was out-classed by the *Pelayo*. The safety of the army and the transports, at such an enormous distance from America, depended entirely upon keeping his fleet intact. He therefore came to the determination, in case news was not received in less than a week that Camara had turned back, to take his fleet and the transports to the north of Luzon, and then to cruise eastward until he met the *Monterey*, and the *Monadnock*, which was following her; then he would return and destroy Camara's fleet. He felt reasonably confident that he would be gone not longer

than August 10, and he asked General Anderson, who was the senior officer, what he would do. The latter promptly replied that he would take thirty days' rations, march into the hills about twenty miles east of Cavite, intrench, and await the return of the fleet. My opinion was asked, and I fully concurred in the wisdom of the departure of the fleet, and the propriety of taking the troops inland to await its return.

If Camara's nerve had held out, the result would have been a very interesting campaign in the Philippines. Merritt arrived three days ahead of schedule time, and the *Monterey* arrived on the very day calculated, but Camara did not come at all. Definite information that Camara had turned back reached the admiral on July 22, just as it was becoming necessary to take steps to carry the above plan into operation.

On the morning after my arrival, Admiral Dewey furnished a steam-launch to General Anderson and me, and we steamed up to reconnoiter the Spanish position. We went toward Manila, well beyond their lines, and within easy rifle-range, but without drawing their fire. Dewey had sent word to the Spanish captain-general some weeks before that the first shot fired upon any of his ships or boats would be the signal for opening a bombardment, and this warning was carefully respected. Having obtained a fair idea of the Spanish position in the vicinity of the bay, we stopped on our return to find a site for a landing and camp, and picked out a flat field about four feet above tide, planted with peanuts, but otherwise entirely open. It was about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide, and inclosed on three sides by dense thickets of bamboo and other tropical trees and by rice swamps, and on the fourth side by the beach and a narrow fringe of large trees. It was sufficiently large to accommodate seven or eight thousand men, and its northern edge was just out of range of musketry, but well within range of the field-artillery in the Spanish lines. The beach was flat, of fine white sand, and landing was feasible in calm weather, but very difficult in high winds.

The existence of this field, so close to the Spanish lines, was a piece of good fortune for us, as subsequent reconnaissance showed the entire country about Manila to be composed of rice swamps and bamboo thickets, and there was not another place between Cavite and Manila where five thousand troops could be encamped in one body. Preparations for disembarking from the transports

and landing on the beach were begun the following morning.

The situation in the bay was very peculiar. Off Cavite Point, about nine miles in a straight line from the center of Manila, lay Admiral Dewey's squadron, our fleet of transports, and several colliers. Just off Manila lay at anchor a foreign fleet of about twelve ships—three Germans, two British, three French, two Japanese, and, I think, one Austrian. The Spanish troops, thirteen thousand in number, occupied the old fortifications in the center of Manila and a line of blockhouses and trenches thrown up around the city in a semicircle, with a diameter of about five miles. Just outside of the Spanish lines were barricades on every road, and a few small trenches between them, all occupied by an armed force of Philippine insurgents, said to number about ten thousand men. These blockaded the city on the land side to such an extent as to prevent the entry of any food. The insurgents had captured the waterworks and cut off the supply from the city. Within the city meat was very scarce, and the Spaniards were living on horse-flesh, which was regularly slaughtered and sold by the Spanish authorities every day, and the large Chinese population was eating cats and dogs. The city of Manila, with its church towers, yellow houses, and old gray fortified walls, was in plain view in the summer sun, not only from the squadron at Cavite, but also from all points of the curved beach. During the day everything was quiet, but at night the city was brilliantly lighted by electricity, and a sputtering infantry fire, with an occasional shot from a field-gun, usually broke out between the Spanish and the insurgent lines about ten o'clock, lasted for an hour or more, and then subsided until just before dawn, when it was resumed. At daylight the firing ceased by mutual consent. Two groups of combatants, the Spanish and the insurgents, were facing each other on the shore, and two groups of possible enemies, the American and foreign fleets, were in plain view on the water. Another element, the American army, was about to be added on the land.

Admiral Dewey controlled the harbor, and no ship entered or left without his permission, and without being boarded and examined by the small cruiser on guard-duty for the day. Some of the foreign naval commanders did not permit this without protest. More than one unfriendly message was exchanged, and once an incident occurred which was dangerously close to actual con-

flict. Dewey did not seek to bring on another war the consequences of which it was impossible to estimate, but he was fully prepared for it, and by being prepared he prevented it. At the same time, by his firmness and tact, he maintained all his rights as commander of the blockading squadron.

The difficulties of getting established on the shore were not slight. Not an animal or wagon of any description had been brought from America, and the native means of transportation were *caramattas*, or light two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by ponies, the largest of which was less than eleven hands high, and capable of hauling a load of not over five hundred pounds. In addition to these there was the *carabao*, or water-buffalo, an animal of great strength, dragging a heavy two-wheeled cart or a sledge through the mud. It was in the midst of the rainy season, and the roads were nothing but quagmires. Such little hauling as was done was usually on sledges drawn by buffaloes. On the water there were available only two small tugs, which had been captured from the Spaniards, and eight or ten *cascos*, or native lighters, somewhat resembling the Chinese junk, but without sails. Each of them was capable of carrying about two hundred men, with their shelter-tents, packs, and ten days' rations. As the landing-point was within easy range of the Spanish artillery, and the water was very shallow, it was thought best not to bring the transports up from Cavite. The rations were therefore placed in the *cascos*, and each loaded to its full capacity with the men, and a string of three or four of them was then towed up to the landing-place at high water, and left aground. The men jumped into the water and waded ashore, and as the tide receded, returned to unload their rations. Everything was carried into camp on the backs of the men. The first regiment was landed and established after dark, but the others on successive days in broad daylight. The Spaniards did not open fire or interfere in any manner. Fortunately, the water was comparatively smooth, and four thousand men were landed without loss or mishap of any kind, the last of them, with eight field-guns, getting ashore on July 22. General Anderson, with about two thousand men, remained at Cavite pending the arrival of the next expedition.

As soon as the first regiment was ashore, I started out to make a thorough reconnaissance of the Spanish position, and sent parties of engineers, of whom there were a great

many among the officers and men in the different regiments, to make reconnaissance maps of the surrounding country, which was entirely unknown to us. The situation was not altogether reassuring. The Spanish line began at the southerly edge of the suburb of Malate, and led up to a strong stonework called Fort San Antonio de Abad, mounting field-artillery of the same caliber as our own. This was situated on a peninsula formed by a stream which flowed out from the city; in front of the fort it was about one hundred feet wide, and it was reported not to be fordable. It was spanned by a stone bridge, with stone parapets backed with sand-bags; and beyond this stretched a strong line of field-trenches made with sand-bags, about five feet high and eight feet thick, and with heavy traverses at intervals of a few yards. This extended inland for about a thousand yards to a blockhouse of the familiar Spanish type, on a piece of hard ground commanding one of the roads which led in to town; the other road from the south leading directly past Fort San Antonio. From the blockhouse, the number of which, 14, was plainly painted on it, the line made a sharp turn to the north, and disappeared in the bamboo thickets. Within the city was a force of regular Spanish troops, reported to be ten thousand in number, although on the surrender they proved to be thirteen thousand, or more than three times my own force. They were armed with a better rifle than our own, had the smokeless powder, and an abundance of ammunition. At the surrender they still had on hand over seven hundred rounds per man, whereas we had been able to obtain in San Francisco only about four hundred rounds. The country outside of the peanut-field in which we were camped was a succession of rice swamps, through which led a few roads, almost impassable, on the borders of which were enormous clumps of tall bamboo poles, which were quite impassable. What little hard ground there was in the intervals between the swamps was cultivated with beans growing on high poles, and each lot or garden was surrounded by a dense hedge, through which a man could not make his way. The country was perfectly flat, and there was no point from which a general view of it could be obtained. The portion of the Spanish lines nearest the shore could be clearly made out from a white house, called by us (erroneously) the "convent," situated in a field near the beach, and a little less than one thousand yards from Fort San Antonio. This house was a fine target for the Spanish artillery, as well as for the

infantry, and was completely riddled by bullets and shells. Blockhouse No. 14 could be approached by crawling through the bean-fields and thickets to a peasant's house about two hundred yards distant from it. The slightest exposure at either of these houses instantly brought a rain of bullets. Off to the right there was a cross-road leading through about two miles of rice swamps to a slight hill just above the convent at San Pedro Macati, on the Pasig River. From this hill a fine view could be obtained into the back of Manila, and across the intervening rice swamps and thickets the blockhouses and adjacent trenches of the Spaniards on the east of the city could be distinguished.

Between my camp and the Spanish lines there was a body of insurgents, whose fighting qualities were uncertain. They occupied barricades on the roads and a few shallow trenches on each side of them. They had but little organization, and were young men and boys of slight stature, weighing from about one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds each, dressed in a uniform of striped blue cotton and a straw hat, without shoes. They were armed indiscriminately with Mausers and Remingtons, and took turns in serving in the trenches for a few days and then returning to their homes in the vicinity for a week to rest, their posts and arms being taken by others. They occupied the houses in the numerous villages in the rear of their barricades and trenches, and here their food, which consisted principally of rice, occasionally with a little meat, was cooked and then carried up to the trenches, where it was eaten with banana-leaves as a relish. They were constantly engaged in desultory fighting with the Spaniards, and when their ammunition was exhausted they would abandon a barricade in a body and go off to get more. If the Spaniards should mass a large force against them, they would have no trouble in running over them, and our camp was only three quarters of a mile in their rear. The Spaniard, like the Turk, is not given to offensive operations. His plan of warfare is to fight behind in-trenchments, barbed wire, and blockhouses. Still, to guard against the contingency of the insurgents being driven in, and the Spaniards coming upon us unexpectedly, I kept about one fourth of my force on outpost duty just behind the insurgents. With these we would have ample notice of any attack.

I had brought from General Merritt in-

structions to General Anderson, as the senior officer, that if, in his judgment and that of Admiral Dewey, it was the obvious and proper thing for him to attack, he was at liberty to do so; but he was particularly cautioned not to undertake any operations that might result in disaster, and if success was not certain he was to await General Merritt's arrival. As the combined strength of General Anderson's brigade and my own was less than half that of the Spaniards, no offensive operations would have been justified under these instructions. All that could be done was to remain on the ground, thoroughly reconnoiter the country, and prepare plans of attack for the consideration of General Merritt on his arrival. General Anderson came over from Cavite and accompanied me on one of my reconnaissances, and two plans of attack were then discussed. One was to drag our artillery over the road through the rice swamps to the hill at San Pedro Macati. Here it would have a commanding fire on the Spanish lines east of the city, which were weakest at this point; and General Anderson favored making the principal attack from this direction. This, however, would take us away from our base on the shore, and we had no transportation except a few insignificant native carts. It would also take us away from any direct communication with the navy, whose one hundred and fifty-seven pieces of artillery, large and small, operating on the flank of the Spanish lines, would, in my judgment, more than counterbalance the disadvantage of attacking the strongest part of the Spanish position. While, of course, I was ready to carry out without question any orders that General Anderson might give, yet I expressed very strongly my opposition to his plan of moving away from close touch with the navy, and he declined to give any orders pending General Merritt's arrival.

Meanwhile, the men made themselves as comfortable as possible in camp. They had nothing but shelter-tents and one set of clothing. It rained on parts or all of every day, and the rain was of infinite variety, from a passing shower to an all-day-and-all-night storm, with a cool wind, and rain falling at the rate of from four to six inches a day. Immediate steps were taken to get the men off the ground by building beds of split bamboo set on posts from eighteen to twenty-four inches above the ground. On top of this the shelter-tent was perched; and while the rain went through the thin cloth of the shelter-tent, and was driven in at the end by the wind, so that the men were never dry

during the twenty-four days we remained in this camp, yet they did not sleep on the wet ground. I had caused every bottle of wine and liquor to be removed from all the ships the day before we sailed from San Francisco, so that the officers and men landed with their systems absolutely free from alcohol for thirty-two days. The water for drinking and cooking was obtained from wells sunk a few feet deep on the edge of the camp. It was abundant in quantity and apparently of good quality, but, as a precaution, every drop of it used for cooking or drinking was boiled. This was done in spite of the greatest difficulties, as fire-wood was extremely scarce, the bamboo poles and green trees in the vicinity of camp not being combustible. The company cook had a discouraging task. To be awakened at half-past three in the morning, in the midst of a drenching rain, at times with three or four inches of water over almost the entire camp site, and told to light a fire, and not only to make coffee and fry bacon, but to boil water for one hundred men, was to receive an almost impossible order. Yet it

was carried out, and with the utmost cheerfulness. The health of the men under these adverse conditions and extraordinary hardships was surprisingly good—so good that it was hard to account for it. The sick-list was seldom as high as three per cent. during all the time we were in this camp, and none of the sickness was of a serious character. Freedom from alcohol, sleeping above the ground, and boiling the water, were apparently the causes of good health; to which should be added the fine spirits and enthusiasm of the men, confident that in a short time they would take Manila, and proud that they were to have part in the success of so important an event.

General Merritt arrived on the afternoon of July 25, and sent a boat to take me to his ship and explain the situation. On the following morning he came back to camp with me, and I showed him such maps as I had prepared, and rode with him to points from which he could get views of the Spanish lines. He immediately decided that the attack would be made along the shore.

(To be continued.)

THE WOODHAVEN GOAT.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.



MAJOR WORTHINGTON was smoking his pipe upon his broad back porch at Woodhaven and dozing in the balmy air of a faultless morning in May. His stout form was, as

usual, spread over two chairs and the balustrade, and contentment rested upon him. Well might he be content. His broad fields were already ribboned with the pale green of young cotton, and all hands agreed that the "stand" was perfect. Peace reigned at Woodhaven, after many days of disquiet, and for all he had been once a man of war, no man at heart loved peace more than did this eccentric old planter. He had tried many experiments; he had run away and marooned with Isam in slavery-time, had fought a duel before the war, and had bravely worn the gray as commander of that renowned organization, the "Worthington Guards." When the unequal contest was ended, he had employed two of his conquerors with guns and blue uniforms to oversee his place, and with such success that prosperity smiled upon

him. All of which is now a part of the history of his country. To-day, the day of which the chronicler is called upon to write, no cloud dimmed the horizon of Crawford Worthington, late Major C. S. A., and still master of Woodhaven. But it was to be an eventful day. Isam was in the yard under a broad elm, sitting on the well-swept ground and busy cleaning the Worthington case-knives on a soft brick, an immemorial custom. His little black eyes, set deep within his wrinkled, complicated face, reflected the light flashed up by the polished steel, and he hummed softly a line from the old song, "My Gal's er High-born Lady."

Over in the orchard, at the far end of the broad back yard, an aged goat was browsing phlegmatically in the fence-corners, and near the triple rows of beehives that were terraced upon plank shelving close to the back yard a strutting turkey-gobbler drummed among his wives.

From time to time the goat ceased to chew and looked curiously upon the proud fowl. Possibly he wondered how anything could be

so small at one moment and so big at the next. Possibly he was wishing that this same swelling gift were his; for out in the grove there lived a gigantic ram, a bitter, uncompromising foe, and the conflicts always ended disastrously for the whiskered champion, mainly, however, because he had never been able to meet his antagonist under any recognized rules of the ring, his own inclination being to spar, and the other's to ride a tournament. Suddenly, as he gazed and reflected, every feather on the gobbler fell into place, the whole arrangement closing like Venetian blinds, and the fowl, dropping his head close to the ground, struck the back of it with first one and then the other foot. Then he hopped about six feet, and lifted both wings, again ducking and scratching his head. This he repeated rapidly, his wives joining in the gymnastics and uttering sharp, crisp clucks. Presently the whole flock scattered in a panic, ran with lowered heads to the limit of the orchard, rose on wing, and sailed away into the cotton-field.

The goat looked on this performance with great interest, until the last gray form had settled and passed from sight. He even uttered a queer little laugh that shook his whiskers. Evidently, however, the oddity of it all soon began to appeal to him, for he looked back inquisitively to the place from which his late associates had departed, his unwinking, glassy eyes full of amazement. There was no explanation in sight, nor was any suggested when he calmly went there and examined the locality more carefully. He did not even find one in the sky above, although he searched in that direction with equal deliberation.

It was while making this final survey that his attention was attracted by the low-hanging branches of a cherry-tree, deep green their verdure and seemingly succulent their leaves. He dismissed the turkey puzzle, and standing upon his hind legs, beckoned to the leaves with his long, flexible lip, a mute invitation that bore no results whatever. Jumping upon a lower hive, he rested his feet upon one above, and again strained his whole frame toward the aerial pasture. Then he mounted yet higher, and with his hind feet upon the topmost hive and his body perpendicular, reached the coveted prize.

It was at this moment that Isam, suspending work, fixed his eyes upon the picture, and keeping them there, began to feel about for the knives. His low, earnest voice broke the stillness:

"Mass' Craffud! Mass' Craffud!"

"Well?" The major mumbled the response from mere force of habit, his eyes still closed.

"Dere's gwine ter be trouble hyah, sholy. Ef dere's anyt'ing 'twix' you an' de back do' up dere, better move hit—"

"What are you talking about, you black rascal? Get up from there!"

"Mass' Craffud!"

"Get up, I tell you, and open that gate! Don't you see Jerry coming with the plow?"

"Mass'—"

"Get up!" the major thundered, and reached for his stick.

Isam darted to the gate and opened it. Jerry was on the way to plow the orchard, and the way led through the yard. Any attempt to continue the interrupted warning would have been useless, for the major discovered at that moment that the mule had been geared wrong.

"Put that back-band hook down lower, sir!" he shouted to Jerry. Jerry was excited by the old man's temper, and a natural awkwardness was against him. "Lower yet! Lower! Now shorten those traces! The next link! the next! The next! I tell you—the next! Don't you see you are going the wrong way? Shorten the chain—shorten! shorten!" Down went the chairs, and out came the major in a towering passion. He jerked the traces right and left, Jerry changing places with him about the pensive mule. Isam uttered a low cry and began to edge away. The goat, reaching too high, had upset the hive on which he stood, and sliding backward down the terrace, had carried several more with him.

A moment the surprised animal stood waist-deep in bees; then suddenly an electric shock went over him. He shivered, bit at his flanks, his hind leg and hip; then he jumped ten feet, and, if Isam's account of the tragedy may be accepted, swore a great shrieking oath as he began to make a rapid tour of the orchard. Round and round the goat went, praying, cursing, and crying, the crouching negro in the yard watching him with straining eyes through the picket fence. The major's attention was arrested. He looked at the negro and then at the goat.

"What ails him, Isam?"

"Say yo' prayers, an' say 'em quick, Mass' Craffud, for ef dat goat come dis erway ter git shet er es mis'ry, dere's gwine ter be trouble." He was edging away toward the kitchen as he spoke.

"Stop!" thundered the major. "What's all that stuff you are mumbling?"

"Pray fer him ter find er low place inter

de cotton, Mass' Craffud. Listen at dat! Don't you hyah 'im callin' you, honey? 'Mass' Craft-t-t!'" And Isam gave an excellent imitation.

The major did not have time to finish a laugh. A few scattering bees from the wrecked hives struck into the little group, and the mule, being the largest enemy, first received their attacks. He responded by launching out with his heels as fast as he could pick them up and put them

away the last vestige of the steps. Jerry had dived over the outer fence, and was viewing the drama from a constantly increasing distance.

No one responded to the major's stentorian commands to open the gate. Most of them were delivered at a disadvantage, for his head was bobbing in and out as the flying plow and his efforts compelled; but they were loud and fierce enough to be heard half a mile. When he began to call Isam, in



DRAWN BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

"THERE WERE NO RESTS OR BREATHING-SPILLS."

down, gradually turning in a circle and becoming involved with the plow and lines. Presently he made a rush for the gate, and finding it closed, started on a wild career around the yard, gathering bees as he gathered momentum. Woodhaven for the time being had been converted into a two-ring circus. The goat, with his horns laid on his back, had the orchard, and the mule the back yard. As the mule came round, the excitement increased, for the plow was swinging out on the chain-traces, knocking over benches and tubs, skinning the shade-trees, and thundering against the weather-boards of the buildings. Cut off from the porch and driven from tree to tree by the plow, the major grew desperate. The detached kitchen, built on brick pillars, was the nearest shelter. Seizing an opportunity, he rushed to it, dropped on his knees, and crawled under just in time to escape the plow, which swept

particular, a groan behind him drew his attention, and looking back, he saw the whites of a pair of eyes gleaming in the shadow. A mighty and elaborate imprecation begun at that moment was never concluded. The goat came over the orchard fence, with a foot of space between him and the palings, — a comet from Capricornus, with ten thousand bees for a tail, — and after one frantic round in search of relief, dodged the flying plow and went under the kitchen. It was this circumstance that interrupted the major's effort to do justice to Isam's utter worthlessness.

When the goat went under the kitchen, the major retained his presence of mind, and Isam lost his. The former, knowing that bees, when angry, follow a moving object, fell upon his face, shielding it with his arms. Isam, on the other hand, rolled out from the dark corner into the yard, and was knocked over

as often as he attempted to arise, which was as often as possible; for to the infuriated goat all things were now explained: Isam was the cause of the dire disaster in which he had become involved. Therefore he fairly leaped in the air, and delivered his blows with a savage energy which would have proved fatal to any one except an African. Isam got his enemy by the horns and tried in vain to hold him; but there were no rests or breathing-spells—the bees attended to that. The man and the goat rolled over, half rose and fell, and mingled their voices like warriors of old engaged in deadly combat; but Isam's was not a defiance. In his dark hiding-place, the major, lifting his face a few inches, looked out through tears with a sudden delight at the negro's predicament, sobbing and choking with his emotion. When he heard the cry, "Help, Mass' Craffud! Run hyah, Mass' Craffud!" he frantically beat the dry soil about him with his fist for some moments.

"Better for one to die than two; it's a long sight better," the major shouted when he caught his breath. The memory of the famous conflict with the deer in the swamp had returned to him. And then he added: "Stick to him, Isam, stick to him!"

"Run hyah, Mass' Craffud! Help me turn dis goat loose!"

There was a sound as of a man choking to death under the kitchen; and then between many sputterings and coughings came a hilarious shout:

"Don't cuss, Isam, don't cuss! If ever a man had a call to pray, you've got it now. Stick to him, Isam, stick to him! Whoa, goat! Whoa, goat! Who-ee!" The major fairly rolled over on his back, and kicked the kitchen floor above him until exhaustion overcame him.

The fight outside was not as long as the memorable one with the deer. Covered with bees, man and beast broke away and disappeared from the scene. The mule had crushed down a panel of the fence, and the goat passed through the gap like a flash of white sunlight. In the grove he met his hereditary enemy, ready for a tournament. He only shed a couple of quarts of bees on him and passed away, leaving the ram to start a circus of his own, which he immediately proceeded to do.

Helen, who had made several brave efforts to go to her uncle's rescue, only to be driven back indoors, finally found the air outside clear enough of bees to permit her to approach the kitchen. She kneeled there and looked under.

"Uncle—Uncle Crawford—where are you?"

She saw the old man still stretched out under there, sobbing like a child recovering from a fit of crying.

"Don't," he whispered, pushing a hand back toward her and keeping his face averted—"don't speak to me! I am just grazing apoplexy—"

"But where is Isam, uncle?"

The portly form writhed in a sudden convulsion.

"Don't, I tell you!" he thundered. "Tell me something sad—tell me bad news. Go away—go away!"

Helen obeyed the final command. After a while the major crawled out and came limping across the yard. Helen covered her face and turned away suddenly.

"Don't, my child, don't!" he pleaded. "If I laugh standing up, I'm gone. What? Can't find Isam! Why, I hear his voice—"

"I do, too, uncle, but we have searched high and low in vain for him."

"Nonsense; he can't be far away if we can hear him. Find him; he must be badly stung, to say nothing of—" He stopped and pressed his sides, while he clenched his teeth.

But Helen could not find Isam. That plaintive, pleading voice seemed everywhere, and the owner nowhere. It was as though all of him had been lost but voice, and go where she might that seemed to recede.

The mystery was at last solved. A negro came into the yard for water. Presently he cried out in amazement: "Dah now! Laws-a-mussy! Hyah he, Miss Helen—hyah he down in de well!" And so it was. The desperate man had performed a very timely although very perilous feat. Maddened with pain, covered with bees, and fleeing from the face of the awful goat, he had leaped upon the well-curb, grasped the chain, and rattled down into the cool waters. He was triumphantly hauled up again; but he refused to leave his place of refuge until assured that the war was entirely over. A little vinegar and soda soon restored him to his usual size.

It was many weeks before the goat could be tolled back into the yard. He would approach within three hundred feet, point his whiskers at the house for five minutes, and then go sadly away. But Isam never could, afterward, pass him in safety without a club.

One day, however, the hungry animal came gingerly into the yard, and accepted some cabbage-leaves from the cook. Un-

fortunately, little Henry Clay had tied a string to a leg of one of those iridescent beetles commonly called June-bugs, and released him to hear the "zooning" noise of his wings, so pleasant to the ears of Southern children on a plantation. The beetle made one rush for liberty, reached the end of the thread, and curved past the goat's ear with the speed of a rifle-ball. Have goats

memory? It is likely. This goat went through the fence, taking six palings with him, ran headlong into a horse-stall, and hid in a dark corner. He came no more to the house.

"I know des how dat goat feel," said Isam, in describing the incident to his Miss Helen: "fus' time de chile zoon dat bug eroun' me, I was half-way ter de well 'fo' I cotch' mer bref. An' dat 's er fac'."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"American Common Sense."

THOSE who are keenly alive to any of the evils which exist in our bodypolitic, and which threaten the welfare of the nation, are sometimes met, in what passes for argument, by a cheerful statement of a firm belief in "American common sense," as if the magic of American common sense were sure to avert calamity, and as if he were a traitor to his country who seemed to throw any doubt upon the workings and the everlasting efficacy of this peculiar magic.

But one may confess to a goodly share of optimistic patriotism and yet may be well aware of certain actual facts and patent tendencies. There was doubtless a vast amount of American common sense in the United States in the years 1860 and 1861, and yet all this common sense was totally unable to bring about a settlement of the questions at issue without a long and bloody war, followed by the disastrous carpet-bag régime. That war had good effects, aside from its main result, but common sense ought to have been able to bring about the advantages to the country which came from the arbitrament of arms without such costly sacrifice of blood and treasure. If all our leaders North and South had possessed the common sense of Abraham Lincoln, surely war would have been averted. Yet any one who declared before the Civil War that common sense, acting through peaceful methods, would do the work, was counting altogether too largely on a single element in American character.

Up to the present date what is the connection between American common sense and the conduct of the consular service of a great business community, like the United States, on absolutely unbusinesslike principles? Mr. McAneny, in his article in the February CENTURY on "How Other Countries Do It," shows conclusively, on the basis of reports made to our State Department on the subject, that other countries do it better; that in our consular service "appointments are made virtually without regard for technical training and without the requirement of either a know-

ledge of languages or the possession of a degree or diploma of any sort; that advancement or retention depends generally on political or personal favor; and that with each change of the party in power, or about as often as the new consul, through training, becomes fairly useful, there comes the inevitable 'clean sweep,' and the appointment of a new set of hastily selected and usually green men." To say nothing of Great Britain and other experienced countries with admirable consular services, "Japan, the newest of civilizations, and Brazil, the newest of republics, have each an admirable system." And yet only the other day a majority of congressmen voting were in favor of killing even the civil-service reform that we have, although on a formal ballot the cowardly vote was reversed.

We ask, "Up to the present date" what is the connection between American common sense and the conduct of our consular service? because we believe that consular reform and reorganization are even now on their way, hastened by the new relations of the nation with affairs abroad. Here is a field for American common sense to do valuable work on a great scale; and we confess that we are "optimistic" enough to think that it will avail itself of the opportunity.

The State of Pennsylvania is one of the great business States of the Union. It is running over with American common sense. And yet the scandals in the political life of that State are so towering that, like the success of Tammany in New York, they discredit with many the entire American system of government. It is not that one distinguished corruptionist has so long dominated the affairs of the commonwealth, but that, according to the statement of Mr. Herbert Welsh, in a recent speech at the City Club of New York, the bosses are simply the weather-vanes showing which way the wind is blowing. "They represent the powers which are behind them and which are mightier than they." Mr. Welsh, in exact and eloquent language, described as an undisputed expert the notorious fact of the alliance in Pennsylvania of great corporations with corrupt and subervient

bosses, looking to a government not by and for the people, but by corporations in their own selfish interest. At this same dinner other speakers showed that in New York and elsewhere in the Union the common sense of the American people had not yet prevented the seizure by private corporations of public franchises, or the abuse by officials of the functions of government and its powers of taxation in the corrupt interest of individuals.

There is a truly "imperial" field for the application of American common sense in the conduct of the affairs of the tropical islands which, for good or evil, for a limited or for a perpetual period, are on our hands. In this number of *THE CENTURY* Mr. James Bryce shows, in a highly interesting way, what British common sense has accomplished in the solution of similar problems. President John R. Procter of the United States Civil-service Commission said recently that we had made a good beginning in sending men like General Wood to Santiago and General Ludlow to Havana; at the same time, he held up the example of Great Britain in the successful management of distant dependencies through the application of the merit system, to which the government was driven by the very necessity of the case. In India only one soldier is now required for every thirty-eight hundred inhabitants, and Mr. Procter declared that under the English system the same ratio in the Philippines would call for an army of only twenty-one hundred men. He added: "Whether we will be able to govern the Philippines with this relatively small force, as the English have Ceylon and India, will depend upon whether we apply the English system of colonial government, or a modified form of the old Spanish spoils system." The English system so much praised is, indeed, merely a system of common honesty and common sense, and ought not to be impossible of emulation by a people which prides itself on its skill in meeting emergencies and on its common, sometimes called horse, sense.

American common sense has certainly been of great service to the American people in many past crises. We have rushed at times apparently to the brink of disaster, and common sense has swerved us away from the precipice. But common sense has not prevented the long existence of many evils which it has at last cured. It was only the other day that American common sense put to work an American of uncommon sense really to clean the streets of the American metropolis. Common sense permits to-day many evils which it ought to bring to an immediate end. In fact, American common sense needs to be saved from old-fashioned American complaisance; it needs to be quickened by American conscience, and to be pushed forward by American energy, and to be kept going by American "drive."

No American has a right to bring American common sense into his argument if he does so in a light and over-sanguine spirit. He has no right to fall back on the common sense of his country-

men unless in fact his own common sense and patriotic fervor are leading him to do his full share in abating the evils and averting the dangers which he, with all good citizens, sincerely deplures. Things never go right of themselves. According to the best teachers of ethics, Providence has always shown a preference for being "assisted."

A Lesson from Alexander.

IF Alexander the Great had not by his magical career given a new impetus to civilization, future generations would still have remained under lasting obligations to him for the manner in which he taught posterity the value of discipline and skill. For of all the lessons which every generation must learn anew for itself, that is the one which is most slighted by impatient humanity and is the most difficult to realize in practice.

At the battle of Issus, which Professor Wheeler describes on another page, the youthful king with his thirty thousand men rushed at Darius's host of six hundred thousand, with the temerity of a pygmy fastening on the legs of a giant. He knew that if it were merely a matter of butchering six hundred thousand men, his thirty thousand, though they were invulnerable, would fall from exhaustion before the field would be strewn with their lifeless foes. But with panic for an ally the enemy might be left mainly to destroy themselves. He need not dread that panic, the prime dissolvent of armies, would join his own ranks: discipline tempered by experience had made the companion cavalry and the phalanx impenetrable to fear. Yet panic might be ineffective as an ally unless set loose at the very core of the dense Persian array. That was where Darius sat in his chariot, walled about by an unwieldy horde. Alexander himself led the thrust which, with genius-like skill, first parted the Persian flank and then drove at the startled monarch. The moment Darius sought safety at the rear, panic, the infection of mind and heart, spread with the quickness of thought, and six hundred thousand Persians became a fear-stricken mob.

Thus discipline and skill gained on the narrow plain of Issus, between the walled mountains and the deep sea, the greatest victory of the ages. Every feature of the situation would have acted as a disadvantage to a less resolute commander; but Alexander, with sheer intellect, which is the essence of discipline and skill, made of his critical position a supreme opportunity and triumph. The narrow field rendered the Persian mass unwieldy and a ready victim to Alexander's plan of battle; but on the level plain of Gaugamela, where Darius had plenty of room and a million men, and Alexander under fifty thousand, the mighty Persian host was overthrown by the same general plan adapted to the differing conditions. Though Gaugamela was in the sense of bigness and conclusiveness a larger victory than Issus, the latter was the supreme test of Alexander's greatness as a soldier.

OPEN LETTERS

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

"THE GOLDEN GALLEON," BY ROSS TURNER.

ROSS TURNER was twenty-nine before he seriously began the study of art; then, in 1876, he left America, and after some drifting settled down in Munich. There he had little or no regular academic study, the schools being not greatly to his taste, and as an artist he is in the main self-educated, if one can be said to be self-educated who has had the benefit of a residence in the great Bavarian art center and of intimacy with its host of artists and art students, and the help and guidance of Chase and Duveneck, to whom Turner affectionately confesses his indebtedness. Later he spent some years in Italy in study of the great masters, and from them, I suspect, he drew many of their secrets of composition and color. While in Munich he won the friendship of the Greek artist Constance Bolouachi, whom he describes as "a wonderful marine-painter and a generous friend." In 1883 he returned to America, and settled in Boston. Since then he has made many trips abroad, and has sketched much in Bermuda and Mexico.

I am told that, while yet a boy in his father's printing-office, Turner qualified himself for a position as mechanical draftsman, and later, in 1875, he became an adjunct of the Patent Office in that capacity. It is difficult, however, to believe that the mechanical can have any part in his composition, for means, formula, the academy, are never obtrusive in his work. He seems to paint as the birds sing. To be sure, his note is not the nightingale's, full, resonant, voluptuous, but rather the sweet, low, gentle cadences of the English linnet, heard while the hawthorn in the hedges is in bloom. One thing, however, is certain: it has none of the sophistication of the caged canary. Above and beyond any other qualities he possesses, and they are many, Ross Turner is a colorist. His is the rare sense which discriminates between "colors" and "color." I remember a little canvas of his, exhibited perhaps

ten years ago at the Boston Art Club, of a few white chrysanthemums on a white cloth—white only upon white; and yet the little bit of canvas glowed and scintillated with color, pearly and waxy grays, subtle suggestions of pinky and violet tones, of yellows and greens, the thousand and one broken tones which lay hidden in the semi-transparent petals of the flowers, contrasted with the dead, cold white of the woven cloth upon which they rested.

But even were he not so good a colorist, his pictures would win by their quality of distinction. There comes to my mind in this connection a picture of his of a white tramp steamship with red funnel floating in the Venetian lagoon, weather-beaten and battered, the white paint of her hull stained and marred; but the old tramp sat the water as gracefully as a swan, and seemed to protest with a languid, well-bred air against her inglorious ease in the mud of the Venetian lagoon.

Ross Turner's inspiration for "The Golden Galleon," reproduced in tint as the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*, was in the main derived from one of Lockhart's Spanish ballads, "Count Arnaldo's Galley":

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
Burnished poop of beaten gold,—
Many a morn you 'll hood your falcon
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
Golden poops, may come again,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To yon gray-haired sailor's strain.

Stately galley! glorious galley!
God hath poured his grace on thee!
Thou alone mayst scorn the perils
Of the dread devouring sea!

Ross Turner is vice-president of the Boston Art Club and a member of the American Water-color Society, New York.

W. Lewis Fraser.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Secret Woe.

A GIBSON Girl was hanging in a frame upon my wall;
 She was exceeding graceful, she was exceeding tall.
 I suppose I must have dreamed it, though I thought I was awake,
 But that Gibson maiden softly sighed, and then she softly spake.
 Her voice was low and lovely, her diction was correct,
 Her language such as from a Gibson Girl one might expect;
 But she seemed a bit unhappy, and a tear was in her eye,
 So I sympathetically begged that she would tell me why.
 She smiled a little sadly, and in a wistful tone
 She rather intimated she had troubles of her own.
 Then she folded her long Gibson arms and shook her Gibson head,
 Tossed back her wavy Gibson hair, and this is what she said:
 "I know that I am stunning, I know I'm chic and swell;
 My costumes are perfection, and I pose extremely well.

A Child's Primer of Natural History.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

(FIFTH SERIES.)



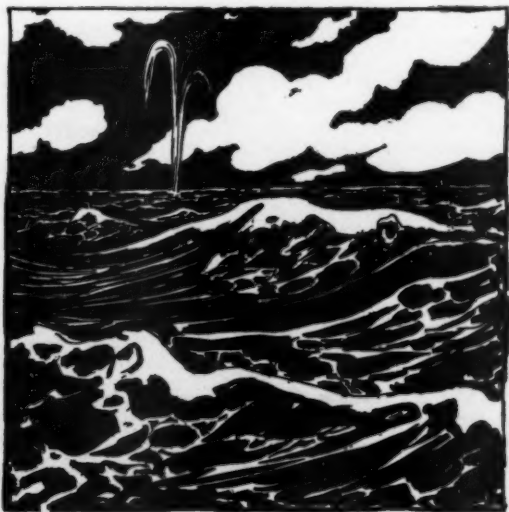
The Sloth.

THE Sloth en-joys a life of Ease;
 He hangs in-vert-ed from the trees,
 And views life up-side down.
 If you, my child, are noth-ing loath

To live in In-do-lence and Sloth,
 Un-heed-ing the World's frown,
 You, too, un-vexed by Toil and Strife,
 May take a hu-mor-ous view of life.

I can play at golf or tennis, I can skate or swim or ride;
 I've been admired in every rôle from débutante to bride.
 I look charming in a shirt-waist, and I'm given every chance
 To display my Gibson shoulders at a dinner or a dance.
 My features are patrician, and my figure is n't bad;
 I'm never out of drawing, and I am the present fad.
 And yet—I know I'm silly, but I'm longing to be short—
 A little doll-faced girlie of the airy, fairy sort;
 To be caressed and petted, called Bébé and Petite;
 To be told that I have tiny hands and Cinderella feet;
 To be shielded and protected lest I overtax my strength;
 To wear skirts and coats and dresses of an ordinary length.
 And besides,—her sweet voice faltered, and her Gibson eyelids drooped,
 And round her fingers nervously her handkerchief she looped,—
 "I met my fate this summer,—I did, really,—and you see
 I'm awfully in love with him, and he's in love with me.
 He's the dearest man in all the world, but he is n't very tall,
 So that's another reason why I wish that I were small.
 When I think of all my Gibson beaus of six feet eight, or more,
 I marvel that I've given my heart to a man of five feet four."
 She said no more, but silently she hung there in her place;
 A Gibson impassivity stole o'er her perfect face:
 And I love her and admire her as a clever work of art,
 But I pity that poor Gibson Girl, because I know her heart.

Carolyn Wells.



A Whale.

THE con-sci-en-tious art-ist tries
 On-ly to draw what meets his eyes.
 This is the Whale; he seems to be
 A spout of wa-ter in the sea.
 Now, Hux-ley from one bone could make
 An un-known beast; so if I take

This spout of wa-ter, and from thence
 Con-struct a Whale by in-fer-ence,
 A Whale, I ven-ture to as-sert,
 Must be an an-i-mat-ed squirt!
 Thus, chil-dren, we the truth may sift
 By use of Log-ic's Price-less Gift.

A Calculating Bore.

My friend Bings is one of those habitual calculators—one of the kind that says if all the teeth that have been extracted since the first dentist began business were to be used for paving purposes in Hades, the good-resolutions contractor would be out of a job for ten thousand years. He thinks in numbers, and if he were a minister he would get all his texts from the same source.

The other day he saw me first on a ferry-boat, and immediately buttonholed me. Said he: "How sad it is to think that so much labor goes for naught!"

I knew that I was in for one of his calculations; but I also knew that it would be useless to try to head him off.

He stroked his beard, and said, with an imitation of thoughtfulness:

"Every day in this Empire State one million human beings go to bed tired because you and I and the rest leave butter on our plates and don't eat our crusts."

I told him that I was astonished, but that he would have to elucidate.

"The farmers sow 8,000,000 bushels of useless grain,—grain that eventually goes out to sea on the refuse-scows,—they milk 50,000 cows to no other purpose than to produce sour or spilled milk, they allow their valuable hens to lay 1,654,800,001 eggs that will serve no better purpose than to spatter some would-be Booth or lie neglected in some out-of-the-way corner, while their wives are making 1,008,983 pounds of butter that will be left on the edges of plates and thrown into the refuse-pail. If they did n't sow the useless grain, or fuss over the hens that lay the unused eggs, or draw the milk that is destined to sour, or make the butter that is to ornament the edges of the china disks, they would be able to go to bed merely healthily tired instead of overworked, and fewer farmers would commit suicide, and fewer farmers' wives would go insane." His eyes gleamed, and I knew that, as he would put it, his pulse was going so fast that if it were revolutions of a locomotive-wheel it would take only so long to go somewhere.

"And what is your remedy for all this?" asked I, with becoming, if mock, interest.

"Let us help ourselves to no more than we want at table, buy our eggs a week earlier, drink our milk the day before, eat our bread before it is too dry, and in six months' time there will be a reduced State death-rate, more vacancies in the insane asylums, 1,456,608 rosy cheeks where to-day there are that many pale ones—"

Just then the ferry-boat's gates were lifted, and as we went our several ways, in the hurry that is characteristic of 7,098,111 Americans out of eight millions, I thought that, if all the brains of all the arithmetical cranks were used in place of wood-pulp to make into paper, we writers would get our pads for nothing.

Charles Battell Loomis.

In Sutherland.

THE miles are lang in Sutherland, and oh, the fowk are few;

Gin ye miss your road in Sutherland, it's a' the waur for you.

Ye may travel mony a weary mile, and ne'er a body see,—

Neither man nor wife to speer at,—and sae it fell wi' me.

For Inch-na-damph intending, I was walking a' my lane;

The whaup was a' the companie I had forby my ain. Now the help that 's in a willie-whaup to travelers is sma',

And whatna gate to gang, that day, I didna ken ava'.

But I gaed and better gaed—for what use in standing still?—

Until I saw a farmsteading betwixt me and the hill;

There was neither beast nor body I could see upon the muir,

But up the brae I tuik the way, and chappit at the door.

I chappit at the door, and out there cam' a lass; Swift and sudden through my heart I felt her beauty pass.

"Your hair 's sae bonny-black," thoct I, "sae bonny-gray your e'e—

There 's fowk aneuch in Sutherland as lang 's there 's you and me."

Henry Johnstone.

The Dream-God.

ADOWN the winding thoroughfare

The rosy dream-god came.

"Here 's dreams for sale!" rang on the air—

"Ho! dreams of wealth and fame!"

The throngs they wavered round him there

Like eddies on a stream;

The old and sear, the young and fair,

All strove to buy a dream.

"Ho! dreams for sale, for one and all!

Old maid, here 's youth again;

Here 's beauty, for a pittance small,

That made you loved of men!

Old man, here is a dream for you,

A brimming cup of joy;

Lift to your lips the magic brew,

And be once more a boy!"

Youth bought "To-morrow" dreams, Old Age

Bought dreams of "Yesterday";

The fool was there, so was the sage,

Each took a dream away.

And, Sweetheart, prithee let me add

That, ere he passed from view,

I gave him all the gold I had,

And bought a dream—of you!

Harold MacGrath.

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